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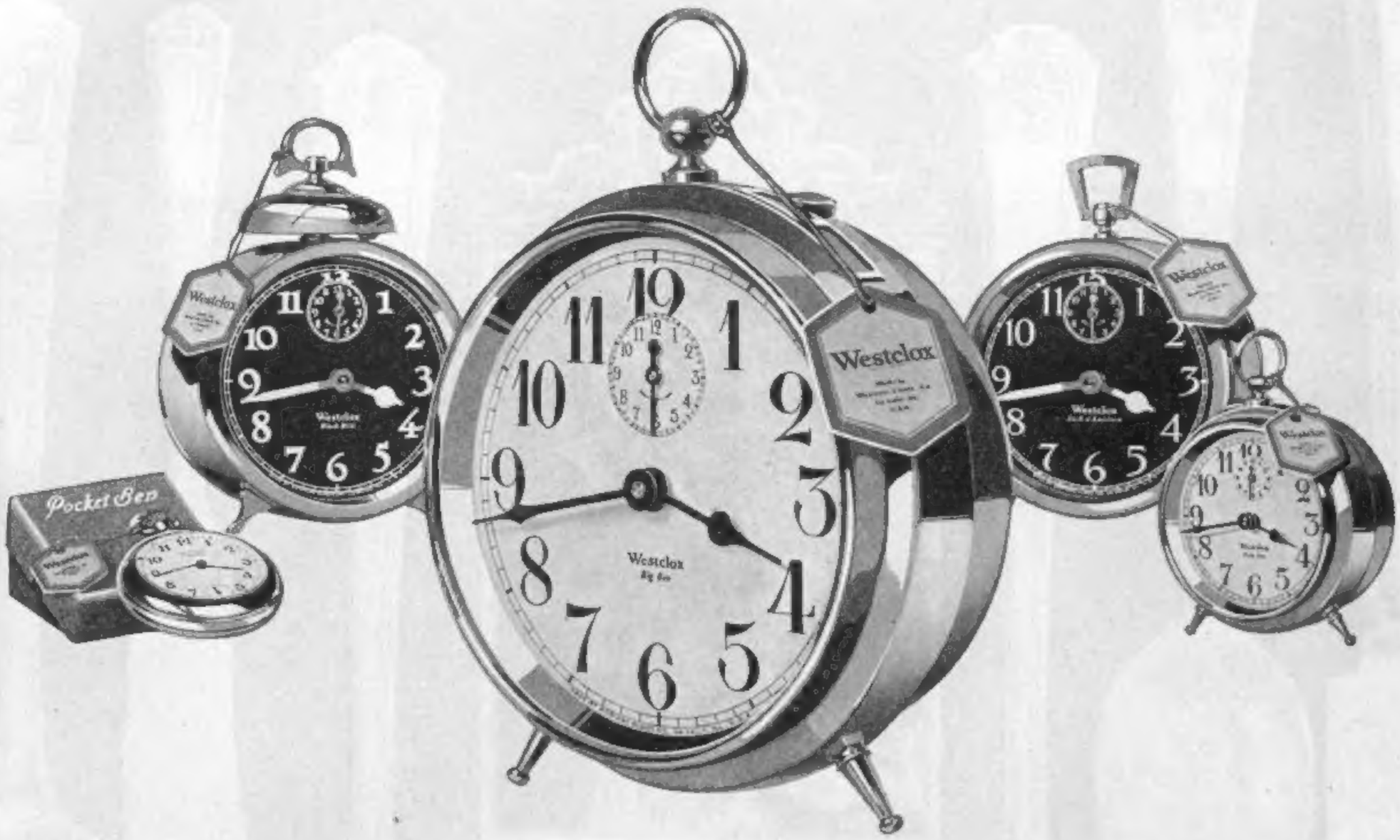

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THE [redacted]OOT OF THE CLASS

It's a Long, Long Way by Sea, Where Time and Space Mean Nothing, and Where Men are Lost Like Driftwood and Wander From Tide to Tide

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

BY THE middle of 1920 Terrance Hobbs began to understand women. He knew what would happen when he got home. Though he had a good job in a box factory and turned in his money regularly, he knew it would make no difference. Terrance was scarcely more than a boy then, but he had learned already that nothing made any difference when it came to women.

It would all go around and around again. There would be words, so quick that he would never follow. His head would buzz with them. They would grate across his conscience, and then they would reach the point where reproaches always ended—education, school days, wasted opportunities. Terrance had discovered, though he had left school long ago, he had never really left it. Try as he might, it was always cropping up in memories and reproaches, and there were always women, and women were teachers still.

It was getting dark. There was a dusky haze over New York's East Side, and lights began to shine in the windows of endless blocklike tenements. Terrance knew that his Aunt Bridget would have the light on above the kitchen stove, and Terrance guessed that his Aunt Bridget would guess. It required no jig-saw puzzle artist to put two and two together, for Terrance's face was its own journal of current history. The stormy undulations of his red thatched hair, the bulbous appearance of his nose, the partial closing of one eye and the baleful gleam in the other, each suggested that Terrance had not been nailing boxes all the afternoon.

"Ah, now, you lazy young swipe!" said Aunt Bridget, stepping from beside the kitchen stove. "Terrance, have you been fightin' again?"

It was like women. They always jumped at things before Terrance could get his breath. The explanation he had thought of—the story of a board snapping into his eye as he worked, and glancing off his nose—had seemed all right until Aunt Bridget spoke, but it crumpled beneath Aunt Bridget's glance and vanished into sickly awkwardness.

"You win," said Terrance gloomily. "Sure, I've been fightin' again."

"Not with Martin McCloy!"

Terrance pulled off his cap and twisted it between his heavy fingers.

"Sure," said Terrance with a deep sigh. "Don't you ever know without askin'? Who should I be fightin' with now but Martin McCloy?"

He had grown six inches in the past two years. Though he was young still, he could chin himself with one hand, but it did not help him then. Nothing helped when it came to women. They kept at him just the same, asking questions, getting his mind mixed up—young sharp ones like Minnie and old sour ones like Aunt Bridget. It made no difference which.

"You and Martin fightin' right in the middle of the week, you say?" shrieked Aunt Bridget. "Where's your sense of decency? Answer me, where is it?"

That was the way with women, always shooting questions that never had an answer. Once it used to be the capital of Peru they asked about, and what was the population

of Augusta, Maine; but it made no difference what they asked. It was always something to tax the mind.

"Haven't I always been tellin' you?" expostulated Terrance. "There's just some things that happens. When I see Martin and Martin sees me, the same thing always happens. It always has happened. Why shouldn't a feller fight when he wants to?"

"Wants to?" cried Aunt Bridget shrilly. "Ain't you always wantin' to and always been wantin' to? Now who'd of thought, with your father a little timid man, like, and your mother gentle just like me —— Ah, they should be thankful they're in heaven, like, and not here to see the likes of you!"

"It just happens," expostulated Terrance. "Now don't go startin' yellin'."

"And all the neighbors talkin'," continued Aunt Bridget. "Ah, the scandal of it!"

"Then why don't Martin keep out of my way then?" demanded Terrance. "That's all he's got to do!"

"They're sayin'," wailed Aunt Bridget, "that boys must be boys, but you two boys was divils! Haven't I done right by you?—after strugglin' for you—that's been me—after givin' you clothes! After sendin' you to school!"

"Don't!" cried Terrance. "For the love of Mike, don't go talkin' school again, when it's been years since I was chucked out of school!"

"School!" shrieked Aunt Bridget. "Education! Look what comes of education!"

Terrance's single eye grew round. His shoulders strained at his battered working coat.

"There's one thing!" he cried back. "I may be a bonehead, but you remember this—Martin was a bonehead too!"

"So!" cried Aunt Bridget. "That's what comes! That's your gratitude! Now you listen to me—listen!"

Up to then it had been like all other scenes, but that evening Terrance saw a difference.

"You come back here lookin' like this again—you and Martin have one more fight—an' I throw you out of here for good, if you are your mother's son!"

Terrance put a heavy hand against his forehead. Something told him he was at the parting of the ways that night. He could see the road he had traveled, and curiously enough, it led, like other roads, back to the schoolhouse door.

"Aunt," said Terrance sadly, "it's too late to stop us now. When I see Martin and Martin sees me, we'll both be at it. Don't you see? We've been fighting too long to stop." Terrance rubbed his forehead again in a puzzled sort of way. "Fighting? Why, we started fighting in the eighth grade! And say, maybe we've forgotten all we learned, but there's one thing we haven't forgot!"

Terrance was right. Though his feet had changed from sixes to twelves and the eighth grade was years back, he remembered how it started.

II

STILL, like a ragged beggar sunning, School 37A sits by its road to the world, staring through its fire escapes at the drays and the trucks that roll by it. It is old, as New York buildings go. It was old when Terrance went there. Yet though the drays and trucks roll by and the East Side shoulders past, hastening toward a million mortal endings, a vague sense of beginnings surrounds School 37A, as it stands in its polyglot battered street—thousands of beginnings, and never yet an end.

Doubtless of a morning, up on the third floor, the eighth-grade grammar class still begins, and the teacher still picks up her book and arranges the boys and girls in a straggling, restless row, just as she did when Terrance's troubles started. The children, the faces, the shuffling feet have been wholly unaltered by time. At first glance there seems only a single difference from the way it used to be. Minnie Katsfuss is no longer with the class, and neither is Terrance Hobbs, nor young Martin McCloy.

But back in 1910 they were there, standing in that row. It was graven in Terrance's memory. Minnie was a lissom little girl in those days, with pretty dark eyes, as soft as the eyes of some furtive creature that wanders in the dark, and with a long braid of shiny black hair that dangled across her shoulder. Terrance and Martin were growing fast, so that their wrists hung far out of their jackets and their shoulders made gaps in the seams. As they stood side by side, Terrance's red head and Martin's dark one were exactly of a height. When each cast sideward glances at the other, Martin's gray eyes were in absolute line with Terrance's blue ones. They were almost exactly alike, both in build and in mental stamina.

Terrance and Martin stared at their teacher with frank distaste on that long-distant day. She was going through one of those sissy rites, designed to make the strongest awkward. Teacher was reading a poem, a sentimental school-child poem:

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping ——"

Teacher read the lines without great enthusiasm, for she had been through them many times. Each March the eighth grade reached Whittier's verses in The Mother Tongue, absorbed them, and turned the page:

"Around it still the sumacs grow
And blackberry vines are creeping ——"

"Is That So?" Terrance Thrust His Head Forward, Stirred by Another Passion. "He Said That, Did He?"

The teacher's name was Miss Fewkes, and some of the children, not including Terrance, loved their teacher, but only temporarily. Her memory soon was to fade away, like the memories of all the Miss Fewkeses we all of us used to know.

"Terrance," said Miss Fewkes, "can you paraphrase that poem?"

That was the way with women, always asking questions. Terrance's lips parted and his blue eyes grew blank. Then, as always, his mind gave a goaded jump and trembled in its persecution. All that he could do was thrust a slightly abraded knuckle against his left eye, in the hope, apparently, that the displacement of his eyeball might cause his brain to function.

"There," said Miss Fewkes wearily, yet with a gleam of scholastic justice in her eye, "that will do. It won't help you to put out your eye, Terrance. Go to the foot of the class."

There was a subdued tittering, and Terrance's cheeks grew red beneath the sound. He felt a violent jab at his ribs. It was Martin McCloy, and Martin McCloy was snickering with the rest. Terrance would not have minded ordinarily, but it was the climax of many things.

"Terrance, did you hear me?" chimed in Miss Fewkes. "Go to the foot of the class. Let all the children see you go. Now, Martin, it's your turn. Can you paraphrase that poem? I mean, can you tell us what it's about?"

The injustice of a heartless world made Terrance rub his eye again. It was like women, he often thought afterward. Because Martin had gray eyes and handsome face, she gave him an extra chance. "Martin," said Miss Fewkes gently, "you mustn't be frightened."

Terrance's eyes smarted and his breath came fast. Even back in those days all the girls liked Martin McCloy. The way Martin smiled at Miss Fewkes, carelessly, debonairly, was like a prince who takes his due.

"Me frightened?" said Martin. "No, no; but how's a feller to know when a poem's about anything?"

For one happy second Terrance thought that Martin would catch it after saying such a thing, but Terrance was wrong. It was the feminine equation again.

"Oh, Martin!" said Miss Fewkes. "I told you I'd always explain the lesson if you came to me after school. Now listen carefully, Martin, and Minnie will tell you, won't you, Minnie?"

She did not send Martin to the foot of the class, nor did she even look in that direction. She never guessed what she had wrought; she never saw the pain and hate in Terrance's wide eyes. She saw Minnie Katsfuss hesitate, and that was all Miss Fewkes ever knew of the beginning of a human comedy.

"Minnie," said Miss Fewkes, "what are you waiting for?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said Minnie, and no one knew that Minnie was waiting because she saw an old poem in the present. "The school is by the road, see? That's what the poem says." Minnie's high soft voice soared upward, almost like a living thing, above the group in the eighth-grade room. "The school's still there, but the kids don't go there no more."

"Any more," said Miss Fewkes.

"Any more, but the kids uster go, an' there was one feller who had a goil—see?"

"He didn't have a girl, Minnie. There was just a boy and girl—not 'goil.'"

"Well," said Minnie, "if he didn't, he ought to of had, because she fell for him—see?"

"Not 'fell for him,'" said Miss Fewkes. "Was fond of him, you mean."

"Sure," agreed Minnie gently, "was fond of the guy."

"The boy," said Miss Fewkes.

"The boy. An' when this kid miss out and the teacher handed him—I mean, sent him down, and the goil got the answer right, why, after school was out, she stepped up to him, see? And she says—she says ——"

"'Said,' not 'says,'" Miss Fewkes suggested. "Remember, Minnie, it happened a long time ago—and 'girl,' not 'goil.'"

"She said to him ——" said Minnie, and Minnie forgot that she was telling what the poem was about and lapsed into the poem itself:

"'I'm sorry that I spelt th' woid ——'"

"The 'word,' Minnie," said Miss Fewkes.

"'I hate to go above you,
Because'—the brown eyes lower fell—
'Because, you see, I love you.'"

As Minnie finished there came a pause, a trifle disconcerting. Minnie was actually blushing so that even the boneheads in the class could notice. Martin looked self-consciously at his toes and Terrance rubbed his eye again.

"You told it very nicely, Minnie," said Miss Fewkes. "You can move up one place. Are there any questions?"

Down at the foot of the class Terrance's arm shot up like a warrior's arm above a stricken field.

"I got a question." His voice was choked, though loud. "Why don't you send that other bonehead to the foot with me? Don't he belong here too?"

"Terrance!" cried Miss Fewkes.

"Why should I get all the rough stuff? What makes you pick on me?"

But Miss Fewkes' voice, like the voice of law, rose triumphant above the storm.

"Be quiet, Terrance! Stop it, Terrance, or I'll call the superintendent in!"

And Terrance stopped it. The silence of the whole eighth grade made him also silent. He was alone in a hostile place where justice would never be done.

Down the granite steps, out into the street with its familiar sounds and smells, the children came that afternoon, wave after wave of children. School 37A let out, as they call it technically. It let out energy; it let out noise; it let out pent-up words and feelings; and it let out Terrance in its own good time, but Terrance did not know whether he was out or in. Anger had caught him in its grip and swayed his soul in a savage dance, until a soft high voice beside him brought him to the world again.

"Terrance!"

It was Minnie. She had been running after him and she caught up with him at last.

"Terrance, ain't you goin' to speak to me? Terrance, I'm sorry that I answered right, an' that you got sent down."

Self-pity and sympathy answering sympathy reddened Terrance's cheeks so that it was an effort to speak to her roughly, as one should speak to little girls.

"An' what's the good in you bein' sorry? It don't help."

"But just the same, I'm sorry." Minnie hesitated and looked at the muddy street. "Because—because it's like the poem ——"

"Hey, you!"

A raucous and discordant voice interrupted them. Yet to Terrance it was a welcome sound.

"Oh, Martin, you frighten me!" cried Minnie, and Minnie tittered nervously, as schoolgirls will.

That was who it was, Martin McCloy, with his cap pulled over his eyes.

"Hey!" said Martin, disregarding Minnie, as one should disregard a little girl. "What are you talkin' to her for? What's she sayin'?"

Terrance took a step nearer Martin and looked him in the eye. "And what's that to you, what's she sayin'? She says she's sorry she answered right when I didn't, and it's none of your business, see?"

Martin McCloy moved closer to Terrance.

"Sorry for you?" he said. "Don't make me laugh! She's sorry for me—that's who!"

"Don't!" cried Minnie. "Don't! I'm sorry for you both."

"When I say she's sorry for me," said Terrance, "I mean it."

"Is that so?" said Martin.

And then, in a frank burst of mutual accord, Terrance and Martin both cast aside the subtleties of speech and left the devious channels of articulation. Terrance poked Martin a swift one in the eye and for once that day Martin knew the answer. Martin tossed over a left cross to the nose and both the boys were at it. They might have been boneheads up the steps at school, but they looked like infant prodigies out there on the sidewalk.

"Cheese it! The cop!" went up the cry; but what were cops to them? They were at a beginning which no cop could ever end, a beginning of dancing feet and flying hands which continued through the years. It was nine years back, but Terrance could recall each word and blow, even while he sat in his Aunt Bridget's kitchen.

"Yes," he said. "We started in the eighth grade, aunt, and we've been going ever since."

III

TERRANCE was right. He and Martin had fought too often to stop at Aunt Bridget's word. There was Terrance, sitting in a chair that creaked beneath his weight, his body growing fourfold since School 37A and his hands the size of sledges, and yet it did not seem so long ago.

"Sure, it's you who keeps on fighting." Aunt Bridget's voice brought him to the present. "Martin has more sense now, he's such a handsome boy."

In the warped mirror in front of him Terrance could see his face, and it was the same face still, freckled and square of jaw, and Minnie was just the same, as slender as a lamppost on the Avenue, with hair that shone like asphalt on a rainy night. And Martin McCloy—what was it Aunt Bridget was saying?—that he was such a handsome boy!

"Such a handsome boy!" Aunt Bridget continued. "You should be ashamed of puttin' your ugly face into his affairs. You fightin' for a girl! What's the sense in you fightin' for a girl after she sees Martin?"

Terrance blinked his one good eye and got slowly to his feet. It was like women again, talking without reason, always going on. Though he had heard it often before, it got peculiarly on his nerves that night.

"And what would she see in Martin?" he demanded. "Ain't he a bonehead too? He never did better'n me in school—nor since."

"Aw, shut up, will you?" Aunt Bridget's voice was shrill again. "No girl would look at the likes of you when there's a handsome boy like Martin!"

Terrance snatched up his hat and jammed it on his head. His head was whirling as it always did when he spoke to women, but more rapidly. Something in Aunt Bridget at last had worn his patience thin.

"Take off your hat!" shrieked Aunt Bridget. "D'you think I'm finished talking?"

"Finished?" Terrance stepped toward the door, and for the first time in his life forgot who he was and who Aunt Bridget was. "Yes, you have finished. I'm getting through—I'm going."

"Goin'?" echoed Aunt Bridget. "Goin' where?"

Terrance turned from the door to answer, and the electric light above the stove made the shadow of his shoulders dance fitfully against the panels.

"I've been listening to you. I'm ugly, am I? Well, I'm going to ask Minnie. I can't stand this any longer. I'll ask her now which of us she likes best—me or Martin McCloy. I'm tired—I'm through! She—she's as good as said she loved me once. I'm goin' to ask her now!"

"And what if it's Martin she likes?" demanded Aunt Bridget. "Sure it will be Martin!"

"Then I'll go out and find Martin." Terrance clenched his fist and threw back his head.

"Ah!" cried Aunt Bridget. "Now there's the noble boy! Find him, then, and shake his hand!"

"Shake his hand!" The incredulity in Terrance's voice made it sound like distant thunder. "Shake his hand? Shake the teeth out of him, you mean!"

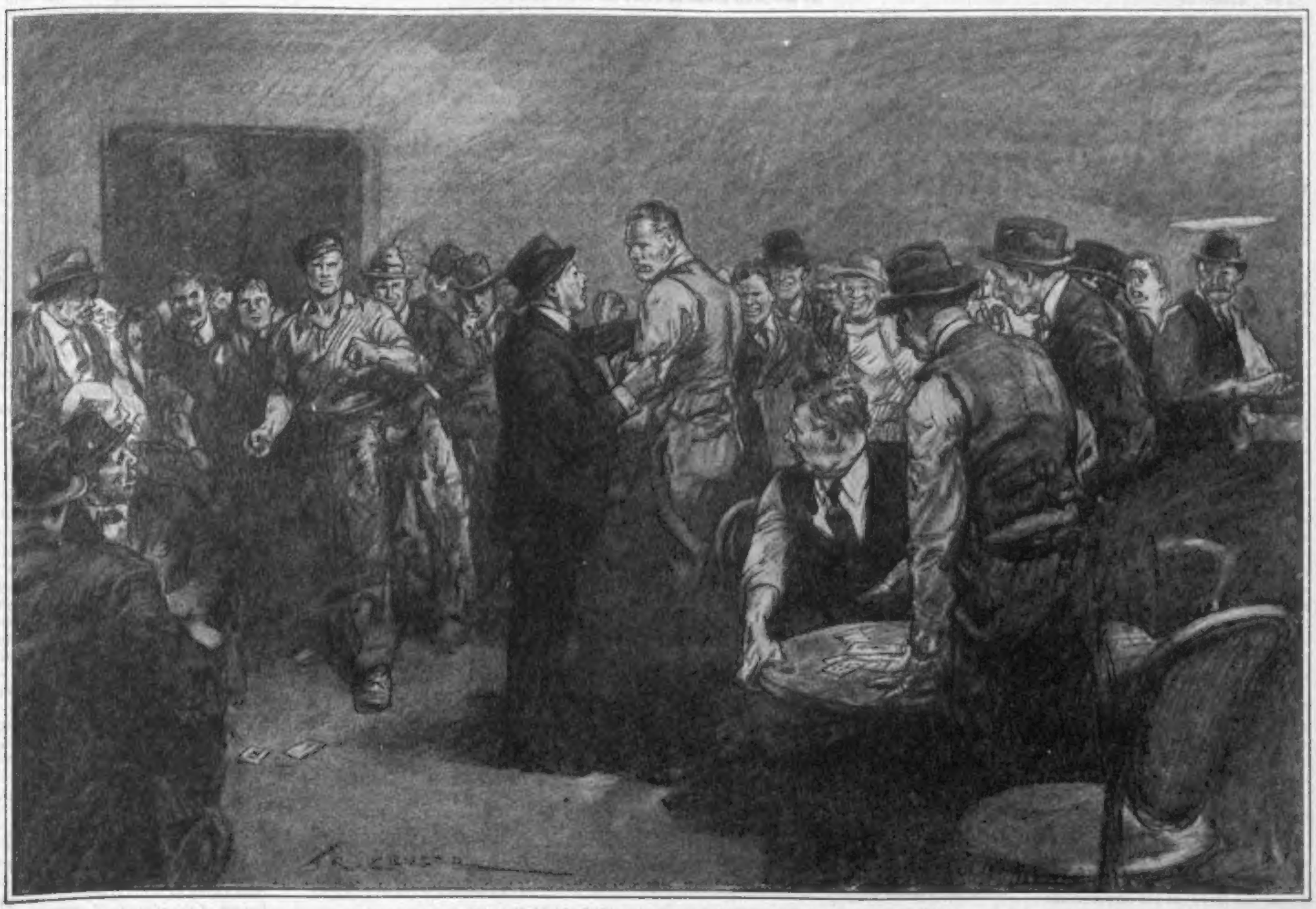
For once Aunt Bridget herself lost her voice. It dropped and wavered.

"Ah, you young devil!" she whispered. "You young, indecent devil!"

"Yes, shake the teeth out of him!" Terrance had not heard her. "I always fought everyone who loved Minnie since I was nine years old, and I'll keep right on fightin' 'em now. No matter whether she loves me or not—what do I care? A feller can always fight."

"An' you won't be livin' here when you do it!" Aunt Bridget's voice was clear again. "Don't you be forgettin'!"

(Continued on Page 129)



Terrance Stepped Forward. It Was the Life Once More to See Martin Standing There

THIS AVIATION BUSINESS

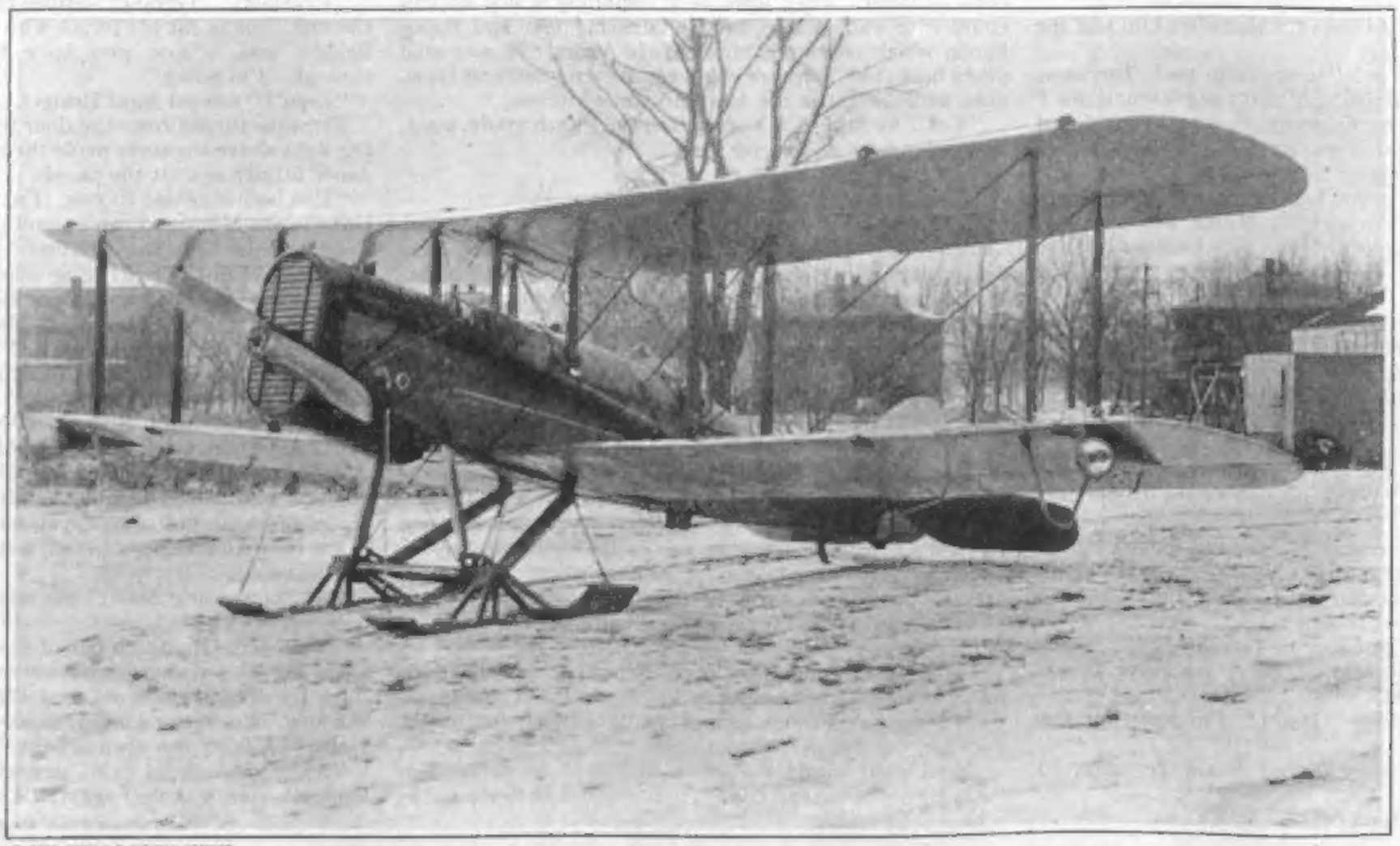
By WESLEY W. STOUT

THE United States is technically supreme in the air. Aviation was born here and we hold more than two-thirds of the world's air records. American pilots first flew across the Atlantic on American wings driven by American motors. Other American pilots in American planes first flew around the world, and the performance of these planes never has been remotely approached by the machines of another country.

The United States Post Office Department is operating much the longest and most successful air service in the world between New York and San Francisco, and the first and only regularly flown night airway in history.

The American eagle screams, but in the words of Mr. Goldberg, "it doesn't mean anything."

When the French undersecretary of state for air was told that an American pilot in an American plane again had set a new world's speed record with a gait of nearly five miles a minute, he said, "Records? Yes, but they are a mere façade; back of them there is nothing."



PHOTOS, FROM U. S. AIR MAIL SERVICE

An Air Mail Plane on Skids for Winter Service

All Front and No Back?

WE HAVE the records, but we can't fight with records. We haven't the planes, nor the men to fly, build and groom them, nor have we the means of getting these things quickly in case of war.

Technically supreme, we actually are fourth or fifth—sixth, Admiral Moffett estimates. We have an inadequate air defense. We have a sickly aircraft industry. Of commercial aviation, upon which all serious wartime effort must be grounded, we have precisely nothing.

Yet the Government, as few outside of Washington realize, has spent on aviation since July 1, 1919, $433,000,000 and some odd hundreds of thousands of dollars. This is not far from being as much as we spent for aircraft during the war. That wartime effort popularly is supposed to have been a scandal and admittedly was a muddle, yet for our war money we got nearly 14,000 planes, 42,000 engines, an industry that on an eight-hour day was turning out planes at the rate of 12,000 a year and motors at 24,000 a year, as of Armistice Day; and finally a great fighting organization that would have swept Germany out of the air in another year. We could not recover this position in less than eighteen months.

We have to show for the $86,000,000 a year we have spent on aviation since the war a relative handful of aircraft—and records. We can well be proud of those records, but in themselves they have no more substance than a movie set on a Hollywood lot.

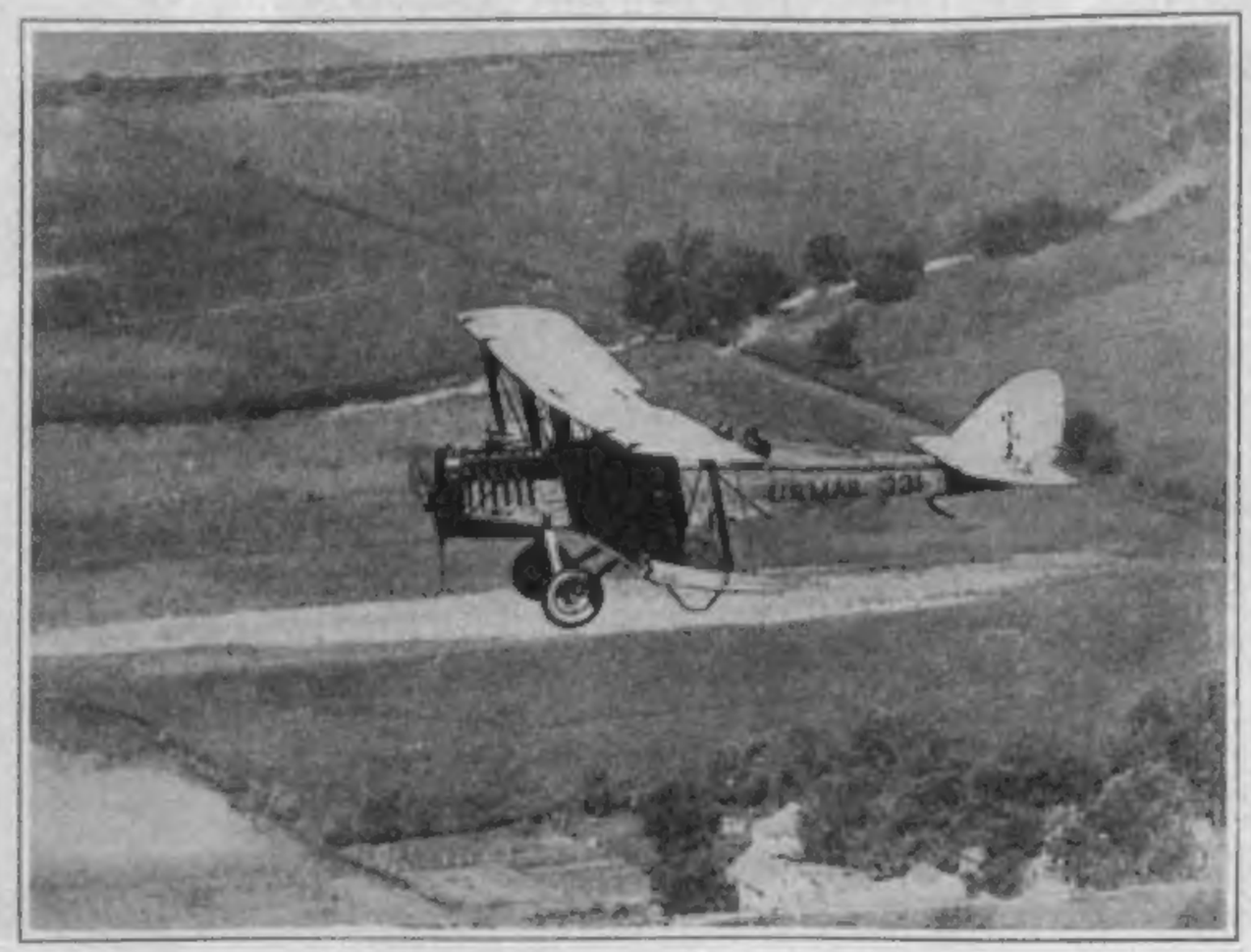
Our postwar aviation millions have been spent honestly, if not always intelligently. For this no one and everyone is to blame. Partly it has been due to the fact that the airplane has been changing and improving almost as rapidly as radio during the same six years. Principally, it has been due to our lack of a national air policy.

Without exception, civil or military, here or abroad, everyone is agreed that until aircraft are put to work to earn their daily bread there can be no aircraft industry, and without an industry there can be no genuine preparedness for war.

What sort of air defense we should make in war would depend entirely upon the reserves of machines, pilots, ground personnel and factories maintained in peace by commercial flying. We have no such reserve except the air mail and a few manufacturers, most of whom are literally hanging on by their eyelids. Nor shall we have under the present state of affairs.

Having no air policy, we have turned all but a few millions of this $433,000,000 over to the Army and Navy. Both services subscribe heartily to the theory that air power is grounded upon commercial aviation, but as their job is to produce military aircraft, in practice they are holding such industry as exists to purely military effort. With the coöperation of the industry, the Army and Navy have sought and obtained very high speed, very high ceiling, maximum maneuverability, maximum vision, very high special performance of every kind. In plainer language, they have produced sample machines that can outfly, outclimb, outtrick, outdodge, outshoot, outbomb, outsee, outlift and outstay almost anything a possible enemy can put in the air.

Sample machines, only. We have no production. No sooner have the Army or Navy perfected a design and built an experimental ship than they clear the decks and set out to exceed that performance with still newer designs. So we have everything in our show windows and nothing on our shelves.



Bound West From Omaha With the Mail

Young Blood Needed for the Service

THERE is a certain hard professional quality about the military mind in the mass that never can be harnessed to production. We were in a desperate hurry when we came into the war. Unless we got to France quickly and in force we might possibly better have stayed at home. We were short on artillery, as on everything. The French seventy-five admittedly was the best field piece in use. The plans and specifications of the seventy-five were in our hands. Instead of turning them over to the steel companies, Ford, the General Motors, or even the small existing ordnance plants for quick manufacture in quantities, the War Department locked a force of ordnance officers and draftsmen up in the Rock Island Arsenal with the plans, there to try to improve upon the French gun. Whether they did improve upon it is an academic question, for no such field piece ever fired a shot at the Germans. The war declined to wait. Something of this is to be seen in our aviation.

We no longer can depend upon the airmen we trained during the war. Of the 15,000 cadets we sent to flying fields, some 5000 won their wings. Not more than 450 of these now are capable of fighting in the air, though many might still qualify as observers, gunners, photographers and other aides. Some of the gallant 5000 are dead, victims of service accidents and gypsy flying.

Many others have passed the age limit, but the bulk have been left behind by the swift progress of equipment and tactics.

General Mitchell told the latest congressional committee investigating aircraft that it would be suicide, in his opinion, for an ace of 1918, whose flying ended with the Armistice, to tackle a pilot trained as of 1925 in air combat, and the best thing in the air seven years ago is as out of date today as a radio crystal receiving set of the vintage of 1922.

The Army Air Service puts the time necessary to train a pilot properly at one year, and our pilot reserves consist of a handful of surviving stunt and commercial fliers, the slender reserve corps of the Army and Navy and the pilots of the air mail, the finest cross-country fliers in the world today, but numbering fewer than half a hundred.

Pilots of the Army Reserve Corps are required to give an occasional holiday to flying and are invited to risk their lives in lame ducks left over from the war. With exceptions, the machines available for reserve officers either are the old nose heavy Hispano Suiza motored ships, or the obsolete De Haviland. A nose-heavy plane is one that is out of balance, and balance is all important in the air. The old De Haviland's wing design was cursed with a tendency to slip off the wing, or, in the language of the motor car, to skid. Where a motor car skids in one dimension, the airplane skids in two; and the air can be many times as slippery as a greasy street.

A large number of postwar aviation casualties in this country have been due to this sideslipping at less than 100 feet altitude, the plane crashing before the pilot could recover control. Improved design largely has eliminated this evil in modern machines.

For other than pursuit purposes, the commercial airplane could be translated overnight into an 80 per cent useful war plane, but the military plane cannot be adapted readily to commercial work.

Safety and Economy Practicable

SAFETY and economy are the first factors in commercial flying, and entirely practicable today. They are not the first factors in military performance, for they are to be had only at the sacrifice of fighting qualities. All our effort having been military, our airplanes are expensive to build and expensive to operate commercially. All the past attempts at commercial flying in this country have failed. The largest and best financed company organized in 1920 to conduct services between Key West and Havana, Miami and Nassau, Detroit and Cleveland, and New York and Atlantic City, carried 30,000 passengers before it suspended in May, 1924. Its ships flew from Key West to Havana in seventy-five minutes against a seasick eight-hour passage by steamer. But maintenance charges grew prohibitive as the equipment aged. Its flying boats, weighing 15,000 pounds unloaded, were much too heavy, and better designs were not forthcoming from the industry. The remarkable performance of the air mail has been made despite the old, obsolete and unsuitable war surplus De Havilands that were turned over to the Post Office Department by the War Department. Complete rebuilding with considerable structural improvement only made them operable.

The annual Pulitzer race and other national air competitions still are contests for speed, although our pilots have flown nearly five miles a minute—more speed than even the Army and Navy know what to do with. The same prizes offered for better commercial transport planes in competitions open to all American manufacturers might not give us more workaday efficiency than we would know what to do with, but it would speed the day greatly.

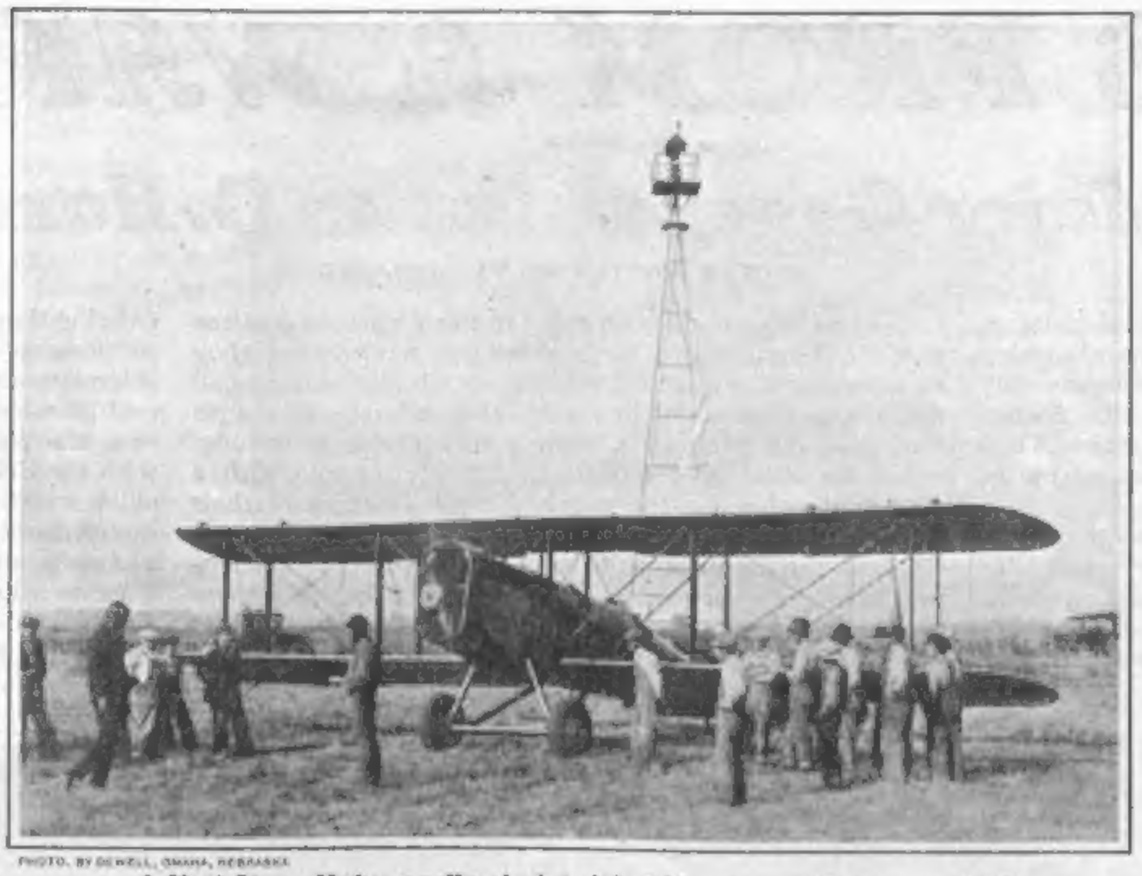


PHOTO. BY DENELL, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

A Mail Plane Makes an Unscheduled Landing on an Emergency Field in the Prairie Country

As for records, we should have them. We have the wealth, the man power, the inventive genius and the technical resources. What is more, we are at an enormous geographical advantage over Europe. Invasion by air still is a sort of H. G. Wells pseudoscientific shocker for Sunday afternoon reading with us. Europe, with most of its capitals within a few hours' air dash of one another, hasn't dared to give much time or money to the experimentation that brings records. Not knowing when the storm might break, nor from what quarter, the nations across the Atlantic have built planes—as many and rapidly as they could for the money they had. Only one—France—has achieved such a supremacy that it could afford to joust with us at records. Recently she has retaken the altitude and several speed marks from us.

Having the planes, Europe has endeavored to put as many as possible to work for their daily bread. That continent is a checkerboard of commercial airways, all subsidized, all thinly disguised war auxiliaries, and none, at latest reports, making money. There are nine services daily across the Channel from London, conducted by British, French, Dutch and German companies—and patronized chiefly by Americans. But here, again, Europe is at a great geographical disadvantage. The airplane thrives on distance. The original postal service between New York and Washington was suspended because the advantage of the plane over the railway was not important for a distance of 200-odd miles. Air ports usually lie at some distance from the cities they serve, and the time lost in traveling to and from the points of embarkation may offset the saving over the railroad schedule on a short run. Except in Russia, an airplane in Europe cannot travel much farther than 200 miles on a line without leaving its homeland and getting into a tangle of customhouses and other international annoyances. The fact that the subsidized services of Europe have not paid dividends is no criterion of what commercial aircraft can do in this nation of magnificent distances and time worshipers.

Costly Methods

THE layman has been hopelessly befogged about aviation since the war, if he has thought of it at all except when he has read a new casualty report in his newspaper. Even Congress, after much painstaking, intelligent study by committees, has not yet been able to make up its mind. And so, under the leadership of the Army and Navy, we have gone on thinking of aircraft as instruments of war rather than as the newest vehicles of commerce, and of the aircraft industry as of so many munition plants. Our policy, as far as we have had one, has been that of making it profitable for the manufacturer to build aircraft instead of making it profitable for the public to use aircraft. We have put our transmission on our front wheels and our steering rod on the hind wheels.

The industry, having to look to the Army and Navy for its living, has come to think of itself as a munitions enterprise. It was war-born. When the war ended, the automobile, furniture and like plants that had joined in the emergency effort withdrew and took their profits with them. Of the real manufacturers, many have failed and liquidated. The eighteen-odd plants existing today live from government contract to government contract, with two possible exceptions, usually shutting down between hand-outs. Contracts are let by the ruinous competitive bidding method, with no recognition of property rights in design. Both services maintain plants of their own, the Army at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio; the Navy at League Island, Philadelphia, and compete directly with the private manufacturers. Designs are revised freely during construction. The manufacturer must equip himself with costly and intricate jigs and tools for special military engineering. His plant is overrun with government inspectors, and the costs mount up. Forty to fifty thousand dollars is no price to pay for an army or navy plane, even after it gets into production, while original costs for specimen ships have run far beyond that figure.

Again, the manufacturer very often is, first of all, an aerodynamic engineer rather than a manufacturer, and like the army and navy engineers, more interested in abstruse technical problems than in producing and selling an article of general utility. All his inventiveness and technical skill are given to making his planes highly efficient engines of destruction rather than toward improving them as instruments of service and profit. So aviation in the United States really is an art, not an industry—and an art of war, at that.

The Bethlehem Steel Company completed late in

(Continued on Page 104)

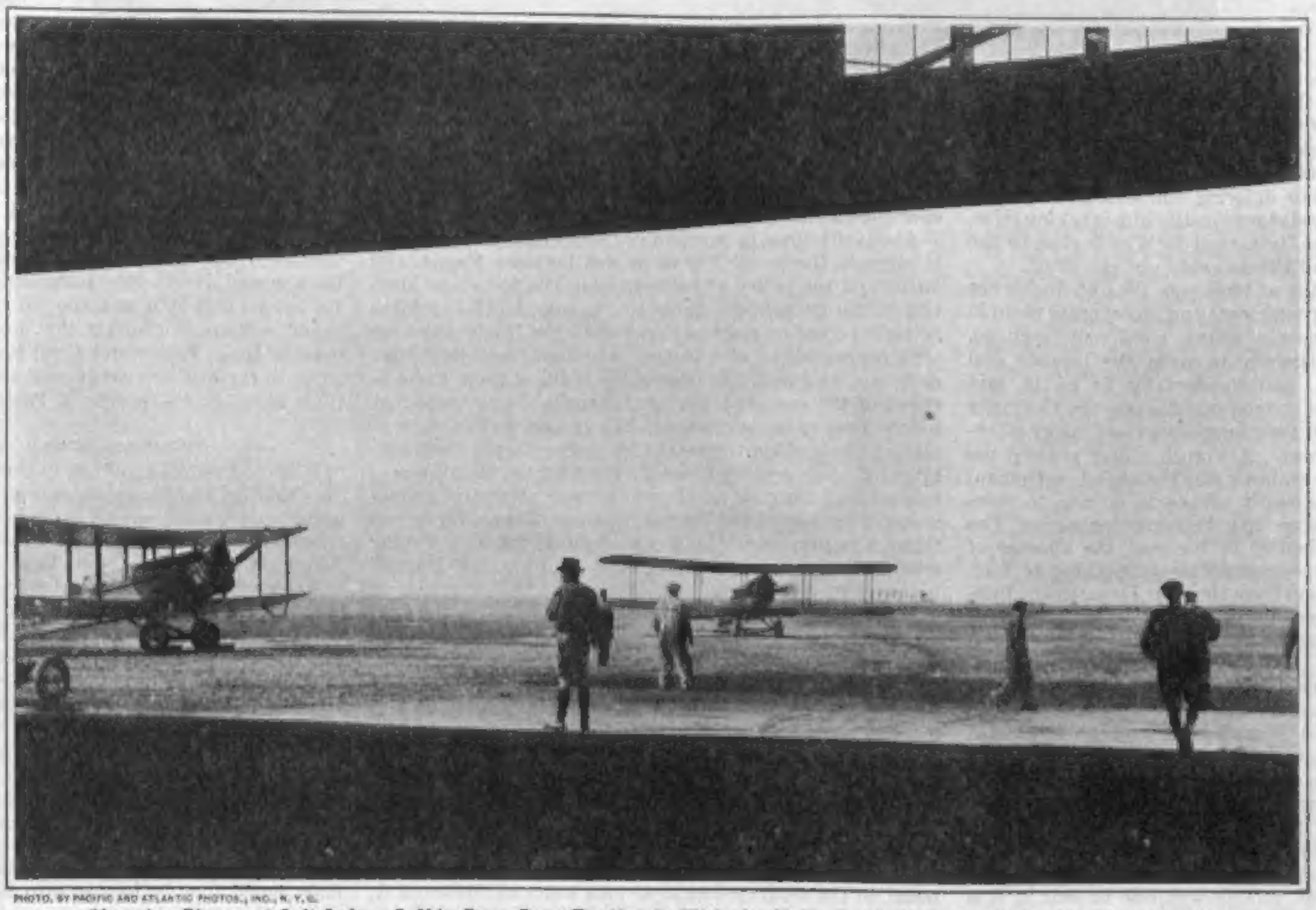


PHOTO. BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS., INC., N. Y. C.

Changing Planes at Salt Lake. A Ship From Reno Taxiing in With the Mail. Fresh Plane Ready for the Cheyenne Hop

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

By Major General James G. Harbord

UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED

PARIS, Jan. 28, 1918.

EVER since we arrived in France there has been the constant desire of the French to mother us in the matter of training. Our First Division suffered from this for months, absorbing nothing but defensive warfare from them, whereas only offensive warfare ever wins a war. Conference after conference has been held with various French authorities. Time after time the matter has been considered settled by us, only to reappear in some other form.

The question was thought to be settled before the House party came over, but after they left it developed that General Pétain still adhered to his original ideas, notwithstanding his apparent acquiescence in General Pershing's views, and that he had not thought it improper to give Colonel House the impression that according to his ideas our training was not proceeding as it should. This was carried to America as an evidence that we were not in accord with our Allies; and synchronizing as it did with all the flub-dub about the Supreme Interallied Council, it was made to appear as but another evidence that soldiers cannot get along with one another, and thence to the easy Lloyd George reasoning that politicians ought to run the war.

The French Prime Minister, Monsieur Clemenceau, now a very old man, but yet vigorous in mind, was once a school-teacher in New England, and is supposed to know the peculiar but amusing and sometimes efficient ways of the Americans. His personal manner is described as very direct and frank. Some months of perfectly direct and frank intercourse with some Frenchmen, however, has shown us that when most direct and frank they are sometimes making mental reservations differing from the openness turned out for American consumption. So it probably was with the old Prime Minister. After the most frank and open conference with General Pershing, he listened to General Pétain's accounts of their differing opinions, and with no warrant of military knowledge to justify him in taking sides, he sent a cablegram to Jusserand in Washington to the effect that Pershing and Pétain could not get along.

The question just then at issue was Pétain's insistence that we should take our regiments and incorporate them in French divisions, speaking, of course, a different language, with no opportunity thereby to train the brigade and division commanders; and incidentally to be in said French divisions if by chance our friends the Germans should suddenly launch their long-advertised heavy offensive on the western front. A French officer assured me that though ostensibly training was the object in General Pétain's mind, what he really wished to do was to reënforce his depleted divisions with American regiments. The loss of our national identity in the war, the absence of training to our higher command meant nothing to him. Incidentally, a cablegram from the War Department indicated a visit from Jusserand and that he had imparted Clemenceau's view as to the incompatibility of Pétain and Pershing.

General Pershing, direct, simple and frank, addressed a note to the Prime Minister telling him that he had given a wrong impression in Washington, and he suggested that differences had better be fought out here. It was a rather daring note from a foreign general to the head of the French Government, and it brought a hot reply to the effect that the head of the French Government had been within his rights in addressing his ambassador, but denying that he had expected the ambassador to report the cable to the War Department, though why else he sent it, it is hard to conceive.

General Pershing was en route to Paris when he sent the note to Clemenceau; and when the reply came they had another frank conference, before which Pershing had again seen Pétain and had a definite understanding with him that our regiments, with future divisions coming, would be sent for a month on arrival to serve with a French division for the purely French features of their training, thereafter to be united as a division under our own officers—the program while with the French to be of General Pershing's suggestion. With this information he was able to assure Monsieur le Ministre that they were in sweet harmony, he and Pétain; and the Prime Minister seemed much gratified and relieved, and exhibited a very apologetic note from the petit Jusserand denying that he had ever shown the first cable to the War Department.

About this time, so suspiciously synchronous with it that it suggests the possibility of accord between French and British on the policy of extinguishing the American identity in the front lines—those two agreeable Allies seldom being in accord on matters in general—the British came up with a proposition also to train our battalions in British divisions, also with the possibility of using them there in event of the expected German offensive being pulled off before they were graduated. Their proposition was to allow us to land our troops at Channel ports, put them into billets already prepared, supply them for us, train them—and no doubt use them. It was a more attractive proposition than that of the French, because of the offer to put them into prepared billets, to supply them, thus saving much tonnage, and because most of us speak English better than we do French.

In fact, the Commander in Chief, though insisting that our men when they finally went into the line must go in under their own officers, must be trained according to American methods and must preserve our national identity—we being here to settle our own row with the Germans, not merely to help in one started by our Allies—had always held that if an emergency arose demanding the use of our divisions before they were properly trained he would nevertheless put them in, had also held that if it was necessary to split them up in battalions for absorption in foreign divisions he would put them with the British.

This determination generally caused the French to soft-pedal on the separate-battalion idea when he advanced it. This proposition from the British brought out a further proposition that if we would let them have the infantry of a great number of battalions they would furnish the ships to bring them over—a most important consideration. This proposition was cabled to the War Department for consideration almost simultaneously with the arrival of General Bliss for duty on the Interallied Supreme Council. At once the War Department cabled it to him for discussion with the British in England. Four days ago General Pershing was to have a conference at French General Headquarters with Haig and Pétain on impending operations, and as he was starting received a cablegram from Bliss in London asking him to meet him in Paris, where, with Sir William Robertson, the chief of the imperial British staff, they would discuss the matters. That is why we are here now.

Friday night, a few minutes before train time, I received a long-distance telephone to catch the evening train up and bring certain papers. I did it with no wide margin and am here. Last night the chief gave a dinner at Le Voisin to General Bliss, General Lochridge and our old friend, Arthur Poillon, who now appears here in General Bliss' train. The future is pregnant with possibilities, with General Bliss participating in the Supreme Council. He is fresh from the exercise of authority as chief of staff. He has had the confidence of the War Department and Secretary. There will be the inevitable tendency under such circumstances for them—for civilians never draw fine lines in military matters—to wire inquiries to him on matters that should come to Pershing. There will be every temptation for him to meddle. His cables will not be so inconvenient, but as a full general he will be the confidant of every sore-head of all three nations; conferences with him will be constantly necessary, and Pershing will have always to go to him instead of sending for him. The situation is extremely interesting, but it offers possibilities that have caused me more worry than the anticipated German offensive.

PHOTO FROM U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS, A. E. F. PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY

Miss Gladys McIntyre, of the Salvation Army, in France, April, 1918

Perhaps the most encouraging circumstance of these times of talk about the necessity of Allied unity, with a wild-eyed council sitting at Versailles, the wily Lloyd George and Northcliffe instituting a campaign to oust Robertson and Haig and the old school of British professional soldiers, is the fact that for the first time in seven months Haig, Pétain and Pershing have held two conferences in the last two weeks, and the initiative in bringing them about has been John J. Pershing's.

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS, Jan. 29, 1918.

THE chief remains in Paris to handle the Bliss-Interallied situation, and I am back at headquarters. General Bliss apparently was so moved by the *entente* with our English friends that he embraced their view on the matter of the American troops to be brought over.

Their proposition was to bring over 150 battalions, which should for all practical intents and purposes become British troops, being merged into British brigades under British officers, be controlled by British staffs, and so on, looking little to the time when, after the completion of the remainder of our shipping program, we would bring over the auxiliary troops and be prepared to unite in their own divisions the infantry thus trained under the British.

General Pershing's idea was that if they have the tonnage to spare they should bring over the personnel of complete divisions, not only infantry but the other arms as well; which, as soon as we could get the vehicles and animals, could then be formed into regularly organized divisions, thus preserving our national identity and forwarding

the date when we shall have a substantial force in the front line serving under its own officers and in its own sector.

The matter would perhaps have been handled with little difficulty but for the arrival and intervention of General Bliss. Arriving just at that time in England, the Secretary of War cabled him to take the matter up with the British, and with General Pershing to reach a conclusion and cable recommendations. Bliss reached Paris with his mind made up and prepared to line up with the British chorus, leaving Pershing to sing a solo. He prepared a cable yesterday, before consultation with Pershing, accepting the British proposition. When the latter went to talk to him he exhibited this cable and asked if the general concurred, to which the latter said he did not. General Pershing then suggested that they were the only sources of information the President and Secretary would have, and that it not only looked bad for them to disagree on the first matter to come up after Bliss' arrival but that it was their positive duty to get together. So it was agreed that the cable should go over for discussion to the following day. That is today, and that is the reason the Commander in Chief remains in Paris. There is no doubt of the fine ability of General Bliss, of his patriotism, and his earnest desire to be genuinely helpful, but there cannot be two heads to military operations.

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 27, 1918.

I HAVE just returned from a three days' absence from my desk, which held about as much usefulness and excitement as any other three days since I came to La Belle France. These little absences are what I mainly depend upon to give me a necessary outing now and then when I need it. Then we are often told that the staff must show itself among the troops with frequency. We staff soldiers who are fighting the war at desks must throw a little camouflage now and then and at least give the impression of activity. I try to show myself to people as often as duty and the general will permit, and never come back without feeling that the journey has made me more useful for my desk duties.

I took with me Colonel de Chambrun, 40th French Field Artillery, an exceedingly able artillerist and very companionable man. We left here early Monday morning and ran south to our principal regulating station, a point two hours south of here by motor car. The congestion of railroad traffic in France and the nearness of the fighting to the center of life in France, with the necessity of being able to make frequent shifts of personnel, individuals and in units, led the clever French long before this war to establish regulating stations at many strategic points throughout the country and to work out the problems of troop supply on many parts of their frontier.

At a certain distance behind the frontier, in this case the front-line trenches, a regulating station, with numerous sidetracks and switches, and sometimes storehouses, is established, with a *régulateur* in charge. Every man going from the interior to the front, every ounce of supply comes through a regulating station. Each day the regulating officer gets telephone information, from all parts of the front that his station is supposed to supply, of any changes of units, and he has at all times exact information of where all such units are.

Supplies arrive from the rear and are switched about and made up into trains by divisions and sent out with correct destination. Soldiers going on leave come back through the station, deposit their rifles and other equipment and go to their homes. Their division may shift half a dozen times during their absence, but when they return the *régulateur* gives them back their equipment and sends them straight to the proper place. It is one of the necessary institutions of the war, and the French say it is almost the only one of their War College teachings that has worked practically without a change as they taught it before the war.

At this one of ours the French also have one, and the two *régulateurs* work in harmony. Ours is our old friend Hilgard, of Camp John Hay, and just as efficient as when building flower beds and little Japanese bronze or concrete lanterns along the drives of Baguio, of blessed memory. I found him managing his important duty with the same quiet efficiency that he used to show up there, and said I was quite surprised to find that he had not started some flowers among the perfect wilderness of railroad tracks. He has a score of fine storehouses, each 500 feet long. Instead of putting all his meat in one, his flour in another and the beans in a third, where if a Boche dropped a bomb on one he might put the whole command out of beans or meat, he has each storehouse in complete units, a certain end being

(Continued on Page 165)

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS, A. E. F. PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY

Watching the Effect of Shell Fire From a Ruined Stable in a Destroyed Town

A Group in the Service of Supplies. General Harbord Standing in Center

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS, A. E. F. PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY

Marines Resting En Route to the Front Near Château-Thierry

The Awful Gladness of the Mater

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

DUDLEY FINCH heaved a plaintive sigh. With the glazing eye of a starving man, he looked once more at his watch. Five minutes past two was the time it registered, and Roberta Wickham had promised to meet him for lunch in the lobby of Claridge's at 1:30 sharp. A faint sense of grievance began to steal over Dudley. Impious though it was to feel that that angelic girl had any faults, there was no denying that this tendency of hers to keep a fellow waiting for his grub amounted to something very like a flaw in an otherwise perfect nature. He rose, and having dragged his emaciated form to the door, tottered out into Brook Street and stood gazing up and down it like a male Lady of Shalott.

He made a singularly impressive picture in the weak sunlight. He was—sartorially—so absolutely right in every respect. From his brilliantined hair to his gleaming shoes, from his fawn-colored spats to his Old Etonian tie, he left no loophole to the sternest critic. You felt as you saw him that if this was the sort of chap who lunched at Claridge's, old man Claridge was in luck.

It was not admiration, however, that caused the earnest-looking young man in the soft hat to stop as he hurried by. It was surprise. He stared wide-eyed at Dudley.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were on your way to Australia."

"No," said Dudley Finch, "not on my way to Australia." His smooth forehead wrinkled in a frown. "Rolie, old thing," he said with gentle reproach, "you oughtn't to go about London in a hat like that." Roland Attwater was his cousin, and a man does not like to see his relatives careering all over the metropolis looking like tramp cyclists. "And your tie doesn't match your socks."

He shook his head sorrowfully. Roland was a literary man, and, worse, had been educated at an inferior school—Harrow, or some such name, Dudley understood that it was called; but even so, he ought to have more proper feeling about the vital things of life.

"Never mind my hat," said Roland. "Why aren't you on your way to Australia?"

"Oh, that's all right. Broadhurst had a cable and isn't sailing till the fifteenth."

Roland Attwater looked relieved. Like all the more serious-minded members of the family, he was deeply concerned about his cousin's future. With regard to this, there had been for some time past a little friction, a little difficulty in reconciling two sharply conflicting points of view. The family had wanted Dudley to go into his Uncle John's business in the City; whereas what Dudley desired was that some broad-minded sportsman should slip him a few hundred quid and enable him to start a new dance club. A compromise had been effected when his godfather, Mr. Sampson Broadhurst, arriving suddenly from Australia, had offered to take the young man back with him and teach him sheep farming. It fortunately happening that he was a great reader of the type of novel in which everyone who goes to Australia automatically amasses a large fortune and leaves it to the hero, Dudley had formally announced at a family council that, taking it by and large, Australia seemed to him a pretty good egg and that he had no objection to having a pop at it.

"Thank goodness," said Roland. "I thought you might have backed out of going at the last moment."

Dudley smiled.

"Funny you should have said that, old man. A coincidence, I mean. Because that's just exactly what I've half made up my mind to do."

"What?"

"Absolutely. The fact is, Rolie," said Dudley confidentially, "I've just met the most topping girl. And sometimes when I think of buzzing off on the fifteenth and being separated from her by all those leagues of water I could howl like a dog. I've a jolly good mind to let the old man sail by himself and stick here on my native heath."

"Five Pounds? It's for Simmons"

"This is appalling! You mustn't dream ——"

"She's the most wonderful girl. Knows you too. Roberta Wickham's her name. She lets me call her Bobbie. She ——"

He broke off abruptly. His eyes, gazing past Roland, were shining with a holy light of devotion. His lips had parted in a brilliant smile.

"Yo-ho!" he cried.

Roland turned.

A girl was crossing the road; a slim, boyish-looking girl with shingled hair of a glorious red. She came tripping along with all the gay abandon of a woman who is forty minutes late for lunch and doesn't give a hoot.

"Yo-ho!" yowled young Mr. Finch. "Yo frightfully ho!"

The girl came up, smiling and debonair.

"I'm not late, am I?" she said.

"Rather not," cooed the lovesick Dudley. "Not a bit. Only just got here myself."

"That's good," said Miss Wickham. "How are you, Roland?"

"Very well, thanks," replied Roland Attwater stiffly.

"I must congratulate you, mustn't I?"

"What on?" asked Dudley, puzzled.

"His engagement, of course."

"Oh, that!" said Dudley.

He knew that his cousin had recently become engaged to Lucy Moresby, and he had frequently marveled at the lack of soul which could have led one acquainted with the divine Roberta to go and tack himself onto any inferior female. He put it down to Roland having been at Harrow.

"I hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you," said Roland sedately. "Well, I must be going. Good-by. Glad to have seen you."

He stalked off toward Grosvenor Square. It seemed to Dudley that his manner was peculiar.

"Not a very cordial bird, old Rolie," he said, returning to the point at the table. "Biffed off a trifle abruptly, didn't it strike you?"

Miss Wickham sighed. "I'm afraid Roland doesn't like me."

"Not like you!" Dudley swallowed a potato which in a calmer moment he would have realized was some eighty degrees Fahrenheit too warm for mastication. "Not like you!" he repeated, with watering eyes. "The man must be an ass."

"We were great friends at one time," said Roberta sadly. "But ever since that snake business——"

"Snake business?"

"Roland had a snake, and I took it with me when he came down to Hertfordshire for the week-end. And I put it in a man's bed, and the mater got the impression that Roland had done it, and he had to sneak away on a milk train. He's never quite forgiven me, I'm afraid."

"But what else could you have done?" demanded Dudley warmly. "I mean to say, if a fellow's got a snake, naturally you put it in some other fellow's bed."

"That's just what I felt."

"Only once in a blue moon, I mean, you get hold of a snake. When you do, you can't be expected to waste it."

"Exactly. Roland couldn't see that, though. Nor, for the matter of that," continued Miss Wickham dreamily, "could mother."

"I say," said Dudley, "that reminds me. I'd like to meet your mother."

"Well, I'm going down there this evening. Why don't you come too?"

"No, I say, really? May I?"

"Of course."

"Rather short notice, though, isn't it?"

"Oh, that's all right. I'll send the mater a wire. She'll be awfully glad to see you."

"You're sure?"

"Oh, rather! Awfully glad."

"Well, that's fine. Thanks ever so much."

"I'll motor you down."

Dudley hesitated. Something of the brightness died out of his fair young face. He had had experience of Miss Wickham as a chauffeuse and had died half a dozen deaths in the extremely brief space of time which it had taken her to thread her way through half a mile of traffic.

"If it's all the same," he said nervously, "I think I'll pop down by train."

"Just as you like. The best one's the 6:15. Gets you there in time for dinner."

"Six-fifteen? Right. Liverpool Street, of course? Just bring a suitcase, I suppose? Fine! I say, you're really sure your mother won't think I'm butting in?"

"Of course not. She'll be awfully glad to see you."

"Splendid!" said Dudley.

The 6:15 train was just about to draw out of Liverpool Street station when Dudley flung himself and suitcase into it that evening. He had rather imprudently stopped in at the Drones Club on his way, and while having a brief refresher at the bar had got into an interesting argument with a couple of the lads. There had only just been time for him to race to the cloakroom, retrieve his suitcase and make a dash for the train. Fortunately, he had chanced upon an excellent taxi, and here he was, a little out of

breath from the final sprint down the platform, but in every other respect absolutely all righto. He leaned back against the cushions and gave himself up to thought.

From thinking of Bobbie, he drifted shortly into meditation on her mother. If all went well, he felt, this up-to-the-present unmet mater was destined to be an important figure in his life. It was to her that he would have to go, after Bobbie, hiding her face shyly on his waistcoat, had whispered that she had loved him from the moment they had met.

"Lady Wickham," he would say. "No, not Lady Wickham—mother!"

Yes, that was undoubtedly the way to start. After that it would be easy. Providing, of course, that the mater turned out to be one of the better class of maters and took to him from the beginning. He tried to picture Lady Wickham, and had evolved a mental portrait of a gentle sweet-faced woman of latish middle age, when the train pulled up at a station and a lucky glimpse of a name on one of the lamps told Dudley that this was where he alighted.

Some twenty minutes later he was being relieved of his suitcase and shown into a room that looked like a study.

"The gentleman, m'lady," boomed the butler.

It was rather a rummy way of announcing the handsome guest, felt Dudley; but he was not able to give much thought to the matter, for from a chair behind the desk at which she had been writing there now rose a most formidable person, at the sight of whom his heart missed a beat. So vivid had been that image of sweet-faced womanhood which he had fashioned that his hostess in the flesh had the effect of being a changeling.

In those amiable, gossipy memoirs of the late Bingley Fox, Esq., Sixty Years of Society: Cook & Butterfield, 18—, you will find it recorded that the widow of the eminent politician and master of hounds, Sir Apsley Wickham, was one of three beautiful Miss Debenhams. But beauty, as it has been well said, is largely in the eye of the beholder; and it may be stated at once that Lady Wickham's particular type did not appeal to Dudley. He preferred the female eye to be a good deal less like a combination of gimlet and X-ray, and his taste in chins was something a little softer and not quite so reminiscent of a battleship going into action. Bobbie's mater might, as Bobbie had predicted, be awfully glad to see him; but she did not look it. And suddenly there came over him like a wave the realization that the check suit which he had selected so carefully was much too bright.

At the tailor's, and subsequently at the Drones Club, it had had a decidedly pleasing and cheery effect; but here in this grim study he felt that it made him look like an absconding bookmaker.

"You are very late," said Lady Wickham.

"Late?" quavered Dudley. The train had seemed to him to be making more or less good going.

"I supposed you would be here early in the afternoon. But perhaps you have brought a flashlight apparatus?"

"Flashlight apparatus?"

"Have you not brought a flashlight apparatus?"

Dudley shook his head. He prided himself on being something of an authority on what the young visitor should take with him on country-house visits, but this was a new one.

"No," he said, "no flashlight apparatus."

"Then how," demanded Lady Wickham with some heat, "do you imagine that you can take photographs at this time of night?"

"Ah!" said Dudley vaguely. "See what you mean, of course. Take a bit of doing, what?"

Lady Wickham seemed to become moderately resigned.

"Oh, well, I suppose they can send someone down tomorrow."

"That's right," said Dudley, brightening.

"In the meantime —— This is where I work."

"No, really?" said Dudley.

"Yes. All my books have been written at this desk."

"Fancy that!" said Dudley.

He remembered having heard Bobbie mention that Lady Wickham wrote novels.

"I get my inspirations, however, in the garden for the most part; generally the rose garden. I like to sit there in the mornings and think."

"And what," agreed Dudley "could be sweeter?"

His hostess regarded him curiously. A sense of something wrong seemed to come upon her.

"You are from Milady's Boudoir?" she asked suddenly.

"From what was that once again?" asked Dudley.

"Are you the man the editor of Milady's Boudoir was sending down to interview me?"

Dudley could answer this one.

"No," he said.

"No?" echoed Lady Wickham.

"Most absolutely not-o," said Dudley firmly.

"Then who," demanded Lady Wickham, "are you?"

"My name's Dudley Finch."

"And to what," asked his hostess in a manner so extraordinarily like that of his late grandmother that Dudley's toes curled in their shoes, "am I to attribute the honor of this visit?" Dudley blinked.

"Why, I thought you knew all about it!"

"I know nothing whatever about it."

"Didn't Bobbie send you a wire?"

"He did not. Nor do I know who Bobbie may be."

"Miss Wickham, I mean; your daughter Roberta. She told me to buzz down here for the night and said she would send you a wire paving the way, so to speak. Oh, I say, this is a bit thick! Fancy her forgetting!"

For the second time that day a disagreeable feeling that his idol was after all not entirely perfect stole upon Dudley. A girl, he meant, oughtn't to lure a bloke down to her mater's house and then forget to send a wire tipping the old girl off. No, he meant to say! Pretty dashed casual, he meant!

"Oh," said Lady Wickham, "you are a friend of my daughter?"

"Absolutely."

"I see. And where is Roberta?"

"She's tooling down in the car."

Lady Wickham clicked her tongue. "Roberta is becoming too erratic for endurance," she said.

"I say, you know," said Dudley awkwardly, "if I'm in the way, you know, just speak the word and I'll race off to the local pub. I mean to say, don't want to butt in, I mean"

"Not at all, Mr. ——"

"—— Finch."

"Not at all, Mr. Finch. I am only too delighted," said Lady Wickham, looking at him as if he were a particularly loathsome slug which had interrupted some beautiful reverie of hers in the rose garden, "that you were able to come." She touched the bell. "Oh, Summons," she said as the butler appeared, "in which room did you put Mr. Finch's luggage?"

"In the Blue Room, m'lady."

"Then perhaps you will show him the way there. He will wish to dress. Dinner," she added to Dudley, "will be at eight o'clock."

"Right-ho!" said Dudley.

He was feeling a little happier now. Formidable old bird as this old bird undoubtedly was, he was pretty confident that she would melt a bit when once he had got the good old dress clothes draped about his person. He was prepared to stand or fall by his dress clothes. There are a number of tailors in London who can hack up a bit of broadcloth and sew it together in some sort of shape; but there is only one who can construct a dress suit so that it blends with the figure and seems as beautiful as a summer's dawn. It was this tailor who enjoyed the benefit of Dudley's patronage. Yes, Dudley felt, as he entered the Blue Room, in about twenty minutes old Madame Defarge was due to get her eye knocked out.

In the brief instant before he turned on the light he could dimly see that perfect suit laid out upon the bed, and it was with something of the feeling of a wanderer returning home that he pressed the switch.

Light flooded the room and Dudley stood there blinking. But no matter how much he blinked, the awful sight which had met his eyes

(Continued on Page 174)

"I am Possibly Biased, However, by the Fact That George Masterman is the Name I Write Under"

THE CONTENTED SOUL

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Here I am," Answered Petie Cheerfully. "I Was Looking for You"

AS I ALWAYS say, any virtue is a good thing for a man to indulge in, provided that he indulges moderately; but when a virtue is run plumb jam into the ground, so to speak, it is more than likely to come sprouting up in a form hardly distinguishable from a vice. Naturally a pious fellow lets himself go—gives piety her head, as it were, and is presently making himself and his family miserable, and harassing the community with his bigotry. Or he may set out to be thrifty, and before he is aware of it he is acquiring a well-deserved reputation as a tightwad. His courage rushes across the hair-thin dividing line and becomes foolhardiness, or his benevolence blunders blindly over its own proper boundary and is straightway squashy damnfoolishness.

I could go on for pages like this, multiplying instances, were it necessary, which it should not be; but let it go at that. The wonder to me is that, in the face of so obvious a need, moralists have laid so little stress upon the advisability of controlling our virtuous impulses.

But controlling, you understand. A virtue should not be too sternly repressed or it may get discouraged and curl up and die.

You would hardly have called Petie Barstow a moralist; but he had a good deal of horse sense, and he did his best to check Benjamin Ackerman's unbridled contentment, seeing clearly where it was likely to spill the poor fish. The two young men were quite closely associated for a period of several months, working for the same conscienceless corporation and occupying nearly adjoining rooms in Mrs. Motherwell's—the South Carolina Motherwells—high-class boarding establishment on West Ninth for ladies and gentlemen, employed. Ackerman was in entire agreement with Mrs. Motherwell's advertised description of her dump, which goes to show. The old dame had a high opinion of Ben, too, he being neat and orderly, regular in his habits and weekly payments, delicately sensible of the feelings of a Southern gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, and giving no trouble—which was more than she could say for the rest of her ladies and gentlemen, employed, and far, far more than she could say for Mr. Barstow.

"Listen, feller," said Petie to Ben, "if you call that a good dinner, you'd call this a good, comfortable bed, adaptable to the human frame in all respects and affording no opportunity whatever for entomological research; and you'd describe this room as luxuriously and expensively furnished in the best possible taste. If those potatoes were all right, then mother doesn't make a cent on our board and wouldn't if she could, and she's an old dear with a big warm heart of pure gold and malice toward none and charity for all. Me, myself, I'm fed up with underfeeding. In this great city, brutal, wicked and avaricious as it is, there must surely be some place, some hole or corner, some joint where a poor lad can get a bite and a sup before and after work that have nourishment enough to sustain life, and I'm going to look for it."

"You don't seem to me to be losing flesh," remarked Ackerman placidly.

He was, at that time, a decidedly placid young man, inclined to stoutness, slow of speech and movement. A little under the average height, his appearance was rather insignificant, just as his eyes and hair were indeterminate in color—eyes somewhere between gray and blue, and hair—well, "sandy" describes it about as nearly as anything. Not a vivid personality. In the company's offices he was considered fairly efficient. At least he got by.

Petie explained to him that the reason that flesh remained on his bones was that he blew himself at lunch.

"All I ask," said Petie, "is real food, genuine grub—chuck, scoffin, chow, cakes or victuals worthy of the name—together with a mattress that isn't stuffed with door knobs for my nightly repose. Question is, Will you join me in a search for these?"

Ackerman laughed.

"I know you don't mean it," he said. "The potatoes were good enough for anybody. All you had to do was to cut out the bad spots. And I thought the steak was a nice change. Not that the table lacks variety, in my opinion; and I think that if you really had to eat a section of rubber tire you would soon see the difference. Personally, I like a steak that gives my teeth something to do. You ought to consult a dentist, Pete."

"Yeah?" Pete snapped his jaws together with a clack like a sprung trap. "If I did that on a tenpenny nail I wouldn't much more than bite it in two—what?"

He filled his pipe, clamped its stem with a more moderate pressure, lit it and grinned amiably at his friend.

"As to the bed," Ackerman continued, "I sleep soundly on it and hate to get out of it when the alarm goes off; I haven't seen any signs of what you hint at, and I don't believe there are any."

"You daren't look," Pete jeered. "I'll bet you ——"

"And I see nothing wrong with the furnishings of the room. They may not be the last word in interior decoration, but they're good enough for me. The drawers are big enough to hold my shirts, and room to spare, and the rug has a rather pretty pattern, if it is faded. One doesn't want a lot of glaring color on the floor, and you don't have to stick your foot in the hole if you watch your step. Lots worse chairs than the one you're sitting in too."

"There's one at Sing Sing, I've heard," Petie admitted. "This isn't immediately fatal; it just cripples a man, that's all."

"The trouble with you is that you're too hard to please," said Ackerman. "I don't expect a Pazaza suite for what I'm paying, and I don't want one. This is more convenient to the office and it answers my purpose mighty well. What's the use of wanting what you can't get? I take things as I find them and make the best of them. It's foolish to be dissatisfied."

Petie denied that.

"You'll never get anything better than you've got if you're satisfied," he argued.

Ackerman disagreed. He had been far worse off than he then was, had lived harder and made less money. He could look around anywhere and see people who must envy him his prosperity, men of far greater ability than he, and right in the same office Sanborn, for instance. He would consider himself ungrateful to be anything else than contented. If anybody had told him that within two years of leaving Danbury he would be drawing down forty dollars a week in New York he would have considered it a crazy prediction. His own father had raised the entire family on half that, and saved money. Of course it cost more to live now; but even so, he was ahead of daddy a long way, and might go farther.

"Of course I don't know about that," he concluded. "I may have gone as far as my ability will take me. Probably have. I'll have no kick coming, at that."

He smiled—contentedly.

"Bla-a-a!" said Petie. "Apple sauce! You don't mean it. How come you left Danbury? Weren't satisfied, were you? Wanted a better job, didn't you?"

"Certainly not," Ackerman replied, with perfect sincerity. "I couldn't ask for a better job than I had there. The man I worked for was the easiest kind to get along with. He didn't pay any big salaries because the business couldn't stand it; but, on the other hand, he didn't drive his help to death. I'd have been with him today if he hadn't failed."

"One of these easy-going guys. Conservative, too, I'll bet a hoss. As long as the books showed he'd about broken even and the bank wasn't crowding him, he was satisfied to go on the same old way at the same old pace—what?"

"I suppose he was. Anyway, he was a good man to work for, and there isn't a better city in the United States than Danbury. The only thing that brought me to New York was my Uncle Asa went to school with old Kraus in New Canaan, and he happened to mention me to Kraus at the time I was looking for another job, and the old boy said he'd give me a trial. That's how come. And that was only two years ago!"

"And you had that suit pressed about that time, didn't you?" asked Petie, eying his friend's attire disparagingly. "You hadn't worn it more than two years then. If I remember your first appearance in our midst, it seemed recent, if not in the latest mode."

"It's been a good, serviceable suit so far," said Ackerman complacently; "but I only bought it a year ago last June, and it isn't three weeks since I had the pants pressed. Sorry you don't like it, but if I never have to wear any worse clothes than these I'll consider myself in big luck."

Petie gave him up; but only for the time being.

Even if you never boarded at Mother Motherwell's, you can perhaps imagine, from the foregoing dialogue, the breadth and depth of Ben Ackerman's contentment. The length of it is another matter. Naturally, it was a woman who cut it short, or at least gave it what I call the *coup de grâce*. You guessed that, no doubt. But it is pretty certain

that Petie Barstow's urgings and arguments had their influence. It irked Petie, as I have intimated, to see a man he liked sunk in this bog of blissful inertia, with little likelihood of getting anywhere unless somebody came along with a rope and a pull. Petie liked Ackerman. He liked most people, for that matter; and though he was a climber by nature, he would always rather give a hand to the man below than kick him in the face. I suppose that was why people who knew him at all well called him Petie. Good-looking lad, too, with a smile worth a million dollars, properly worked, and steam enough to run him all day and the better part of the night whenever duty called or pleasure beckoned. Twenty-three, and looked younger.

The last debate that Petie and Ben Ackerman had on the subject occurred about a week before the former left Mrs. Motherwell's for a comparatively sumptuous room and breakfast in the West Eighties, with a wide choice of moderately priced restaurants in a radius of a few blocks. He could now afford this, having demanded and received a promotion with a substantial raise of salary, and he made this circumstance the text of his homily.

"Kraus gave me the glacially glittering eye. 'So you're not satisfied with your present position, Mr. Barstow?' says he polariously. 'Sir,' says I, firmly yet kindly, 'I am n-o-t, NOT! I am keenly dissatisfied; I am even what you might call disgruntled, with the accent on the grunt. You now hear me grunting. I can run that department like a head-valve, twelve-cylinder, magnetic gear-shift engine, with a quick get-away and oodles of reserve speed whenever traffic conditions permit. I can do that for five thousand bones and a bonus the first year, for a quick deal. Otherwise ——' I made a gesture of indifference."

"Yes, you did!" said Ackerman. "Well, I congratulate you, but I don't envy you. You'll have to work like the devil. You were doing mighty well where you were, I think, and letting well enough alone isn't bad policy."

"If you ——" Petie began.

"If I had the nerve to brace Kraus for a raise he'd probably fire me. As it is, I'm doing my work about as well as he could expect anybody to do it, and it's about my size job. I'm getting enough to put aside for a rainy day—and something else; I've got food to eat, raiment to wear and a roof to shelter me. What more than that does a Rockefeller get?"

"Not much, maybe; but still something," Petie replied. "But that isn't the question. If contentment is a virtue as you contend ——"

"Isn't it?" demanded Ackerman quickly. "Contentment means happiness. 'A mind content both crown and kingdom is.' 'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.' You're trying to make me grunt, and you can't do it, my dear sir."

"Shut up and listen to me!" Petie roared. "You never let me finish. I was going to say that if contentment is a virtue which it isn't, because if it was we'd stagnate—but if it was, I can tell you about the most virtuous old geeser on record, bar none. I saw him once. That was in the days when I was a merry farmer lad that jocund drove his team afield. I heard still more of him, and it was that stirred my latent ambition and brought me hither. Feller, when I graduated from high school I'd have probably considered Danbury a metropolis. Wouldn't think it, to look at me now, that I was ever anything but a white-collar man, would you?

"But about Uncle Bill Tumley. He wasn't my uncle or anybody else's, but folks always called him Uncle Bill. He was simply the most contentedest guy ever. Satisfied with everything. Every cloud had a solid sterling silver lining for him, and what he had was better than most and plenty good enough for him. Considered he had a right to be thankful; and anyway, it might have been a heap worse, and why not let well enough alone? He was poorer than skimmed vinegar, the way the neighbors looked at it; but he didn't think so. Used to drive into town in a one-horse wagon that was held together by baling wire, which he said saved the wear and tear on the tires and made it stronger than new; besides which, a new wagon always drew hard and a person had to be careful about spoiling the paint when he was loading. This of his was limbered up good."

"Some truth in that," Ackerman commented.

"As to the old blind rack of bones he drove, Uncle Bill allowed that being blind was a big advantage. A blind horse wouldn't scare and jump and smash things up every time he passed a white gatepost; and one horse was better than a team, because it wasn't more than half the trouble to hitch and unhitch; and if you've got two horses and one balks on you the other has to pull against his balky mate."

"That sounds like sense too," remarked Ackerman approvingly.

"I guess you'd have found him a kindred spirit, all right," said Petie. "Where was I at? Yes, his horse and wagon. He generally had eggs to trade in the wagon and they had been laid by genuine Black Spanish hens. There might have been a dash of Cochin China in some of 'em, with maybe a trace of Dorking and a suspicion of Plymouth Rock and Bantam, and he thought there were points that indicated Brown Leghorn and Brahma—the best qualities of each breed. You could call 'em barnyard if you liked, but the point was that they laid eggs, and eggs was eggs; you couldn't get around that."

"You can't," said Ackerman.

"Sometimes he killed an old rooster for the family eating, but not often. Couldn't afford it. The family lived on buttermilk and corn bread and what little garden truck they raised and couldn't sell. He had the finest kind of a family. The boys were kind of runty and sickly and didn't have much pep, only the oldest one that went to the reform school; but as Uncle Bill pointed out, Julius Cæsar was sickly and they say that Roosevelt was, too, when he was young; and as for Alvin, a boy never amounted to much if he didn't ever get into a little devilment, and if there had been anybody at home when he set fire to Milt Canby's house it ain't likely that the boy would have done it. Anyway, he was learning a good trade at the school, so everything was for the best. As for Uncle Bill's wife, you could say what you pleased about her, but she was the first Baptist lady immersed in Hoop Pole Township."

"Oh, let up!" Ackerman groaned

"Even the weather suited him," Petie went on remorselessly. "When anybody complained of the rotten roads in Hoop Pole, Uncle Bill said they were good enough for him—kept people at home where they belonged instead of traipsin' to town over this here concrete every time the dust got into their throat from digging taters, or such, or the women saw what they was presenting at the pitcher show. You'd have loved him, Ben."

"I'd certainly have liked to meet him," Ackerman replied doggedly. "A pity there aren't more like him."

"If he's still alive, the superintendent of the poorhouse would be glad to introduce you," said Petie. "They used to be rather proud of him and trot him out whenever visitors came. He was always satisfied. Never made any kick and gave no trouble."

Ackerman smiled, and suddenly got up and unlocked a bureau drawer from which he took something and handed it to Petie.

"Would you be discontented and feel poor if a girl like that had promised to wait for you?" he asked simply.

Well, Petie was as touched as he was surprised. He wouldn't for the world have had Ackerman suppose that he thought the original of the photograph anything but a paragon, but —— He looked at the thing quite a long while, trying to pick out a feature that he could commend and wondering what he could say that would not be too obviously flattering.

"Some girl!" he said at last, as fervently as he could

"I'll broadcast it to Betelgeuse she is," said Ackerman. "Boy," he continued, glowing, "she's a wonder! I mean in every way. It isn't only that she's beautiful; she's accomplished as well. You ought to hear her play on the piano and sing! If you heard her sing that one about the rosary. And she's domestic too. She makes all her own dresses"—Petie had surmised that—"and trims her own hats—has a natural gift for it—and she can cook too. If you could only ——"

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"I Thought—I—I Imagined That Something Had Distressed You, and ——" He Came to a Miserable Halt. No Savoir-faire Whatever!

Another Handmade Adventure

Just Then I Reached for All the Language at My Command and Got the Drop on Him

By Ethel Watts Mumford

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

SINCE writing Handmade Adventures, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in November, I have experienced another and perhaps the most interesting adventure of all—the response to that article which has brought me into sudden touch, almost simultaneously, with people from all parts of the country, as a sort of reversed broadcasting. From hundreds of letters certain human elements stand out; their psychology is arresting. Questions arise and stare one in the face.

I have written my answers in many cases almost praying for guidance to use the right word and say the right thing, for here I had no physical guide. A few of my correspondents sent me drawings of their hands, one or two sent ink impressions, three offered to send me plaster casts, if I would read them. It made me realize the importance I have come to attach to flexibility, texture and resilience. Casts would, of course, give one more dimension than ink impressions. One might read conformation and lines and gain further proof of the all-important type; but in both these cases the elements of adaptability, perception, spiritual courage and similar attributes would be lacking, or only partially indicated; and how important these characteristics are in life!

Questions Clients Ask

IT HAS been my experience heretofore, in the personal contact of hand reading, that people generally center their interest first on the heart line, with fate for second choice, life a poor third, and the all-important head line an also ran. Of course, conventionally, we expect to find heart interest in the young and susceptible damsels who are hoping to be distressful enough to interest the questing knights; but they are no more insistent than their more mature sisters or those same roving cavaliers. Men are every bit as sentimental as women, though they hate to admit it.

"Shall I live long?"

"What of my health?"

These are the natural questions that lie in the back of everyone's mind, and are usually to be anticipated. But now comes an avalanche of letters in which questions as to head and fate dominate. Not that these queries are put in that form, but they are all along these lines, so to speak.

Perhaps there is a feeling of taking one's affairs before the world when replying to a published article. The intimacy of the curtained corner is lacking. Also one must set pen to paper in order to reach the author. Heart questions prefer the unrecording air to the permanence of black and white.

The letters run about 60-40—40 per cent being from men. Of that 40 male per cent, fully 60 per cent are from men in the more responsible walks of life, men who employ other men—bankers, brokers, presidents and vice presidents of everything from railroads to hardware and toy factories. The professionals are well represented—headed by the lawyers. They must see logic in palmistry or they wouldn't inquire concerning it. They do not ask for advice. They want to investigate palmistry. They want their hands analyzed and want to know how and when. They want to take up the study of palmistry and wish to obtain the best works on the subject. Many have already gone to their public libraries and been unable to gratify their thirst for knowledge. They go after their object in a straightforward and businesslike manner; very few with the approach I am so accustomed to, as one who said, "I'm just taking up this little foolishness for fun. Of course, you understand a sensible business man like me couldn't be bunked with that sort of guff."

But I wish I knew how they intend to apply their future knowledge. My impression is that it is for the purpose of better judging their employes. A very large proportion of the remaining 40 per cent of my male correspondents are the unfortunate square pegs in round holes, though a few are just entering upon a new business or enterprise and are anxious to know whether they are suited to it. They want to know:

"What work am I fitted for?"

"Could I be an artist—writer—musician?"

"Is it too late for me to study architecture?"

"Would I have a chance to break into the play-writing game?"

"Should I be justified in moving my whole family to another state, when they don't want to go and my business demands it?"

The letters from women tell me a very different story from those I have just been analyzing. Many of them complain of their leisure and suggest the possibility of taking up palmistry as an outlet.

Now, of course, the study of palmistry is interesting; but it isn't just a pastime or a stop-gap, by any means. One assumes a very real responsibility. Not that I'm discouraging anyone from undertaking it. What I mean is that there is little gained in approaching anything in the spirit of boredom. Real interest is a very different thing and a fine spur. Moreover, I'll guarantee that interest in hands will never flag. It begins with the first lesson if one is honestly fascinated by people, all people, just because they are people. But just to kill time—ah, no, never do that. After all, that is what time is doing to all of us quite mercilessly.

I have dwelt at length on character analysis as distinct from fortune telling, so-called. But here comes a very strange thing and I do not pretend to explain it. I am constantly asked, "But doesn't the hand foretell?" Frankly, I am puzzled. There are future indications in the hand, even at birth. There has always been a line in my own right hand, for instance, whose significance I was long at a loss to decipher. It kept on deepening year by year. When "it" happened, the interpretation was perfectly clear and logical; but it was there all the time. It was there before the people who made the event possible came into my life. I have seen this over and over again. What can it mean? Certainly not predestination. These marks usually concern material welfare, only occasionally mental and spiritual.

Have you ever examined the hand of a newborn baby or of a little child? Lo and behold, you will find it lined and marked! Very likely the two hands will be quite different, yet there is as yet no possibility of experience; but just as under the microscope one may see the perfect future flower in the heart of a bulb, here we have in miniature what the developed hand may be. Unfortunately we have insufficient data.

I have often wished that a complete set of records of the hands of many children from babyhood to maturity could be collected for reference. There seems, however, to be a very noticeable period between, say, seven and fourteen, when the majority of hands are more indefinite in character than they are either earlier or later, possibly because at this period the average growing boy or girl is in a cycle of physical development. Character is temporarily fluid—jellying, to use a homely simile, only in spots.

Studies of Children's Hands

NOT that you can't read a lot from children's hands, even from an infant's, and there is the marvel of it. Where does that mysterious thing that is individuality and personality come from? What determines that? For not in a million years can you predict a child's hands from its parents, any more than you can its personality. There is never a fifty-fifty split, feminine and masculine inheritance, and in nearly every family lurks a Great-Aunt Eliza or Grandpa Dudley who crops up once in every generation or so, and usually it is a determined individual cordially hated by everyone.

Children's hands are tremendously interesting. One may guess the direction of change. In infancy the lines are clear and type is not, though I have seen an infant's hands that had all the completeness of an adult palm. The amazing diversity of the hand is indicated by a fact that the wise Chinese long ago recognized—that no two are ever alike; a finger print is the final test of the individual. In some hospitals the practice now obtains of recording the hand and foot print of the newborn. The Gilbertian confession of "I mixed those babies up" then becomes impossible. The extreme fineness of an infant's skin permits filaments of lines to be plainly seen that later will be almost obliterated. Under a glass their number is astonishing.

I have often wondered if no two rose leaves are ever exactly alike, if the immense diversity of the human body holds true in all the world of matter under whatever form. That heredity is not so strong as environment, and that both can be modified and changed by will, palmistry conclusively proves—at least, to me it seems proved in the changes that I have watched take place in hands I have been able to observe from time to time, including the pair I have always with me.

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THE HIGHER SALESMANSHIP

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

TWO men sat in the observation car of the De Luxe Special Express, which was shooting westward through the night, a gleaming arrow. That day, on the train, they had had baths, had been barbered extensively, and manicured, had dictated a letter or two to the train stenographer, had eaten an excellent dinner, and now, in an expansive mood, they were enjoying fifty-cent cigars and the pleasures of conversation.

"Salesmanship today is a question of psychology," announced Edgar Gorton.

He had a deep voice that invested his most commonplace remarks with an air of authority, and he had the face and manner of a senator.

"I agree with you absolutely, Mr. Gorton," said the other man. "The day of the old-fashioned type of salesman is past; I mean the fellow who was little more than a peddler. Don't you think so, Mr. Gorton?"

J. Fred Prince had a voice less deep than Edgar Gorton's, and a face and manner less imposing; he suggested a congressman. One saw at sight that he was a good fellow, who laughed heartily at other men's anecdotes, and told some good ones himself. There was something subtly flattering in the way he leaned toward the other attentively, as if to be sure not to miss a word of the impending reply.

"I do," said Edgar Gorton. "Emphatically. We have attained the era of the higher salesmanship."

"An excellent phrase," murmured Prince; then repeated raptly, "The higher salesmanship!"

"I mean," went on Mr. Gorton, "that men like you and me ——" J. Fred Prince bowed slightly.

"—— that men like us," repeated Mr. Gorton, "can no longer be called simply salesmen. We are that, but we are more than that. There really should be a new name for our profession."

"Yes, I agree. There should be. What do you suggest?"

"I have sometimes thought," stated Mr. Gorton, "that we are ambassadors of business."

"An excellent phrase," said J. Fred Prince, and repeated, "an excellent phrase, ambassadors of business."

"Now take our present mission," Edgar Gorton went on to say. "Certainly Adam Featherstone is a bigger man than any king of one of those one-horse monarchies Uncle Sam sends ambassadors to. And consider what is at stake!"

"A ten-million-dollar order," said J. Fred Prince soberly.

"I don't like that word 'order,'" declared Edgar Gorton. "I don't consider that we are mere order takers, do you, Fred?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Gorton; indeed no. But," Mr. Prince added, "I certainly intend to get that order, just the same."

Edgar Gorton smiled blandly.

"As we sit here," he said, "you and I are living examples of what the higher salesmanship means."

"How so?"

"Well, look at this situation. Would it have been possible twenty or even ten years ago? I doubt it." Mr. Gorton knocked the ash from his cigar. "Here we sit," he continued, "talking like gentlemen, about the higher salesmanship; and yet we are supposed to be bitter rivals, engaged in a duel to the death."

"It's a sign of the new spirit in business today," said Mr. Prince. "Don't you think so?"

He bent forward and gave Mr. Gorton to understand that he hung on the words that would presently issue from that gentleman.

"I do," said Edgar Gorton. "Emphatically! Here we sit—you, J. Fred Prince, the ambassador for the Ultima Locomotive Works; and I, Edgar Gorton, representing the Metzger-Lane Locomotive Corporation. We are both on our way to see Adam Featherstone, because we know he is going to buy ten million dollars' worth of locomotives from one or the other of us, for the Sacramento, San Antonio and Seattle System. You want to sell him those locomotives. So do I. I have my plan of campaign. So, no doubt, have you."

"Yes, I have." J. Fred Prince extended his hand. "Mr. Gorton," he said, "may the better man win!"

Edgar Gorton shook the proffered hand vigorously.

"That's the way I feel about it too," he said.

They puffed their cigars for a time, each wrapped in thought and smoke.

"By the way," remarked Mr. Prince with a smile, "do you know that we are going to have a little competition?"

The brow of Edgar Gorton darkened.

"Competition? What do you mean?"

"Old Dan Hawley is aboard this train," said Mr. Prince.

The brow of Edgar Gorton became smooth again.

"I thought you said competition," laughed Mr. Gorton from deep down in his abundant chest. Mr. Prince laughed too.

"Old Dan's all right—in his way," said Mr. Prince. "He still makes pretty good locomotives."

"Oh, yes," conceded Edgar Gorton; "the Hawley engine is all right. It's old Dan's salesmanship that's all wrong. To begin with, he's a locomotive builder, not a salesman. He doesn't know the first thing about psychology. He just marches into an office and expects to sell the president of a big road locomotives the same way a salesman tries to sell a small-town shopkeeper a dozen cases of shaving soap. What he should do, of course, is engage a couple of high-caliber men who understand the science of selling."

"Oh, you can't teach an old dog new tricks," said Mr. Prince. "Daniel Hawley is as far behind the times as the side whiskers and congress gaiters he wears; and he'll never catch up. Look at what happened only last month—in the case of the Scranton-Canton people."

"What happened?"

"Well," said Mr. Prince, "it was only a small six-locomotive proposition. When I got wind of it I got on the long-distance telephone and called up Johnny Lewis, the president of the road. 'Come down to Broadway,' I said, 'and have a party. There's a new girl show in town you mustn't miss.' 'Can't do it today,' Johnny said. 'Old Dan Hawley is going to call on me tomorrow.' 'Oh, he'll keep,' I said. 'But this party won't. Anyhow, you can get back to Scranton late tomorrow afternoon.' Well, Johnny can't resist a good time, and he came. We certainly did hit the high spots that night. I had some of the real old stuff, and I gave Johnny a lot of it. Also, I told him he was the smartest railroad man in the game. By two A.M. he wanted to adopt me, and by three I had promised to move to Scranton to be near him. Well, he got back home next day, with a terrible head—and there sat old Dan, waiting for him. 'What?' says Johnny. 'Buy your locomotives? Nothing doing. I've already signed a contract with my friend, Fred Prince.' Get that, Mr. Gorton—'my friend.' That's what does the trick every time. Don't you think so?"

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"I Walked Into Mr. Featherstone's Office and I Said, 'I'm Daniel Hawley. I Build the Hawley Engine'"

AMERICAN, VERY RICH

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MONSIEUR ONÉSIME CLOCHETTE, formerly mayor and still principal haberdasher of the town of Sauzédon, department of the Gard, greeted Monsieur Joseph Desmarail, commercial traveler, with that cautious pleasure with which a prudent merchant welcomes a salesman anywhere in the world. Monsieur Clochette kissed Monsieur Desmarail on each cheek, but lightly.

"I am no longer selling the renowned gloves of that excellent Croupil et Cie," explained Monsieur Desmarail. "I am in business for myself—effectively! Place Four-des-Flammes, 34 bis, twelfth arrondissement, Paris. This is, indeed, a visit of friendship."

"That is perfect!" cried Monsieur Clochette. "And so that is why we have not seen you these—can it be?—four years."

"Decidedly, my friend."

"Ah, in business for yourself! Wholesale or retail?"

"Retail, understood."

Monsieur Clochette seized his good friend warmly, embraced him and patted him first on one shoulder and then on the other. They went across to the Purring Cat and played backgammon fiercely until nearly five o'clock.

"You will dine with us, my dear friend," insisted Monsieur Clochette.

"With pleasure, thousand thanks. I am on my way to Cagnes. There is a train from Tarascon at ten o'clock, lacking eighteen."

"Perfectly, my friend. Let us pass outside and take our *apéritif* where we may see the world. . . . Much changes with the years," sighed Monsieur Clochette, a little sadly.

"That is certain."

"I well remember, my dear friend, but a few years ago, how charmed we were to sit here and glimpse a well-turned ankle twinkling for a moment like a star, surrounded by a Milky Way of lace. Mon Dieu! Now how is it? It is equally seldom we observe the ankles, but for a different reason. There is an embarrassment of riches!"

"Philosopher always!" laughed Monsieur Desmarail admiringly.

While they sipped their appetizers, the two men talked frankly of these important things which renovate and quicken the hearts of virtuous men of late middle age. Gradually the conversation sheered off to politics.

"What do you think of Herriot?"

"*Parbleu!* A softy! He will never do."

"Exactly! I am of that mind."

"And the war debt ——"

"Those Americans! They are simpletons. Simpletons, I say!" added Monsieur Desmarail warmly.

Monsieur Clochette twitched uneasily. He coughed. Then he said, reflectively, "As for that, no! I once thought them simpletons. But no longer. In effect, my eldest daughter, Marie, is married to an American."

"Impossible!"

"Possible! Effectively! More than that, I am grandfather twice. Such sweet children! I am very happy, my dear friend."

Monsieur Clochette rang on the flagstones with the ferrule of his stick and ordered two more drinks. When they came, he raised his glass.

"To my little grandchildren! You shall see them, dear friend."

Monsieur Clochette fished up a fat watch, opened the case with an air and studied the time for a moment.

"Pierre will close the shop. Let us stay here. I will tell you the story.

"It was in April, 1919, I well remember," began Monsieur Clochette, "that the young American entered our town. I connect the date with a great freshet of the river"—Monsieur Clochette referred, of course, to the Rhône, for to a citizen of Sauzédon there is only one river in the world worth mentioning—"which did great damage, besides alarming our folk uncommonly. Télémaque Dufroc, a hard-working citizen, suffered a great misfortune that day, when his sow with eleven pigs, wildly screaming, were swept away in that turbulent stream. Moreover, his wife presented him that same evening with twins. I myself, in that notable flood, lost my beautiful pleasure boat, Levrette, which was torn from her moorings. *Peste!* These visitations do not come singly, for that very morning the boy Pierre had been defrauded with a counterfeit ten-franc note; and though I, of course, deducted it from his wages, still it made me greatly depressed to ruminate on human rascality.

"Well, then, as I have said, this young American entered our town that morning, coming from Avignon, as we afterward learned. It was the honor of Gossip Hugues first to observe the stranger as he walked up from the railway station, carrying his portmanteau and chewing upon that substance which the Americans delight in—a viscous material which they do not swallow, but continue to masticate until their jaws are tired, when they usually stick it beneath a chair or table. My eldest daughter has become a great devotee of this chewing pastime. The noise proves sometimes annoying to me, in the evening when I am reading Le Temps; but as they are both charming youngsters and have sweetened my advancing years with two grandchildren, I say nothing. What wish you?

"Figure well, my dear friend, that in our little town the advent of an American was interesting in the extreme. When the abandoned wretches in control of our government put through the Route Nationale, they avoided Sauzédon by at least two leagues, so that the strangers who visit us are not many. It is true that during the war many American soldiers, called by themselves do-bois, used to come here, greatly to our profit, though perhaps not so much to the increased modesty of our young women. Without exception, they all masticated upon this viscous substance. It is an American fashion.

"Brief, the town in a few minutes was quite agog. Discreetly we passed the word to one another and watched to see what the young American would do first. I am not ashamed to say, my dear friend, that I ordered Pierre to dress up our windows, placing the gayest colored cravats in plainer view. Ernest Laforgue, at the Cerf Blessé, prepared his best room and went immediately to the cellar to inspect his stock of fine liquors. It looked, indeed, like a windfall for our town. We are not a people, you understand, to cringe and fawn upon strangers, like the dirty Gascons, yet we are not without an eye to the main chance.

"Nor could we help recalling what the do-bois had spent with us during the war. You recall that period clearly. It was not uncommon for the American soldiers to fling a handful of paper currency into the air to see the citizenry scramble for it. And you may have my word for it that these strange young men, who called themselves Americans—how truly, I know not—would enter a shop and buy great quantities of this and that, and then hold out a handful of money and cry, 'Here, take!' This was not the way of intelligent beings; but of course the war was sadly demoralizing.

"Ah, wild young men they were, my dear friend. Money to them was nothing. They danced and sang and clapped us on the backs like Apaches. One mere boy, without a semblance of hair to his face, actually chucked my poor wife under the chin and kissed her—and then threw her a fifty-franc note. Poor Anastasie! She was greatly upset—at her age. In the manner of motherliness, gladly would she have kissed the young rascal a hundred times, for after all, he was fighting for France. But it was their mad way. Well, let us not blame them, my dear friend. Many of them now sleep in our soil—may the good God take them to His bosom! Still, the matter of it is, you could not blame us for thinking that Americans were a rich and very shallow people. Simpletons we called them when they were not about. But let us return to our sheep.

"I shall first describe to you this young American. He was of a figure enough tall, and slender, and he wore a brown suit, rather furry, in the English fashion. His face was freckled; he had a prominent nose, of the type which the phrenologists call *philogéniture*, if I mistake not; though as for that, I have a small nose myself, and yet I am the father of eleven, all living. In sum, his eyes were gray and pleasing, his mouth squarish, as of great determination, and his ears stuck out prominently at the sides. I remember my father's ears did thus.

"We marveled greatly that, instead of going to the Cerf Blessé, this stranger walked about, grasping his portmanteau and chewing upon his cud, until he came to the small restaurant of Madame Polduze, into which he went. It was thought that the stranger had become confused: as the aforesaid restaurant, though respectable, is not a place for rich Americans. The truth was, however, that before this young man had emerged, he had entered into a treaty with madame for one of her best rooms, fronting upon the Grande Place, intimating to her that he would stay in Sauzédon not less than a week and perhaps longer. This seemed strange, for though we who live in Sauzédon know it to be a delightful town, still, it lacks those things which would naturally attract Americans—especially rich ones. We have no ruins, except for the abandoned brickkilns; and our church, though respectable, has not yet got its stained

"Monsieur Thrasher Looked at Me Intently From His Gray-Blue Eyes and Said Coolly: 'I am Delighted That You Have So Much Confidence in Me'"

glass, left to it by will of the deceased Monsieur Paul Garbarède in 1902, the legacy being in litigation.

"But what do you wish, my dear friend? We were overturned absolutely by the report which Madame Polduze gave us of the extraordinary conduct of this young American.

"'Monsieur,' she told me, 'this American is so original! He has so upset me that I do not know a feather bed from a sausage.'

"Indeed, I was greatly surprised to learn that this young American had succeeded in getting the best room of Madame Polduze for two francs the day, with *café complet* included. Two francs a day! My dear friend, a Frenchman would pay that! Madame had begun by asking ten francs a day for the room and five francs for breakfast. The large-nosed stranger had laughed gayly into her teeth. I myself believe that she rather overdid the thing by asking ten francs. The mirror in the room was cracked and one of the bedposts is rigged with rope to keep it erect. Perhaps it would have been just to ask seven francs first, of an American.

"But the American was imperturbable. He would pay two francs for the room, breakfast comprised, or he would go elsewhere. Madame shrieked. The American laughed. Madame forgot herself. She told him he must be the devil himself. A man who would offer her two francs a day for such a perfect boudoir of a room would be the sort who might garrote her in her sleep. The American, who spoke the most extraordinary French, but somehow was understood, continued to laugh banteringly. Finally, however, he picked up his portmanteau. That ended it. Madame relented and agreed upon the price. Little wonder that she was upset.

"'Do you think, monsieur,' she asked me that night, 'perhaps the stranger is an eccentric, a kind of joker, who merely wished to ascertain my good nature and benevolence, and will possibly at the end of the week fling me a hundred-franc note, as the do-bois used to do?'

"'As to that, the good Lord knows,' I replied; yet I was somewhat of her mind myself.

"However, as the week progressed and madame discovered that the American was washing his own hosiery in his room, she began to lose heart in the matter of the flinging of the hundred-franc note. Yet the American was well dressed and apparently prosperous. But notably, he flung no money.

"Monsieur Bosanquet, the tobacconist, reported to me during that week that he had twice tried to give the American some regional paper currency, good only in the Alpes-Maritimes, but that the American—I use the words of Monsieur Bosanquet—had the perception of twelve devils and threw the lamentable paper currency back upon the counter and asked for good money. Whereupon the townspeople became more respectful toward this strange young man. He carried with him sundry trick material with which he loved to entertain the children by the hour, such as making a snake emerge from a handkerchief and taking a sou piece from the nose of a gamin, and that kind of legerdemain. The children shouted with joy to see him. But, of course, the shopkeepers were sad. He was a great disappointment. I confess, my dear friend, my own defeat at the hands of this young American. It was in the matter of a cravat. I asked him nineteen francs fifty for it, which was not extortionate, you understand, he being an American; but at last I was induced to sell it to him for nine francs. I could not cope with him. Many of us were thus roughly handled by the young American in a business way."

"What was his name?" asked Monsieur Desmarail, who had followed the tale with much interest.

"Hiram Thrasher."

"*Hein?*"

"It cannot be spelled, and you must practice a long time to say it," admitted Monsieur Clochette.

"It is not a name! It is more like a savage imprecation," commented Monsieur Desmarail.

"As for that, I like it, *comme-ci, comme-ça*. Hiram Thrasher was his name, and he said that he came from Montpellier, in the commune of Vermont, États-Unis."

"But Montpellier is not in the United States. It is in the Hérault, near by, in France."

"That is what we told him. But he insisted. Still, he was generally taken to be a great liar by my concitizens, especially when he said that he had once seen twelve thousand horned cattle all upon one piece of ground."

"That is *épatant*, indeed," remarked Monsieur Desmarail, shooting his unattached cuffs.

"Truly. In effect, the young American became a great mystery to all Sauzédon, including myself not less. The young women peered at him curiously, but modestly. I am glad to say that all our young women are sage, as we are not a garrison town. My own Marie was clearly much affected by the stranger, though of course she had not spoken to him, nor he to her. We thought nothing of this at the time, for young marriageable women are prone to take notice of strange young men. Little did we think —— But I go too fast.

"The mystery of it was, first, that the young American should have chosen to come to Sauzédon at all; and second, that he should spend less money than a Nimois or an Armenian rug merchant. We had been led to believe that all Americans held out their fists full of bank notes and cried 'Take!' Whereas this young man from Montpellier, in the commune of Vermont, kept all his money in a leathern wallet and blew upon his paper money lest two franc notes should be stuck together. It was a genuine education to us frugal Sauzédonnais to observe the reverential spirit in which the young man dispensed fifteen centimes and upward. He was truly not a do-bol. I know nothing of Montpellier, in the commune of Vermont, but I wager that it must have been settled by people from the Midi.

"*Alors*, after the young American had been in Sauzédon for ten days and had spent less than the income of a leather merchant in Brittany, and the shopkeepers were beginning to study his methods, one day there arrived by express from Paris a large box, plainly marked with the name of Hiram Thrasher. Imagine the interest it awakened in our concitizens! Some fancied that it might contain money—though that was a fantastic idea, because the young stranger could carry enough in his leathern wallet to last the rest of his life at the rate he was going—and others spoke darkly of witchcraft, for I may tell you we are not without our superstitious folks who believe in black magic and the evil eye. As for me, I am a man of experience, having been many years mayor; and I cautioned our people not to be too forward, but to wait till the stranger exposed the contents of his box. And this was good advice, for within a few days we all knew what the box contained.

"*Pardieu!* What should it be but a machine the like of which had never been viewed by any of us! Now I must tell you that though this young American spoke French not well, yet he spoke it with such fluent good will and

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"'Allons Donc!' Say I. 'This is Rascally Business. It Explodes Nothing. Nothing is Effected in Two Hours'"

TEARS

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE lady on Govan Coursey's right was, as the French so deftly put it, a dame of a certain age. She was handsomely dressed and she had the assurance that goes with real pearls, perfectly matched, not too large and of arresting luster. Govan had not caught her name, so he stole a glance at her place card. Of course she saw him doing it.

"I'm Miss Payne," she told him briskly; "Annabel Payne. Such a la-de-dah name, Annabel, isn't it, for these days? But it was my grandmother's. Are you married?"

He knew her now. One of the exclusive hill-top set that led all the other cliques of this cliquy little city.

Govan Coursey's eyes flew down the table to where Irene sat, serene, smiling. "Oh, yes, I'm married. That's my wife down there, the one in blue. I've been married five years."

"Don't be alarmed at my sudden question," went on Miss Payne. "I have no matrimonial designs on any man, thank God. I came to this public luncheon thinking I might find new unattached men for my parties. It is incredible how few, how dreadfully few men there are who are reasonably young and good-looking and well mannered who are unmarried. When I saw you I hoped I'd found one."

"I will modestly lay claim to all of your attributes except the vital one of being unmarried. Perhaps the man on your other side ——"

"He won't do—look at his tie. It isn't human. Ah, well, life is full of disappointments. After this ghastly affair is over you must introduce your wife to me, and I'll put you on my young-married-couple list. Your wife is pretty with those misty blue eyes and that delicate mouth. Don't eat that fish or you'll have ptomaine. You see, this city is just a size too small to invite men without their wives or wives without their husbands, and besides I've always stood for the old-fashioned proprieties, and I always will, even if they are dull. Early training, environment. Oh, hang it, that stupid Tom Lassiter is going to speak first. He'll drool along for an hour."

"Don't be too hard on him—he's my boss, Miss Payne."

"Good heavens, not only married, but working for Tommy Lassiter! Yet you don't look actively unhappy."

"I'm not." He started to add "I'm very happy," but he found curiously enough that the words wouldn't say. It didn't matter, because Mr. Thomas Lassiter's rough commanding barytone was gathering headway and people had to listen, it beat so hard upon them—even Miss Annabel Payne, who, it was obvious, rarely did anything for which she didn't have a whole-hearted inclination.

Only Govan Coursey did not listen. He had the appearance of it. His eyes were on Thomas Lassiter in seeming attention. His head was inclined toward him. He did not wriggle or fidget or play with his coffee spoon. He did not even smoke. But his absorption was for himself alone. He was thinking of why wasn't he able to answer Miss Payne's amusing impertinence with the assurance that he was very happy.

Certainly his outward circumstances had every assurance of happiness. He had come back to Mancaster City from college as cheerfully irresponsible as any man in his class, but without the green complacence that mars so much of youth. He knew that he didn't know much, which is a rare advantage at twenty-two. He meant to go slowly, to feel his way, to shape his life definitely, make it many-sided, rich in interests. A little streak of careful observation had warned him that if he hunted for money alone, he might get nothing but money, and that money is a hard and meager support for mind and soul. He had a quick sensitiveness to beauty, he knew it, and he wished to keep it because it gave him such generous escapes to realms where nothing sordid or small could touch him. So much he knew of himself; so far he projected his intentions.

She Looked Up at Him, Her Eyes Amazed. He Saw the Familiar Mist Stealing Over Their Blueness

But there were practical things to be considered. Bread and butter, a roof over his head, clothes. The little sum he had been left by his parents was down to three figures when his last year at college was through. He must go to work at once. And he wanted to go to work. He felt immensely active and exuberant; he seethed with young energy that was not wholly physical. His mind missed the drill, the concentration of study. It needed to be used, and summer in Mancaster City offered it no outlet beyond the concentration put into tennis, the self-control needed in the crowded dances of the country club, the very slight wit and intelligence required for conversation with the younger set. He could play around with parties and sports if he wanted to—men and girls both welcomed him—but it wasn't good enough. Two weeks, and he knew the whole routine, and found it, as a steady diet, very boring.

So he went downtown and hunted a job. He had worked before, during his vacations, but temporary, seasonal things. Now he must locate. He thought of reporting, but neither of the two big papers of Mancaster City could use him. Their refusals made him unsure of himself—he hadn't any very clear idea of what he was fitted for; he merely had an instinctive drawing toward type and ink; he couldn't call it more than that. He had walked aimlessly down the street, wondering what he could do, what he would like to do, what was best for him, and he had reached, presently, the clean new many-windowed building which housed the commercial printing establishment of Thomas March Lassiter. Young Govan Coursey's eyes approved its look of efficiency, success, smartness; so without knowing what commercial printing might be, he went inside and asked for work.

Among the many personal qualifications in which Tom Lassiter took pride was his ability to pick men. He liked Govan Coursey, liked his frank ignorance, his willingness to listen, his lack of conceit; he liked his boyish good looks, his slim height with strength in the shoulders, his pleasant regular features. "The kid'll make a dandy salesman," he thought, and straightway hired him, at a fair salary for a beginner. Lassiter believed in good pay.

Yet Mr. Lassiter was no benevolent Santa Claus, as Govan Coursey soon discovered. One of his specialties was bawling out any laggard with a rough thoroughness and exactness of epithet that scarified. Also his great deity was Results. Which, interpreted, meant that he had no very great scrupulosity as to methods.

The Lassiter business was large for the size of Mancaster City and it was built directly on the industries of the place, which comprised an unusual number of manufacturers whose products demanded direct-by-mail advertising. This necessitated a constant supply of circulars, booklets, catalogues—and there was where the Lassiter printing presses came in. Printers in larger cities—not so far away—had tried to compete for this steady well-paid business, but Lassiter had always been able to outbid them. His sole weakness was in a lack of original ideas, and his greatest fear was that his customers might be enticed away from him by the big city salesmen who could offer novelties and originalities that were beyond him. A low price, he knew very well, is not everything. Frequently a customer is willing to spend extravagantly to get something unique.

The Lassiter salesmen—there were only two—were expected to supply these unusual and salable ideas. They suggested shapes, type, text matter, illustration. To do this necessitated something more than a superficial knowledge of the various industries whose products they proposed to sell, and the two men, James Bradley and Holland Evans, who were on the Lassiter pay roll when Govan Coursey's name was added to it, had both settled into an inelastic groove. They knew their work, they produced their ideas, but they had worked too long at one thing. Their imaginations seemed to have atrophied, and customers, especially those where new blood had come into the management, were beginning to be restless, to bring complaints to Lassiter.

Under these two men, Bradley and Evans, Govan Coursey had served his apprenticeship, and, as his employer had foreseen, he supplied the freshness and fancy that they needed. In one year he was selling the most important firms, though nominally still an underling. In two years Bradley had been shifted into the office force, as an expert on estimates, and Evans and Coursey handled the work alone; and in three years Evans, who had made a little money by a lucky deal in real estate, determined to resign and go to California. This had left Govan, at the age of twenty-five, in sole command.

He had been enormously elated. Lassiter had raised his salary, year by year, with generosity. As a rising young business man he was liked and respected all through the town. When he wasn't working he was having an awfully good time, with more invitations than he could possibly accept. He was much too busy and too well entertained to think seriously about marriage. Besides, away back in his head he had, like most young men, dreams of an ideal girl, a girl who would be graceful and gracious and understanding, loving and clever and laughing; a girl to talk with, to walk with, to work with, to play with; a girl to fill the heart, the eyes, the mind. None of the girls in Mancaster City, jolly good fun though they were, and a fine crowd, he thought, as girls go, filled these specifications.

Then Irene Tauler came to visit her cousins, the Bradleys. It was the most natural thing in the world that Mrs. Bradley, who was very fond of Govan, should ask him to meet her and, further, to be nice to her during her stay.

Govan came to dine and stayed to fall in love. Irene, with her straight yellow hair, her clear profile, her fair, fine-textured skin, her shy blue-eyed smile, was exactly the girl he had been waiting for, been longing for. He knew it instantly. He flung himself into selling her love and marriage as he had never flung himself into selling printing to Lassiter's toughest customer. And he succeeded.

Not since his mother's death, when he was a boy of fifteen, had he possessed a confidante for the deeps of his heart. Irene was an admirable listener, and she had never met a young man who thought and felt such thoughts and feelings as Govan's. It was not until they had been married some weeks that she began to disclose thoughts and feelings of her own. And wants. And tastes. They did not resemble Govan's.

It was of great importance to Irene that they should have a smart house, in a good location, smartly furnished. She felt that a car of expensive make was a necessity. She must have a maid, and extra help on occasions of entertaining. She loved to adorn her pretty person with pretty frocks and real jewels. People who wore imitation stones she considered lacking in true refinement. She adored teas, and playing cards, and country-club verandas and chatter. If Thomas Lassiter's deity was Results, hers, quite devoutly and seriously, was Appearance. "People in our position" was a phrase constantly on her lips.

So, without quite knowing why or how it came about, for he was much in love and filled with his illusions of his wife, Govan Coursey found himself harnessed to an establishment that kept him scrambling to maintain. And if he faltered, and expostulated, and urged on Irene that people didn't care for what you have but only for what you are, she didn't argue, or grow angry, or sulk—no, she just looked at him, and over her big blue eyes came a slow haze of tears of disappointment. Her chin would quiver like a hurt and grieving child's. Round pearly drops ran out to the ends of her long lashes, trembled there for an effective second of space, and splashed down on her smooth pinky cheeks. She did not weep as some women do, violently, with squared ugly mouth and reddening nose, and violent shaking sobs. But she made of her tears a picture that none save a brutal abandoned wretch could have disregarded. She invariably won her point, and Govan went out determined to find the money somehow to indulge her.

Do her the credit to admit that she was not just a clever little actress staging a scene for her own benefit. No, she was as sincere in her beliefs of what was the proper and fitting life for a young married couple of the Courseys' position as was Govan. And she was efficient. She arranged her house beautifully, she kept it practically, and no servant who came to her but received an excellent and thorough training. Their one child, Govan Junior, was a model baby in health and behavior, owing to her wise care. She was a truly loving wife, even-tempered, solicitous for Govan's physical needs, only blind to his mental comfort, for she saw her own standards as the final word. And having found her power, unconsciously she wielded it without mercy.

Swiftly, surely, depressingly all this passed through Govan Coursey's mind as he sat pretending to listen to Mr. Thomas Lassiter's commercial bromides. Scenes. A scene about the new car. A scene about the diamond bar pin. A scene about the Oriental rug. A scene about the silver vegetable dishes. A scene about joining the country club. A scene about Irene's series of at-homes, her weekly bridge parties. And ever and always those lifted wet blue eyes, that pathetic babylike chin had vanquished him. He had found the money somehow, clambered over one pile of bills only to find himself before another mountain of them. And just now she was agitating a new and larger house!

The worst of it was that all the things he cared about had receded from him—books, for instance. He never had a chance to read. Pictures—when had he run up to New York to go through the galleries? Music—unless it was a concert where it might benefit them socially to be seen! He had liked to play with tools, putter about at his workbench, wield a paintbrush. He could think things out when he had work of this sort in his hands, and it rested him. But his tools had rusted, and his workbench was pushed into the only available corner of the cellar—where there was no light of any kind whatsoever.

He had come thus far when Mr. Lassiter finished his speech, and sat down, mopping his forehead, and beaming with satisfaction at the applause. Miss Annabel Payne was gathering up her scarf, her bag, her handkerchief, her jingling gold vanity.

"There'll be more of such stuff, I suppose," she said to Govan Coursey, "but I'm certainly not a strong enough woman to endure it. I'm going to fly. I'm sorry I can't stay and meet your wife—do you think she'd be willing to waive introductions and accept an invitation over the telephone some day?"

Govan Coursey smiled as he thought of the rapture that recognition in any form by the up-on-the-hill set would bring to Irene.

"She'll be tickled to death," he said dryly.

"How about yourself, John Alden?" demanded Miss Payne.

"But do I need to say it after meeting you, Miss Payne?"

She liked that. "You'll do. Good-by."

After she had gone the man who had sat at her other side looked round quizzically at Govan. "These rich old girls think they own the earth," he said. "She nearly bit my head off."

The rise of the next speaker prevented Govan's answer, and he lapsed back to his own thoughts. He took a deep breath of resolution. He would talk to Irene, make her see. This new-house scheme must be abandoned. He couldn't load himself down with another bigger mortgage when he was barely able to meet the interest and amortization of the lien on their present home, even though the former grew smaller every year. With so much that was sweet and good and dear and sensible in her, why must she have this implacable will which always rode his down? Hadn't he the stuff in him to do what he knew was right? Was he so weak? How could a man deal with the resistance that was always gentle but never ending, resilient, impervious to all save its own purpose?

The luncheon was ending. It was his duty to go and find Irene and take her to the car, and this irked him. He did not want to see her or speak to her until he had strengthened his determination. An imp of memory kept casually telling him how often he had tried before to reason with her, to put the truth of his own mind before her, and how often she had floated him aside on the tide of her soft blue eyes.

However, he went. He had the habit of good manners toward his wife. She was the center of a group of men and women, smiling, talking, giving each a bit of that charm of hers which she knew so well how to use. She liked to be popular, and she was, the more so because she didn't confine her efforts to men alone. She saw Govan and came toward him.

"I know you're in a hurry to get back to work, darling," she said. "And I'm all ready to go. I'm going to give Mrs. Henderson a lift."

Unerringly she had chosen to do a favor to the one influential woman in the group with whom she was not well acquainted. Mrs. Henderson was a power in the women's clubs of Lancaster City, a vast robustious dame with a jovial face forever topped by picture hats set ever so little askew. She joined Irene, and the two ladies and Govan went out to the car. Govan was glad for Mrs. Henderson. She talked a constant stream of nothings in a voice so important that one had the illusion of listening to great wisdom. So there was no chance for Irene and Govan to do anything but listen. This gave him more time. He was

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"There'll be More of Such Stuff, I Suppose," She Said to Govan Coursey, "But I'm Certainly Not a Strong Enough Woman to Endure It"

SPIKED SHOES

By THE OLD DOG

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

A GRADUATE of an American college had returned from Europe after spending a summer supposed to supply the finishing touches to his education.

"Of course you went through the Louvre," a friend observed.

"You bet," was the reply. "Did it in an hour and twenty minutes, but if I'd had my spiked shoes along I could have made it in one hour flat."

The story may not be true, but it indicates a spirit scarcely less preposterous than that in which the undergraduate of today races through college toward his degree of A. B. It might open the eyes of some fathers to turn to the official register of Harvard University, and making due allowance for the unethical tendency of figures, compute just how much time a boy has in which to complete seventeen and a half courses of study. The academic year for 1924 runs from September twenty-second to the first week in June, 1925, when the final examinations begin.

Taking out holidays and vacations, this consists of only two hundred and twenty-nine days, or, roughly, seven and a half months. If Sundays and half holidays are clipped off, as in most cases they are by the undergraduate himself, another month disappears. However, not to be niggardly, one may call the school year seven full months. On this basis a four-year course covers twenty-eight working months, or a little more than two years—two years and a third, to be accurate. A three-year course—and between 15 and 20 per cent of the students cut it down to this—includes twenty-one working months, or a year and three-quarters. Even making the extravagant assumption that the average normal young man improves each shining hour and studies consistently throughout this elapsed time, it is difficult to understand how he can finish with anything in the nature of a thorough or permanent education.

The Bulk of Their Interests Lie Outside the Classroom—in Social or Club Life; on the Athletic Field

College for General Effect

YET, the answer comes, somehow five hundred or so Harvard men manage to cover this ground every year and are awarded their degrees—degrees which, as the proud parents may hear for themselves on commencement day, solemnly admit them to the fellowship of educated men.

Yes, that is the answer; but it is also something more; a concise and instructive commentary on the modern system as well as, incidentally, a tribute to the alertness and cleverness of modern youth. It must not be supposed, however, that modern youth is dissatisfied either with the system or with the result as embodied in himself. On the contrary he is very well satisfied, particularly with himself. Here is his confession of faith as it appeared in the college daily, the Crimson, in reply to a similar comment of mine in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

"It is not the ability to summon up a catalogue of facts, as from a bottomless well, that marks the educated man from the uneducated. It is the capacity to use facts and see their relations. Thus, among Harvard undergraduates who are keenly alive to the present, those events in the past which bear on the present interest them in proportion to this relation. When Tottel's Miscellany appeared, or who the first Merovingian king was, may be required in a course, but after the examination it is so much deadwood, and as such is speedily forgotten. Four years of ploughing through courses and sifting of facts, however, bring out certain significant relations, and the earnest student begins to see more clearly some of the outstanding problems which face his generation. Already he may have trends of thought which suggest possible solutions. If he gets this much out of his college course, he has got all that may be expected of him, for, by the strength of his vision, he is an educated man. Upon him will fall the burden of the world's affairs, and in so far as he leaves them better than he found them, by so much has he justified his education."

To Win Even a Foothold in the Teaching Profession Today They Must Secure an A.M. and Then Plod on Two Years More

As a generalization this sounds fair enough, but that the apologia is in the form of a generalization is in itself significant. Specific facts are counted as deadwood and as such are to be speedily forgotten. A man "ploughs through courses" and comes out with "trends of thought" which is all that can be expected of him. With these, unbacked by much in the way of factual knowledge, he intends to assume the burden of the world's affairs.

Certainly nothing in the nature of the courses themselves or in the requirements demanded in the final examinations suggests that the faculty has any such vague objective in view. Yet I firmly believe that, judged by actual results, the Crimson is nearer correct than the faculty as to what remains in the undergraduate mind six months after he has won his degree. Indeed, it is only the unusual man who comes through even with a vision—and a vision, at that, considerably blurred.

Youth today is so cocksure of itself! With bland self-assurance it monopolizes not only the present but the future. Only condescendingly does it listen to another generation.

"So you're the Old Dog," said an undergraduate, meeting me in the corridor before a class.

"Yes," I admitted, feeling suddenly somewhat abashed.

"You're all wrong in what you say about the need of a knowledge of detail in college work," he declared.

"I'm sorry," I apologized.

"Oh, I get the point you're trying to make," he answered, as though politely anxious not to be too severe; "but I didn't come here to get facts."

"No? Then just what?"

"A sort of general effect."

"The general effect of a college education?" I inquired.

He looked doubtful for a moment.

"Well, something like that," he admitted.

"I'm afraid you'll get more in this subject than if you pass," I ventured.

I was referring to History 7, one of three courses I am taking this year; a unique course, and one which seems to me to mark a distinct step forward in method. It is described briefly in the register as "The Renaissance and the Reformation." The course embraces a period of only a few hundred years and because of these limits covers the subjects with a thoroughness impossible in the longer stretches. The attack is made not from one angle, but from a dozen angles; not through one professor alone, but through a staff of professors; and covers not one nation alone, but every nation in Europe.

Congestion and Indigestion

THE attempt is made to take what is one of the most significant and dramatic periods in all history and so correlate the details that a student will see it as a whole. It is almost a liberal education in itself, and might be just that, literally, if a man had an opportunity to work it out thoroughly. But here, as in every other department in Harvard, the practical plays havoc with the ideal. The teaching staff is allowed only three one-hour lectures a week—less, as a matter of fact, because on the days of big games during the football season a lecture is omitted—over a period of seven months for the presentation of this big subject, while the average undergraduate allots to it only one-quarter of his study time over this same brief period. The result inevitably is congestion and indigestion, although the course is intended primarily for seniors, who are supposed to have acquired a background. Such a supposition, however, is always dangerous.

In spirit and practice the subject is presented man fashion. There are no tests and no hour examinations, but, until midyears, the marks are based upon two themes in which original thought and independent thinking are encouraged.

From the beginning this point is emphasized; but not, however, to the exclusion of facts. Free opinions are desired, but they must be based on evidence. For example, my first thesis was upon the subject What Happened at Anagni September 7, 1303—a date marking a crisis in the relation between king and church. Here is the comment I received when it was returned:

"The essay is excellent as far as it goes, but the problem primarily was to pick the truth out of half a dozen or more

conflicting accounts—*e. g.*, Holtzmann, Villari, Duruy, Michelet, Sedgwick, Gregorovius, etc., to say nothing of contemporary accounts."

There is a world of meaning in that "etc."

The responsibility for the incidental reading which is handed out in what the professor rightly describes as generous chunks is up to the individual, or would be if there were enough hours in the day and he had no other college work in hand. I should say that at least a hundred volumes are upon the reserved section at Widener and not one of these would an intelligent student choose to neglect.

For consider a moment the ground that is covered. First, there is the political history of Italy, of Germany, of France, of Spain and of England, mixed up with that of the restless hordes from the East. This includes, of course, the events and policies which during this period led to the gradual formation of national consciousness and of centralized government. Interwoven with this is the history of the papacy as related to the church, and again as related to the temporal rulers; a titanic struggle centering around intense personalities. Included also is a study of the philosophies of the period which played so important a part, and with these another group of strong and complex personalities. Interacting again is the development of language groups and with that the literatures of the new nations. From the thirteenth century on, the fine arts become an ever-increasingly important factor, until by the fifteenth century the student is utterly overwhelmed by the list of names. Simply to chart them as we are asked to do is a task in itself. It might be interesting to list the collection, compiled from my notes, collected during the first two months alone. I give them without any attempt to relate them intelligently.

Who Knows Them All?

FREDERICK II of Germany, Louis IX of France, Henry II of England, Gregory IX, Boniface VIII, Saint Francis, Thomas Aquinas, Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Simone Martini, Cavallini, Niccola Pisano, Giovanni Pisano, Eschenbach, Layamon, Dante, Jacapone da Todi, Celano, Pietro de la Vigna, Folgore da Sangeonignano, Colonna, Orsini, Nogaret, Enzio, Ciullo d'Alcamo, Leo Pilatus, Chrysoloras, Plithon, Bonagiunta, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Philip IV, Edward III, Charles VIII, Edward IV, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, Henry VII, Gower, Langland, Wyclif, William of Occam, Marsiglio of Padua, Froissart, La Salle, Villehardouin, Joinville, Deschamps, Chartier, Christine de Pisan, Philippe de Comines, Pathelin de Machant, Charles d'Orleans, Francois Villon, John XXII, Clement VI, Gregory XI, Urban VI, Boniface IX, Innocent VIII, Gregory XII, Clement VII, Benedict XIII, John XXIII, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, Radbertus, Maurus, Huss, Ziska, Nicholas V, Sigismund of Germany, Bruni, Poggio, Filelfo, Valla, Niccolo da Uzzano, Salvestro dei Medici, Cosimo dei Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Michelozzo, Niccolo Niccoli, Pazzi, Riario, Salviati, Luca Pitti, Parentucelli, Piero il Gottose, Flavio Biondo, Saechetti, Uberti, Palmieri, Alberti, Eugenius IV, Nicholas V, Sixtus IV, Vittorino da Feltre, Guarino da Verona, Andrea Barberini, Poliziano, Giostra, Simonetta Vespucci, Sannazaro, Pulci Altichiero, Andrea Orcagna, Van Eyck, Van der Weyden, Gentile da Fabriano, Brunelleschi, Rossellino, Masolino, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Gozzoli, Filippino Lippi, Jacopa della Quercia, Ghiberti, Donatello della Robbia, Piero dei Franceschi, Pisanello.

This list is by no means inclusive, for the outside reading would furnish many others. Moreover, every name stands for something and many of them for a very great deal, representing often a complex period or a new movement, which, of course, must be mastered. Also in this connection a great many dates must be memorized, for these men must be related to their time. They must also be identified geographically, and this introduces the names of a large number of cities. They are to be known also by their works—their books, if writers; their poems, if poets; their buildings, if architects; their paintings, if painters. The latter must be further identified from slides.

And we are yet only halfway to midyears, with a second theme due before then!

Nor is that the worst of the difficulty. This is only one course, while many men are taking four, five and even six. I myself have only two other courses—Continental history from 1815 to the present, and Anthropology I, which embraces the study of primitive man, or our contemporary ancestor as he is sometimes called, and his works. At the point where I become thoroughly interested in following the fortunes of the clever, the frank and the adventurous Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who, after leading the life of a keen man of the world, became a thoroughly orthodox and pious Pope, I am obliged to lay down the book and leap forward four hundred years to the Congress of Vienna. Here I am introduced to that amazing four, Metternich, Alexander I, Castlereagh and Talleyrand—men with whom one could profitably spend a year. Here, incidentally, I am required to do rather intensive reading, because this subject has been assigned to me for a thesis of five thousand words. This calls for bibliography of twenty volumes, which means that I must consult that number of books for material.

But no sooner am I fairly embarked upon this enterprise than I must turn aside to read Marett and Boas in anthropology in pursuit of the fascinating problems of origins—the origins of the utilitarian arts, including food, domestication of animals, agriculture, habitations, dress, weapons; the origins of the industrial arts, including textiles, ceramics, record and communication, writing; origins of the esthetic arts, including graphic and plastic arts, music, the dance and poetry. And that is only one subdivision of the subject.

It was like getting into a new world to connect through this course with this particular department. For years I had known of the Peabody and Semitic museums and had always encouraged the children to visit the former as an instructive way to spend a rainy afternoon. Personally, however, I had avoided them as musty places rather off the beaten track. Furthermore, I had associated the subject in my mind with the type of academic scientist who is half a fossil himself and as dusty dry as the volumes over which he bends until nearsighted and round-shouldered.

The first day I went there to read I saw one such. He was white-haired and wore heavy spectacles and had before him a dozen opened volumes upon which he was working; odd-looking books containing distorted drawings discovered on the monuments of some ancient civilization. As I sat on, another old man entered and interrupted him with more drawings and with photographs which were going into a book he was making. Among the latter the visitor came upon a photograph of a jaguar standing at bay with an ugly set of teeth very much in evidence.

"That's a fine specimen, eh?" said the visitor.

The older man nodded and then smiled reminiscently.

"I shot four of those beggars in Central America," he observed.

I came to attention. In a sleepy, matter-of-fact voice the old scholar went on to relate the details; as hair-raising an adventure as one would ask to hear. He had been in the field for years, traveling the jungle alone except for the black men of his expedition. From this source and not from the library volumes had he gained the material which made him an acknowledged authority in his branch of this work.

This was invariably true of all these men.

I was talking with a friend about another man of this department, who on the surface did not look as though he had ever ventured a day's journey from Cambridge.

Venturesome Highbrows

"I'D LIKE to tell those boys of some of the things he has done," he observed. "For example, he was on an expedition once in the tropics with a band of savages as escort when he came to a point where the expedition balked. There was only one road to take and over this they refused to move. The trouble, as he learned, was due to the fact that some ten days before an Indian had been killed there and buried in the road. They were too superstitious to pass over the grave. As the road could not be moved and there was no way around, the only thing left was to move the dead Indian. But not one of the expedition would have a hand in the job. Whereupon this same professor rolled up his sleeves, dug a fresh grave and, unaided, resurrected the dead Indian and transferred him to a new resting place. It was not a pleasant job, nor one for anyone at all squeamish; but it had to be done and he did it, and then went on his way."

The young men in this department are all of that sort, for it is the one field where academic work is combined with the hardiest kind of outdoor adventure. I met two of them who were just back from the field to prepare their reports. One was a tall, quiet-spoken, polished fellow who liked to discuss music and educational theories and the current drama. But for the two years previous he and his bride, a college woman, had been spending most of their time on one of the more remote South Sea Islands. They had lived in the bush and with painstaking care had learned the language, although this meant sitting at the feet of an old native hour after hour for six months and making their own grammar and dictionary.

With this done, they had lived as much according to native style as possible while studying the unknown tribes—their customs, their speech, their religion. They did this month after month, separated by thousands of miles from their friends and all the interests of civilization. Some day, probably, he will teach, and the young men who sit before him will never know of those years and the risks he ran in order, partly, to prepare himself for the task of disturbing their leisure with lectures on the customs of primitive man.

The other student was unmarried and of an even more adventurous type. He was a graduate of a foreign university and had drifted across the ocean to become an oil prospector in Central America. There, in the course of his wanderings in the jungle, he ran across the ruins of an ancient civilization, one of the oldest and most advanced and most powerful on this

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These Young Men are Willing to Learn, But They are Also Eager to Live

ROMAN LAW

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"There He is Now! Grab Him, Mackenzie! I'll Swear to the Charge!"

AS HIS anger mounted, revealing itself in a deepening flush and a voice that tightened and thinned as it rose, Mr. Jonathan Beard became less formidable, even to the impressed, admiring eye of Deputy Sheriff Sim Cole. It was no longer the personification of Summerhills that stood before Sheriff Dan Mackenzie's shabby desk, a figure mysteriously identified with money and success and power, but only a red-faced, sputtering little man, too warmly clad in his fur-lined coat, so that beads of sweat gathered on his shining scalp, a man whose wrath made him ridiculous, almost pathetic.

By contrast, Dan Mackenzie's quiet patience gained in dignity; and Sim helped himself, mentally, to a share in it, although at the beginning of the interview he had tried to feel identified with Jonathan Beard and had resented Mackenzie's failure to greet him with anything more than the placid courtesy he gave to every caller.

Now as Beard fumed and fretted his temper to a cherry heat, Sim edged along the wall until he stood beside the old sheriff, discovering, for once, a kind of pride in the association.

"I never swallowed much of the sickening bunk about the South," rasped Beard, "but I did believe it was a white man's country till I ran up against your musical-comedy court and found that I couldn't get an even break against a nigger thief. The way that old butternut on the bench talked to me, I might have been defending the case instead of prosecuting it!"

"Reckon it's bound to look sort of funny to you, sir." Mackenzie's thinly mellow voice was restfully musical after the scrape and bite of Beard's tone. "Folks that's raised different are right liable to look at a sight of things different ways, and maybe we ain't as quick about changin' our notions down here in Hewitt County as we'd ought to be. This here one, anyhow."

"I guess I ought to know better than to expect anything up-to-date in a backwoods, poor-white-trash county like Hewitt," snapped Beard. "But you don't have to be very civilized to have a law against theft and to make at least a bluff of enforcing it."

Sim leaned slightly forward. He entertained a certain contempt for Hewitt County, as became a native of the progressive Cray; but for some reason Beard's epithet inclined him, for the first time in his experience, to align himself with Hewitt people. Mackenzie's quiet gesture checked the angry retort unuttered.

"Last time you was in here you looked at it right different, Mr. Beard. Figured then 't they was too much law in the state and that Sim and me was kind of old-fashioned because we aimed to enfo'ce the most of it."

The sheriff's tone was good-natured and there was a gentle grin to confirm it, but Beard's anger flamed as if under shrewd provocation.

"Yes, that's the very point! I come down here to this God-forsaken hole with a scheme that would make the whole county rich, and money enough to go through with it, and you treat me like a crook because of some fool blue law against playing golf on Sunday! You're too holy to stand for a bit of harmless gambling in a private club, but you'll back up any pilfering nigger that wants to help himself to ——"

"It ain't a question of law, sir. Tried to tell you so that other time, only you was too busy to listen at me. It's how folks looks at law. Sim and me ain't numerous enough to frighten all the rest of Hewitt County; we can't only enfo'ce what laws most folks believes in and wants enfo'ced. Reckon it's the same every place. Most Hewitt folks is right old-fashioned about most everything. Figure it's wrong to play games and race hosses on Sunday, and figure it ain't no great matter if a nigra takes and cuts him a mite of stovewood off'n waste land 't he don't own. Sim and me can't only arrest that nigra; it's the county—the folks—'t tries him. Told you the jury'd turn Eli loose, didn't I, when you wanted I should arrest him."

"Yes, and I ought to have believed you. I ought to have known that a jury of backwoods sneak thieves would acquit another sneak thief, black or white! I ——"

"Don't reckon they was many thieves on that there jury, sir. Reason they turned Eli loose was because they knowed he didn't figure he was stealin' that there load of wood offen your land. You was raised No'th, where nigras wasn't never nothin' only nigras; they's a sight of folks in Hewitt 't remembers when they was slaves. Ain't only sixty years since a nigra was property, stead of ownin' it; we don't figure it's fair to treat him the same as if he'd been a property owner always. Ain't had time to get used to the notion. Slave days, he looked to a white man f'r clothes and food and firewood, same as a hoss might look f'r feed and stablin'. Ain't got over it yet, not altogether. Figures 't it ain't stealin' to go cut him wood when he's cold, nor to rustle him up a mite of co'n if he's hungry."

"Yes, and as long as he's allowed to help himself whenever he feels like it he'll keep right on thinking that way." Beard's voice was like a hound's yap, Sim thought. "If you shellbarks want to support every shiftless nigger who'd rather steal than work, that's your business. I don't. I bought this Hewitt County land just to be sure of all the firewood we need down at Summerhills, and I'm going to protect it myself if the county won't. I'm serving notice on you and everybody else in your run-down bailiwick that it's unhealthy to steal anything from J. S. Beard, and I mean it!"

"Sim and me wasn't figurin' on tryin' it," said Mackenzie.

His voice was still gentle, but Sim had heard that change in it before, and, in Jonathan Beard's place, would have held his tongue.

"If you can't or won't teach your niggers to let my wood alone, I'll do it for you." Beard's teeth snapped on the words. "You'll see!"

Mackenzie seemed to gather his self-restraint as a man braces his muscles for a test of strength.

"Mr. Beard, I reckon you taught us folks a heap, one way and another, since you come down here; but I don't know can we take a sight more teachin' yet a while. This here thing goes down deeper 'n what you think, and it ain't going to be easy changed. Always had a notion it was a right smart man 't figured out that there sayin' about doin' like the Romans if you was a stranger in Rome County. Yes, sir."

"If I'd done that I'd be living in a log shack and eating nigger greens in pork grease!" Beard laughed nastily. "You've got your proverb twisted; when a Roman went out to the backwoods he took Roman ways and Roman laws right in his toga pocket; he rammed them down the natives' throats and made them like it. You admit that you can't and won't protect my property. All right, I'll show you how it's done—in Rome!"

"Be right int'rested, Sim and me." Mackenzie drew a pad of tax blanks toward him and dipped his pen. "Obliged to you for leavin' us know ahead of time, sir."

Beard laughed again as he went out, but to Sim Cole it seemed that he was still only a rather stubby little man, talking, as little men were apt to do, and as the negroes put it, biggety.

He turned to Mackenzie with a chuckle and was puzzled by the sober trouble in the lean old face.

"You ain't leavin' that there blow-hard chat worry you, sheriff?"

"Reckon so, Sim—some, anyhow. Beard, he does a sight of talkin' with his mouth, sure enough, but it don't seem to give him no relief. He's right apt to go ahead and do things, same as if hadn't blowed off all that there steam a-whistlin'."

"What you figure he can do?"

"Ain't figured on it, Sim; but I reckon 't when a man like him went to Rome County in the old days he either taken and learned the Romans his notions or else they taken and learned him theirn. Either way, I figure they was ructions, and likely a sight of work f'r whoever was sheriffin', 'fore they got it settled up."

Sim grinned skeptically at the cloud of dust that followed Beard's snorting car down the Summerhills road. There was something comic in the idea of that fuming little man making trouble for a sheriff like Dan Mackenzie, but Sim kept the joke to himself. He had not learned to see things as Mackenzie saw them, but experience had taught him that when he disagreed it was just as well to hold his tongue about it.

II

FOLLOWING Dishek along the wagon track that wavered crazily through the straggling scrub, Sim Cole endeavored to overcome a persistent, reasonless dislike. He told himself impatiently that it was only natural for an old-timer like Dan Mackenzie to distrust an up-to-date outsider brought into the sand hills on purpose to show up the sheriff for a mossbacked old fool; but there was no good excuse for Sim Cole's sharing that attitude. Looking at it the right way, Beard was playing Sim's game for him by fetching in this fellow and getting him appointed a deputy sheriff in Cray County, where the owner of Summerhills could have anything he wanted. One of these days, when Mackenzie quit, Sim Cole would be logical candidate for his office. He'd always foreseen this. There had been a good many times when he'd tried to discredit Mackenzie so as to shorten his time of waiting; and yet, now that Beard was doing his best to bring this about, Sim was foolish enough to resent it, to take Mackenzie's side so stoutly that he found himself frowning at Dishek's neatly dressed back and regretting that he'd accepted that casual invitation to trail along and see what Dishek described as speed.

It was silly to be prejudiced against a man just because he wore good clothes even in the woods, or because his hands were soft and nicely kempt, like a woman's, or because his eyes made you think of shaded windows, with somebody looking out through a chink, or because he talked without moving his lips. That was just Mackenzie's notion—the idea that these signs meant something.

"Seen six-seven men 't looked like that," Mackenzie's voice seemed to be reminding Sim. "Four of 'em was hung, and needed it. They's folks 't kills f'r the fun of it. Wouldn't wonder if this here Dishek was that kind. Got the face f'r it."

Dishek stopped and lifted his hand, turning his face so that Sim saw its profile silhouetted against a smoke-blue sky, the thin lips drawn back from short, gold-mended teeth.

"With the goods!" He chuckled in the same whispering key. Sim could hear the far-away ring of an ax on dead pine. "Guess he's over on my side of the county line, after all, by the sound of it."

Sim nodded. He knew where the line crossed Beard's newly bought tract; the woodcutter was well beyond it.

"Won't need me then, I reckon."

He seemed to speak against his wish, at once eager to turn back and hopeful that Dishek would urge him to go on.

"Stick around—stick around, kid. This is going to be good "

Dishek's gesture was imperative and Cole let it decide him. They came presently upon a forlorn ruin of a light wagon, a dejected mule drooping sullenly between shafts mended with wire and twine, the wheels canted in four different directions, grotesquely like the spread legs of the mule, the box half full of twisted pine knots, black with old fires and gleaming yellow where the ax had struck. The negro who turned from the fallen tree greeted them with a flash of teeth; something in the grin made Sim think of a friendly dog

"Put 'em up, smoke!"

Dishek's hands were in the pockets of his coat. He spoke in a conversational pitch, and Sim Cole was angry at himself for a funny little tingle that ran along his spine, as if he had something to be afraid of. He nodded curtly to Eli Coomber as if to reassure him; a good nigra, Eli, as nigras went. No sense scaring him any more than you had to.

"What 'd you say, boss? I didn't hear you good."

Again Sim thought of a dog, eagerly appeasing.

"Put 'em up! You're pinched!" Dishek's voice was still casual. "Stealing wood ——"

Eli grinned delightedly.

"Yas-suh, yas-suh!" He laughed, a high, giggling sound. "Sho' nuff stealin' me a-plenty, too. Heap o' berries onnuh holly—col' weatheh waitin' roun' uh co'neh. Yas-suh!"

"Can it! You're pinched, see? Arrested! Hop up on that wagon and drive back—slow, or you might not get to jail alive, get me?"

Dishek jerked his head, his hands still in his pockets. Eli laughed again, but there was no confidence in the sound now, and his eyeballs showed white as they twisted toward Sim Cole.

"Reckon ol' Eli c'n tell when a white gempman funnin', yas-suh. Ain' goin' was'e 'ey time takin' ol' Eli clean down yonnuh to Tyre when 'ey know uh judge goin' tu'n him loose anyhow. Nah-suh!"

"He ain't funnin', Eli." Sim wagged his head soberly. "This here's Cray County. Reckon you got to do like he says."

"I'll say so!" Dishek laughed. "Hop to it, smoke! Be lucky if you don't get hung up to a telegraph pole when I get you down where you're going."

Eli consulted Sim's glance again.

"Reckon you-all jes' funnin' me, Mist' Cole." The voice was less amiable. Sim knew that Eli was puzzled, beginning to be frightened, and experience had taught him that any black man might be dangerous in such a state of mind. "Ain't got no time to go foolin' roun' no jail. Got to git me thish-yere fi'wood ——"

He turned to the fallen tree and reached slowly toward the ax helve. Dishek's hand came out of his pocket, a motion as rapid as the lash of a striking snake; Sim saw the gleam of bright metal at his hip. There was a double jet of

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"Good Work, Mackenzie! I Didn't Think Anything Could Make Me Laugh Today, But You Win! This is Better Than the Movies!"

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

Winter—By Joseph Hergesheimer

Cypress and Boxwood

AS THE completion of what I was doing drew nearer, the Dower House once more assumed its significance, its entity, for me. That, really, had been increased rather than lessened. The blue prints, notes for a magical transformation not evident in themselves, had been entirely justified; I hadn't begun to realize the power, the extent, of the magic. Our eyes in the past had been shut, by custom and affection, to so much! Once Hazleton Mirkil had disapproved a specially ugly doorknob of brown china: "I couldn't live with it there," he said. We admitted that he was right, and found him a little hypercritical. "We'll change it sometime," I replied; the vague consciousness of such a possibility hardly formed. And now the china knob was actually gone; its place was to be taken by a fine wrought-iron latch; and double doors, in the place of the one we had found so inconvenient, swung on the clover-leaf hinges handsomely showing their black silhouette on the whiteness of the paint.

Ben Thorn was already, at the stable, painting the doors of closets and of rooms, the window frames and whatever else was detachable; and he was keeping up, as easily as he moved his brushes, a flow of shrewd amusing comment: his comment covered the surface of local events and people with the skillful impartiality of his paint on wood. But he liked to talk no better than I liked to listen to him. Whenever he had a chance he fished, and he explained to me the intricacy of baiting a hook for carp; a sluggish fish, I asserted, not worth an effort to catch.

His slow answering smile was untroubled by my opinion, and it's probable that we turned, or rather returned, to the subject of Charles Oat. Ben had an unlimited admiration for Doctor Oat which he expressed in carefully selected derogatory remarks; and the painting of the Dower House was enlivened by my repeating to Charlie Oat what Ben Thorn had said about him and carrying back the appropriate replies. I'd see Oat in front of the bank or by the steps of the Assembly Building, and call to him always with the same preliminary speech, "Ben says ——"

Then Charlie would stop and, if it were winter, rest a booted foot, fresh with the marks of fox-hunting, on the running board of my car, indicating dryly what he pretended to think of Ben Thorn. They, too, were men of humor; and their remarks, their deliberate voices and picturesque figures of speech, never failed to linger with a tonic delight in my mind. The younger men were not so entertaining or so rich in imagery; they hadn't a comparable stamina. The young had been diluted by borrowed ideas, borrowed from the cities by telephone and automobile and radio; they were no longer local in character or in wit; it was difficult to discover what their character was. I remember clearly the day Doctor Oat appeared in an automobile; he had, long after they were universal in Chester County, still driven about in a Kentucky breaking cart; his public opinion of motors was celebrated; and then, without warning, the yellow cart, followed by my regret, was lost to view.

With Ben Thorn there was a second painter, as skillful, I thought, as Ben; and the principal subject of our conversation, when he wasn't present, was Thorn himself, his individuality and sayings. I never grew tired of following the precision of their brushes, the evenness with which the paint was applied, sinking instantaneously, if it were a first coat, into freshly cut white pine. We'd discuss, throughout an afternoon, the probable necessity of a fourth coat or even a fifth for the exposed surfaces. How charming, how tranquil, it was! I didn't, then, recognize the beauty of the days when I sat on a wooden horse in my unfinished house with Ben, on a high stepladder, painting the ceiling, the beams, of the front lower room blue.

That blueness I had insisted upon—Mr. Okie had preferred a weathering—and, before it was put in, Thorn and I mixed and mixed the colors, trying the results on a shingle, waiting a day until they were dry. At last I was satisfied—we had made a clear blue in which there was a tone of green, the shade, approximately, of a robin's egg, and we covered the ceiling at once. More than that, we varnished it—to our complete approval. The effect was as Dutch, in the desirable incorrect Pennsylvania sense, as could be managed.

It had been my intention to cover the walls of that room with the glazed paintings of old mariners' charts, their designs in pale vermilion, the vermilion of sealing wax, and thin lavender, in blackened green and a brown that might have been dissolved in sugar. But, with the bookcases built, there were, literally, no walls: a side of the room was wholly occupied by the fireplace; there were four doors, three windows—and the books. Their variegated bindings were depended on for the decoration which was to have been supplied by Hakluyt's Principall Navigations. But, of the two, I'd have rather had the maps.

The Serpentine Chest of Drawers

As I grew older books took a decreasing place in my thoughts; I had almost entirely lost the habit—once it had formed my existence—of reading. I still bought them, filling out the shelves of a very few of my contemporaries and adding to the histories of Colonial America and the early United States, to books on American furniture and silver, pewter and glass; Alfred Knopf sent me the beautiful results of all that his imprint signified; but aside from those and the novels Dorothy enjoyed—mainly propped up in bed before switching off the lights for the night—none were saved in the Dower House. Books, novels specially, made me restless: I was forever putting them away to consider again how I'd meet the difficulties waiting for me in my own writing tomorrow. And if the novels failed to engage me, the endless printed papers on them, the reviews and interviews, overcame me with an absolute mental dejection. I wasn't intelligent enough for a world made up entirely of intelligence—I couldn't follow finely spun critical argument; I didn't know what most of the words meant, their derivations hidden by my ignorance of what more admirable boys had learned in school. I couldn't, for example, discover the difference between a romantic and a realistic book. I was supposed to be a romantic writer; yet, though I faithfully begged everyone who called me that to clarify it for me, the obscurity, in my mind, remained.

Certainly—together with the reverse—favorable paragraphs had been printed about me, and I read them with a glow of pleasure, an added sense of the justification of my efforts; but that feeling was not peculiar to the profession of letters; it was the natural response of a fanned self-esteem. Fortunately I wasn't under the simple obligation to write "flattered," since,

though I had been subjected to even that insidious counterfeit exchange, there were men for whom, publicly supporting me, their own integrity of statement was immeasurably more important than any favorable attitude toward me. I had, to reprove me, my not insignificant friends on the intellectual plane where I was at such a resigned loss.

At the end of a section of writing—the December day was very warm, windows were up and, in my garden, there were buds on the lilacs—wandering about the room, it occurred to me that my opinion of what, after all, I was myself engaged in was highly illogical, improper. But it couldn't be helped; I was unable to go back and blot out the fact that I was more indifferent to books than not. However, my case was special—I was, for a sufficient reason, getting to be tired of them. Only the impulse to create had survived the drudgery of creation. In addition I had discovered that the conversation of men who had read only a little, if at all, was infinitely more vivid and arresting than literary—I had nearly written literate—discussion. I liked quaint individual forms of speech, the speech of the negroes in Mobile and of the cowmen, the few that were left, in Montana; I could listen with enjoyment to the older lumbermen in the Douglas fir, to the conchs south of Cape Florida and the workmen at the Dower House.

From them I got something vigorous, living, native; an interpretation in its own terms of the actual, of a life, an occupation and a scene. In the conversations with those contemporaries whose books I valued, the books were scarcely ever mentioned—a curt phrase of approval, almost embarrassed, would sound, and then we'd hurriedly return to a topic usually the reverse of serious—the good looks of a girl or the gold-slashed label on the bottles of Carte d'Oro Bacardi! We'd lament not the degeneration of letters but of cigars. And for an associated reason I had succeeded in declining some complimentary, and materially advantageous, chances to lecture. Personally, I hated lectures, the hour or worse they occupied seemed to me interminable; the monotonous or dramatized voices complacent with information drove me into a perceptible exasperated rudeness. I didn't want to find knowledge humbly in a herd.

The knowledge I did need was never general but always particular, and immediate: I'd require the appearance of a local Virginia election in the year 1800, and, dropping the pen Morris Dallett had given me, a cigarette burning on its tray, within an hour I had boarded the Havana Limited at Wilmington, bound for the library at Richmond. In three months that would have been utterly lost from my mind; I had no interest in it, no use for it, except in its application. Later I'd be absorbed in the Vieux Carré of New Orleans, bothering the Thompsons for the programs of the Old French Opera House, and then the refrains of those fragile airs would withdraw from me, like the closing lid of a music box, their romantic melodies.

To regard a lecture as sheer pleasure seemed too absurd for belief, the enjoyment of being pedantically improved was beyond my comprehension. And it was this feeling, in part, which debarred me from the happy superiority of literary conversation; the solemnity was beyond me. Aside from the dark question of why I wrote them, my stories existed to give certain people—one small public among the many large and small—pleasure. I didn't, in The Three Black Pennys, plan to increase anyone's understanding of early iron smelting by a single blast of an obsolete bellows; Java Head wasn't designed to extend, by a nautical mile, a knowledge of the early salt passage to the fabulous East. They seemed to me to be heroic facts, to recall them stirred me with a fine revivifying emotion, and what I had hopes of was by them to stir others. That pinching of the heart—a phrase I couldn't get away from—any warming and quickening of the imagination, I took to be an especially admirable form of pleasure.

Bottles

The Cloudy Canopy

The Chippendale Sofa

But that time—when I could find within the covers of a novel the compensations that opera once offered Hazleton Mirkil—had, except in rare instances, gone from me. I resembled a cook who, surfeited with tasting, was now only interested in the ingredients and compounding of even the lightest soufflés. And so, although I was particular about the arrangement, the condition, of the relatively few books I owned, they were hardly more than a harmonious design, in which blue predominated, on the walls. Yes, I would have been more engaged by the painted maps, following them in far voyages of the mind.

My books, however, were still in boxes, and Ben was painting the bookcases. They were soon up, inclosing the door overlooking a narrow stone terrace and the lower lawn, and rising above a side window. The door we had put back; years ago it had been turned into a window; and it took the place of the entrance we had filled in. Directly under it we had found the marks of another—a front way into the cellar; and that, too, we broke out and framed in oak, returned to its first estate. It was below the level of the ground, and steps of flagstone were laid down to it, with a lip of stone set against what, later, would be sod. The flags had stayed piled for weeks before they were cut and lowered, fitted, into position; and when they were placed an enormous advance, I thought, was effected.

The result of this was a very agreeable variation in the front wall: in the peak of the gable there was a small window; below, but not exactly below, was the widened window on the second floor, the two doors held to the stone terrace and the ground; and, again higher, there was the oval perpetual iron sign of the Green Tree Fire Insurance Company. The paint had gone from it, the design was indistinguishable, and it was my intention to replace its colors; I discussed it with Ben Thorn; but nothing was done. And I became certain that, in my life, it wouldn't be painted. Its blackness, sharp if the detail were lost against the freshly pointed stones, might have been protected by an influence, a spell, as potent as it was aged. Gazing up past it, with Mr. Okie, we were concerned about the cornice: a number of patterns, nailed up temporarily in short sections, had been discarded; journeys over the countryside to a score of old houses had given us no assistance; and we had almost reached the mental fatigue that resulted in disagreement.

For once Mr. Okie's inventiveness, it appeared to me, had failed; when, quite suddenly, he suggested a boxlike simplicity that was acceptable to both of us. It excluded

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TILLICUM

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IX

THEY returned, thoughtful and silent, to the shore where the boat awaited them. The two men in charge jumped up from the shade of the brush where they had been lying and ran her into the water. No one had anything to say. Betsy and Marshall ruminated over the story they had just heard and X. Anaxagoras was lost in thought. Finally Marshall aroused himself as though with an effort.

"Where next, Sid?" he asked. "If it's all the same to you, I wouldn't mind hitting a post office soon. I have some letters to mail that I don't want to get too stale."

Before his brother-in-law could answer, one of the sailors spoke up.

"There's a cannery or something around the next point, sir," he suggested. "They'd be sending out mail from time to time."

X. Anaxagoras sat up as though electrified.

"What's that you say? Where?"

"Around that point there," the sailor affirmed, indicating by a motion of his head.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I thought it might be a cannery, but of course I don't know. There's some buildings, anyway; and I saw smoke coming out of them."

"How could you see that? There's nothing but a blind passage there, and you can't see that until you're fairly atop it."

"While we were waiting I climb that ridge there, sir," explained the man, "and I could see over into the cove."

"Buildings, you say? Many?"

"Well, there's three or four, anyway. I didn't pay much attention."

"I'm glad to know of it," said Anaxagoras after a brief pause. "We'll drop around there after lunch, Jerry, and see if we can mail your letters."

"Well, Well, Well!" He Roared at Them Heartily. "Welcome to Our City! This is a Sight for Sore Eyes!"

Nothing more was said until they had reached the deck. Then both Betsy and Marshall asked eager questions. Anaxagoras shook his head.

"I know nothing about it," he disclaimed. "It's something new; probably a cannery, as Perkins surmises. Must be a cannery. There's good water in there, and a safe harbor, but they certainly picked a hard place to get in. You say you draw ten feet, Jerry?"

"Ten feet four through the bulb on the fin."

"I can take her in at high tide," said X. Anaxagoras, "but it'll be close work and smart work."

"Why not just go around in the kicker?" suggested Marshall. "It can't be very far."

"Oh, let's go in. If it's a cannery, there'll be water in a hose. We can water up. Let's take a look at them."

After lunch proved that X. Anaxagoras had not exaggerated when he described the place as hard to get in. Under reduced throttle the Spindrift twisted and turned and doubled, avoiding sunken reefs and bowlders, worming her way through the intricacies of a double channel. The chart here was of no help. It showed merely one of those complicated wriggles in the coast line by which the cartographer conceals his ignorance but gratifies his artistic proclivities untrammeled by facts.

At length, however, she pushed her graceful bows past the last fir-clad point to emerge into a long, narrow, lagoonlike body of water, apparently completely inclosed by land.

"All right, let go!" commanded X. Anaxagoras with a sigh of relief. The anchor slid into the water with a rattling of chains.

The cannery proved to be no cannery, though the sailor had been right in describing the place as inhabited. Two large log structures occupied the immediate foreground. To the right of them, and slightly withdrawn, were two smaller houses. The latter were neatly and tastefully constructed. One of them possessed a wide veranda and gave evidence of some attempt at civilized comfort. From one of the larger buildings smoke issued. No one was in sight, except that on the veranda of the smaller building two figures could be discerned staring intently in their direction.

"A short fat man and a tall lean man," reported Anaxagoras, who had possession of the glasses.

"Logging camp?" inquired Marshall, puzzled.

"Mine," said X. Anaxagoras briefly. "If you look up beyond that big cedar you'll see their dump."

He took the glasses from his eyes and remained for a moment in deep thought. Then he drew Betsy and Marshall one side.

"If you will be so good as to let me take command here for a little," he said crisply, "and if you will please do just as I say without question ——"

"Certainly," agreed Marshall promptly, impressed by his brother-in-law's unwonted seriousness. "But why? What is it?"

"I don't know," said X. Anaxagoras. "I want to find out. In the first place, I don't want any of the men to go ashore until I give the word. Nobody. Understand?"

"All right. But what ——"

"In the second place, in case anybody comes off to the yacht I don't want any of them to talk. Have them say simply the truth, that you are cruising around the world. Let them give your name, but not mine."

"They don't know your name," Marshall pointed out. "It's X. Anaxagoras to them."

The latter laughed.

"True!" he cried. "That helps! Perhaps, on second thought, you don't need to tell them not to talk. Let 'em tell the truth, as far as they know it."

"But what's the point, Sid? What's wrong?"

"I don't know, I tell you." He smiled at them, his seriousness dropping from him and his old whimsicality taking its place. "Not a thing wrong that I can tell you. But my psychic sense is hitting on all four, and you must do as I say."

"Good, O chief! And then?"

"Yachting cap with insignia for you, Jerry," he said briskly; "blue coat with brass buttons; white ducks, white shoes. White things for you, Betsy. And the pearls! On no account forget the pearls. Sunshade also, if you've such a thing aboard."

"They're all packed away," she protested, "and it's such a bother. Just to go see a lot of old miners ——"

"I want you to dress a part," insisted X. Anaxagoras, "and what's more, I want you to act a part. The lines are not written, but you're both clever little dears, and you can improvise very nicely, I'm sure. Only don't step out of the parts, please."

"But what parts?" cried Betsy exasperatedly. "I do wish ——"

"Model yourselves upon me, children. I shall play the lead. You have not my natural qualifications for the rôle, I'll admit, but do your best."

"But what rôle? You are so trying. At least give us a hint."

"The yachting and utter damn fool," X. Anaxagoras told her blandly. "You know how Willy-off-the-yacht ought to act. Go to it, and be breezy and boneheaded. I want some information we can only get if they think we can't understand it. And if you allow a glimmer of sense to belie your get-up I'll brain you. On the job now! To the dressing room!"

Had he known it, at least a verbal groundwork had been already established by one of the two men on the distant veranda. The lean man spat forth a cigar he had chewed half in two.

"What the devil?" he snarled to his red and moonfaced companion. "How did that boat get in here? What did that parcel of fools want to nose in here for?"

X

THEY went overside into the small boat, dressed in accordance with the instructions of X. Anaxagoras. Betsy had dug up a flaming red parasol and had improved on the idea by using an inordinate amount of powder and lipstick; and she had already slipped on the manner she considered appropriate to the part, to the ill-concealed interest and astonishment of the men who were to row them ashore, and who knew her well in her ordinary phases. She teetered and stepped gingerly and demanded the masculine hand of assistance and caught her balance with little cries. Marshall and the healer of souls were in appropriate rig, but had not yet begun acting.

"Have the men do their stuff!" hissed X. Anaxagoras as they took their seats.

Marshall looked his inquiry.

"Oars up and absence flag and all that tommy rot."

Marshall stood up and issued rapid orders. Fortunately, old habit and discipline counted, so that the formalities went off well, for of late they had been much in abeyance. Once seated in the stern sheets, the trio looked one another over

"In this disguise, who would know him?" murmured Betsy, gazing with admiration upon her immaculate husband. "Look a little blanker, Jerry darling—only a little, that will be enough. I don't know about you, though, Sid. You're not handsome enough to disguise your intelligence. Hard to dim those piercing eyes, hard to subdue that look of native intelligence."

X. Anaxagoras turned partly away from them, did something, then faced them again. His back was toward the men. Gone were his comfortable shell-rimmed glasses. Clasped tightly in his eye socket was a monocle. The sight shook Betsy from her mincing calm.

"Sid!" she cried. "Where in the world—I didn't know you owned such a thing! Do you have to keep your mouth open to see through the thing?" She went off into a shriek of laughter

"Hush!" warned Marshall nervously.

"Let her burble," said X. Anaxagoras, beaming on them chuckleheadedly. "Even to a critical ear her mirth has the reverberation of an empty brain. It will add to the effect "

"Well-known peal of silvery laughter," added Betsy, surreptitiously wiping her eyes. "But it's unfair to spring that thing suddenly, without warning like this."

"Attention!" commanded X. Anaxagoras in a low voice as the prow grated on the pebbles.

The fat man met them as they landed. It would be impossible to write of this fat man without being accused of caricature for the very simple reason that he was a caricature in the flesh. A large fat man is imposing and to be looked upon with awe; a small fat man is chubby and to be looked upon with affection. This was a small fat man—not more than five feet tall—but he was not chubby. His shape was that of a peanut kernel, the oval running in a smooth outward curve to the equator and then in a smooth inward curve to his small feet. His head also was ovoid rather than circular, the small end of the egg being uppermost. He was a rather compact fat man in that he looked as though he did himself very well, indeed, but had not run to flabbiness in the process. He was dressed very neatly in dark blue, with a light blue silk shirt and a belt with a silver buckle smoothly defining his meridian.

In manner he was large and jovial, with a gauge pressure of about a hundred and sixty.

"Well, well, well!" he roared at them heartily. "Welcome to our city! This is a sight for sore eyes! Come right ashore! How are you? Glad to see you!"

He helped the teetering Betsy gallantly over the bow and clasped the men successively in a huge grip as they stepped ashore.

"I was saying only this morning to my partner," he continued to boom on, "that we had everything heart could desire here—a fine climate, a beautiful outlook, the beauties of God's Nature all about us, all the creature comforts, far from the madding crowd—but that there was one thing lacking, and that was the sight of new faces, the sound of new voices, and above all the presence of lovely woman to make our paradise complete. And here you are to do that very little thing! My name's Barker." He paused in expectation

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Marshall," X. Anaxagoras interposed quickly, "and I am Tomlinson."

"Pleased to meet you," Barker completed these amenities. "Come up to the house and meet my partner"—he winked at them heavily—"and help us bust the Eighteenth Amendment. Some of the best!"

"Charmed, I'm sure," murmured Marshall in his best society manner

Being utter damn fools had to be conveyed through personal appearance solely, for they had no chance to say anything. Barker boomed on without intermission as he led the way. His whole portly being radiated cordiality, hospitality. He told jokes, rather feeble in themselves, but given power by his hearty laugh. His face was a living expression of joviality. With difficulty, the others saw him as he was. Irresistibly the invisible materialized about him, furnishing forth almost tangibly his proper environment. They saw him in a pre-Volstead crowd, a little glass in his hand, and on his peaked head the red fez and strange insignia of the blatant mixer.

On the veranda, the tall lean one awaited them. He proved to be the other's distinct antithesis; gray-faced, tight-lipped, as silent as his partner was voluble. He, too, was neatly dressed, but in a regulation suit of business gray with a dark shirt. He chewed on a cigar and acknowledged the civilities with a brief nod and a briefer word, seeming to watch and appraise them from a distance. It seemed his name was Maxon.

The party settled themselves in chairs and on the railing of the veranda. Barker disappeared boisterously within to procure the ammunition for the proposed law busting. X. Anaxagoras mounted his monocle.

"Charming place you have here," he remarked. "Those seem to be very good trees. Are you logging?"

Maxon looked at him a second before replying.

"Mining," he said briefly at last. "That's our dump, there."

Betsy clasped her hands vivaciously.

"Oh," she cried, "I've always wanted to see a mine! I never have! You must take me down; won't you, Mr. Maxon?"

"You can't possibly go down a mine in those clothes," objected Marshall fatuously.

Maxon transferred his gaze to her.

"There's nothing to see; a hole in the ground," he said after his customary pause

"But I've always longed to go down into a mine," she insisted. "It's so romantic! I've read so much about them. They are very dangerous, aren't they? You're always seeing in the papers about miners being entombed, and striking, and all that. Do you have much trouble with your men?"

"I've never seen a mine either," struck in X. Anaxagoras. "I'd like to go down too. Do arrange it, old chap. And those poor chaps who work down in a hole! My word,

(Continued on Page 116)

"This," Said He Stiffly, "is Rather an Especial Thing That Happens to Mean a Great Deal to a Very Few Men"

RUSTY WATCHES 'EM WIGGLE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AND when I first signed on with the Spooners they had Old Whit listed as a nervous prostrater! Huh! Say, if I had half of what he's got left in the way of speed and control I'd be almost as good as I sometimes think I am.

The Next I Hear is That He's Begun Puttin' on His Soup and Fish for Dinner, and Has Taken to Havin' Coffee in the Drawin'-Room With Isabel and Mrs. Doreen

Lemme see, I was tellin' you about this old suction-sweeper plute with the mixed fam'ly that had camped down on him at Ridge Hall and had almost crowded him into the attic. Yes, and how he got so sick of their wranglin' that he had me run him off on a two weeks tour that ends down in Kentucky, where he got mixed up with a troupe of stranded burlesquers and came out of his trance long enough to pull 'em off the rocks. Well, that was where Old Whit turned the corner and started to stage his comeback.

I'll say it was a comeback too. If Matty had stepped from the press stand into the pitcher's box durin' the last world's series he wouldn't have had me with my mouth open any wider. I expect I broke off about where I'd landed him back home and he'd suggested to his various sons and stepsons and their wives that tomorrow would be movin' day for them. It was. And about the chirkiest trips I ever made was when I drove the Whitney Juniors and the Milton Spooners, with bags, baggage and kids, to different trains. If I grinned all the rest of the day you can hardly blame me. I was shippin' off just so many bosses and I was relievin' the home life of Ridge Hall from a lot of static that couldn't have been tuned out any other way. "There!" says I to Aline, the second girl with the highest cheek tints in captivity. "Now I guess the boss is due for a spell of peace and quiet. Eh?"

"I dunno, Rusty," says she, shakin' her head. "There's Miss Isabel yet."

How these women know each other! 'Course, there was Isabel. But without the other members of the Happy Home Debatin' Club I didn't see how she could do much peace shatterin' all by herself.

Kind of a nice kid, Miss Isabel; one that's just gettin' through the flapper stage but ain't quite decided whether she's a young lady or an understudy for Pola Negri. And if you ask me she's got the looks and the patter for either part. Yeauh. I'd back her to make the ritzy set anywhere, from Peachtree Street to the Fenway, or to vamp her way into any lot in Hollywood.

Just now, though, she seems to be fairly well satisfied with Westchester County. 'Specially since her older brothers, step and half, have been shooed out, and she's left with the run of the big house and only her old daddy to interfere. As a matter of fact Old Whit don't cramp her style much. He's too busy daytimes at the general offices of the sweeper works, gettin' back the business that the boys lets go of while he was sick, and evenin's he sits in the libr'y playin' Canfield until he gets yawny and pokes off to bed about ten o'clock. Which is just when Isabel is usually startin' to feel rea peppy.

So they don't see so much of each other, them two. But, as Aline says, what else would you expect? Isabel is a second cropper, and late at that, not arrivin' until Pa Spooner was forty or so, and it's natural that he's always been just Old Whit to her. Then, havin' no mother to check up on her these last few years, she's sort of set her own pace. The only wonder is, accordin' to Aline, that it ain't been a lot speedier

"Still and all," she adds, "I shouldn't say Miss Isabel was blocking traffic any, at that."

But I couldn't see any harm in most of her moves. She's havin' a good time in her own way, and at nineteen you wouldn't look for her to be doin' crochet work on the other side of the libr'y table, or tellin' the young hicks they mustn't come around. Not with them flickery eyes or the pouty kind of lips she has. Hardly.

And I'll admit that the young fellers do flock about kinda thick. Also a few not so young. I noticed a couple of sporty bachelors and one elegant gent that Aline says has a wife and a couple of kids somewhere in the discards.

"That Stew Norton bird!" sputters Aline. "What's he hanging around here for, I'd like to know?"

"Maybe that's his specialty—pickin' 'em young," I suggests.

"If I was Mr. Spooner I'd run him out," says she, shakin' a dust cloth vicious.

But Pa Spooner don't seem to pay much attention to who comes or goes, so long as none of 'em crash in on him, and with the house so big, there ain't much danger of that. Besides, I expect he's too deep in his plans for doublin' next year's sweeper sales to worry over what Isabel's up to. Anyway, from the time I bring him home from the 6:10 to the finish of his last solitaire game, he appears to be enjoyin' just havin' a quiet comfortable place to rest himself in. Sometimes Miss Isabel shows up for dinner and then again she don't, but when I bring in the late evenin' papers I always finds him puffin' away placid at a big black cigar as he lays out the cards or goes over the housekeeper's accounts, or now and then reads one of them lurid jacketed books that he grabs off the railroad news stands. Say, them are some yarns Old Whit picks to while away dull evenin's. He passes one on to me occasionally, and it'll either be about detectives and crooks, or some Wild West thriller that would near curdle your blood. I suppose we all gotta get our excitement someway though, and that's where he collects his.

Meanwhile Isabel is steppin' on the gas. Oh, nothin' real wild so far as I can see, but there's plenty of action in her program. You know how it goes, out in these high-class suburban joints. There's a few old boys like Pa Spooner that tucks themselves in the hay early and reg'lar and don't count except to keep the dividends comin' in; then there's the middle-aged married crowd that goes in for dinner parties and bridge orgies; and next there's always the speedy young set, married and otherwise, that's bound to get a kick out of life no matter how much it costs dad or how late they have to stay up to do it. It's them that strings the country-club dinner dances out until all hours, and makes bootleggin' one of the leadin' industries, and pulls stunts that gives Hilda and Olga something to write home to Finland about.

This is the bunch that Miss Isabel is just gettin' in with strong. Seems that while the fam'ly was all here they sort of put the brakes on her, as much as they could. They'd want to know what time she got in and who was with her, and while they didn't always find out she didn't have quite a free rein. And of course all her callers was looked over and commented on.

But now they'd all been shunted off, Isabel was havin' her head. She don't do a thing either but shift into high and open the throttle. If there's any gay doin's along the Ridge or out at the club or down in the village, you can bet that Isabel's right in the thick of it; and if she wants to land at the front door about the time the milkman is stoppin' at the back there's nobody to give her a call. And as she seldom has use for the fam'ly shuffer on night duty I can't put up any howl. No. For there's generally two or three cars parked in the driveway by eight P.M. with as many hicks waitin' to take her anywhere she can be persuaded to go. So me and Aline slides out to dances and movie shows and goes joy ridin' at will. Yes, Aline is a little huskier than I usually tags 'em, but I'm trainin' her to be quite a fancy stepper, and she ain't such poor company, at that. Nor one a feller'd be likely to forget his meals for, either. I'm just as satisfied she ain't, after seein' what poor simps Miss Isabel can make out of young chaps that probably was promisin' bond salesmen or ambitious junior partners before she put the spell on 'em.

Say, ain't it a crime the way a sweet young thing like that will kid along half a dozen men at a time, playin' one against another, cuddlin' up to this party confidential one minute and flutterin' away to a new one the next? Oh, I've watched her do her stuff, and believe me there's a lot of class to it. Why, just by usin' her eyes she can get 'em comin' towards her on the run or send 'em away draggin' their heels. A perky, pouty, shifty little jane, Isabel, that ought to be made to wear a "Danger" sign daytimes and a red lantern at night.

She just can't seem to stop them vampy motions when there's a male around. Even uses 'em on me. Now I play myself for bein' kinda hard boiled when it comes to dames, but I find that a smile from Isabel sets me trottin' on any fool errand she can think of and makes a rainy day seem almost sunshiny. It's the same with that near-Scotch pro over at the country club when she's havin' a golf lesson. He has the rep. of usin' 'em rough, cussin' out the men something fierce and even gettin' some of the women with

trembly upper lips. But I've noticed that with Isabel he's as patient and gentle as if he was tryin' to teach tricks to a pet kitten. And her swingin' a mashie clear round her neck for a thirty-yard pitch and run shot!

It's among some of them buddin' young bankers and brokers, though, that her work is greatest. Say, there's two or three of her victims that acts like their whole future hung on whether Miss Isabel was gonna be nice to 'em this evenin' or not. Honest, to see the mushy way they gaze at her and trot around at her heels, you'd think she was the only young female in the world with puckered lips and tricky eyes. 'Course that Waldo Cutler is a good deal of a sap naturally and you can understand how a few kind words from Isabel would be apt to go to his head. One of these wispy, yellow-haired, biscuit-tinted kids, Waldo is, who'd likely be kinda useful at passin' the sugar and lemon durin' an afternoon tea fight, and maybe is a clever spieler. He's easy meat for such a man-eater as Isabel. But Ben Gerrish and Johnny Warner are a couple of full-blooded young husks that you'd expect would have better sense. Why, this Big Ben party is an ex-football hero, I understand, and ought to be vamp proof; while his friend Johnny lives less'n a mile from Ridge Hall and has known Isabel since he used to see nursie drivin' her by in a pony cart. Yet they seem to have almost as bad a case of it as Waldo.

Anyway, this trio stick around pretty reg'lar and it's an off night when some of 'em ain't among those present. For the Spooner place has suddenly come to be a favorite rallyin' point for a certain crowd of the young-setters. I expect it's because they're always sure of havin' the big drawin'-room to themselves; and the dinin' room and the kitchen and the wine cellar, for that matter; with no antique daddy in sight and no in-laws sittin' around playin' themselves as shock absorbers.

'Course, these ain't stag parties altogether. There's generally a sprinklin' of girls and gay young married women that was flappers themselves not so long ago. But none of 'em seems to be special chums of Miss Isabel's, for she's the kind that's more popular with the males. She's too busy to indulge in boardin'-school crushes, but she's a fair mixer, at that.

So the bunch gathers here at almost any old time—on the way to a dinner dance at the club, or to finish out the night after the orchestra's played Home, Sweet Home They drift in when there's nothin' particular scheduled anywhere else, and 'specially of a Sunday evenin'. They never seem to have any set program, but generally some bright intellect suggests how to keep 'em from bein' bored with existence. Sometimes an enterprisin' young hick will collect part of a jazz band and turn 'em loose in the conservatory, or they'll stage a masquerade offhand, with costumes borrowed from trunks in the attic; or they'll roast wienies in the fireplace, or cook up a welsh rarebit on the gas range. And I don't have to mention that any time the party threatens to get dull somebody comes to the rescue by shakin' up another round.

That's how I come to edge in on some of the doin's. One night when they was all busy dancin' Isabel rushes out to the kitchen and finds me helpin' Aline spread caviar and anchovy on the sandwiches.

"Oh, Rusty!" says she. "Couldn't you mix something? You know how, don't you?"

"I ought to, Miss Isabel," says I. "I was brought up among the Shakers"

She takes it as a josh, of course, but she hands over the keys and I starts Aline squeezin' limes while I cracks the ice and uncorks what's labeled as Cuba's best. Maybe it was reg'lar prewar stuff, or maybe it wasn't. Anyway, I touches it up with brown sugar, just as I used to for Mr. Slabs Buell, my sportiest boss; and if he didn't know how to build a Daiquiri, then there ain't nothin' in practice. Well, it seems to go over big. Next thing I know there's shouts of "Author! Author!" and I'm dragged in to be stood on the grand piano and introduced to the comp'ny while Johnny Warner organizes a cheerin' section. After I'd obliged with an encore I got hugged and patted on the back, and this Stewart Norton guy pins a blue ribbon on my shoulder.

From then on I was as good as elected a life member, and whenever four or five thirsty ones got together at Ridge Hall there was always a call for Rusty Gillan. Say, I've had 'em come poundin' on the garage door as late as three in the mornin', beggin' me to come in and do the stir act. I might just as well have been drivin' a hook-and-ladder truck. Yeauh. I can see where there might be drawbacks to bein' famous, 'specially when you got a followin' that's all taken the A.M. degree. But I didn't hate it, at that. All that worried me was wonderin' at times just how far Miss Isabel was gonna get along on this line without stubbin' her toe. Me and Aline swapped a few head shakes over our razzy young lady.

So far as I could see, we was the only ones that was troubled in our mind. Old Whit shows no signs of bein' anxious about her. But he never saw Isabel and her friends in action like we did. For one thing he was generally shut up in his libr'y, and for another most of these parties was staged at an hour when he was poundin' his ear, which meant that a lot went on he never knew about. Anyhow, I couldn't feature him tellin' Isabel what was what.

He might have crashed in again at the general offices of the sweeper works and come to be the big noise once more, but socially he's as much of a dud as ever. Just a lonesome old boy playin' solitaire until it was time to toddle off to bed. I couldn't help feelin' sorry for him.

And then one mornin' he surprises me by sayin' he won't be out until the late train that night. "One of those fool anniversary dinners that some of the heads of departments have gotten up," he explains. "I shall try to make the 12:15, but I may not get away until the 1:10. If Miss Isabel asks for me you may tell her, but don't bother unless she does."

Well, she don't, for this is a busy day for her too; startin' with a golf luncheon and ladies' team match at the country club, then an hour of horseback ridin' with Johnny Warner, a 7:30 dinner party at the Gerrishes', after which she tells me she's due at a meetin' of the Dramatic Society so I needn't wait around, as Mr. Norton or somebody will bring her home.

So Aline and me takes in The Loves of Lulu at a New Rochelle picture house, stops to call at her aunt's in Bronxville, and I still has more'n an hour to kill before meetin' the midnight local. All was dark and quiet at the house when I dropped Aline. And no Old Whit on the first theater train, so I curls up in the back of the limousine to wait for the next. Judgin' by the chirky way he hails me when he does come I guessed that the big banquet hadn't been such a dry one, or else he'd made a speech that had been something of a wow. Anyway, he seems to have enjoyed his first night out in over a year.

"I'm still alive, Rusty," says he. "Very much so. And you didn't think I would be, did you?"

"Well, I didn't bring down any stretcher, Mr. Spooner," says I.

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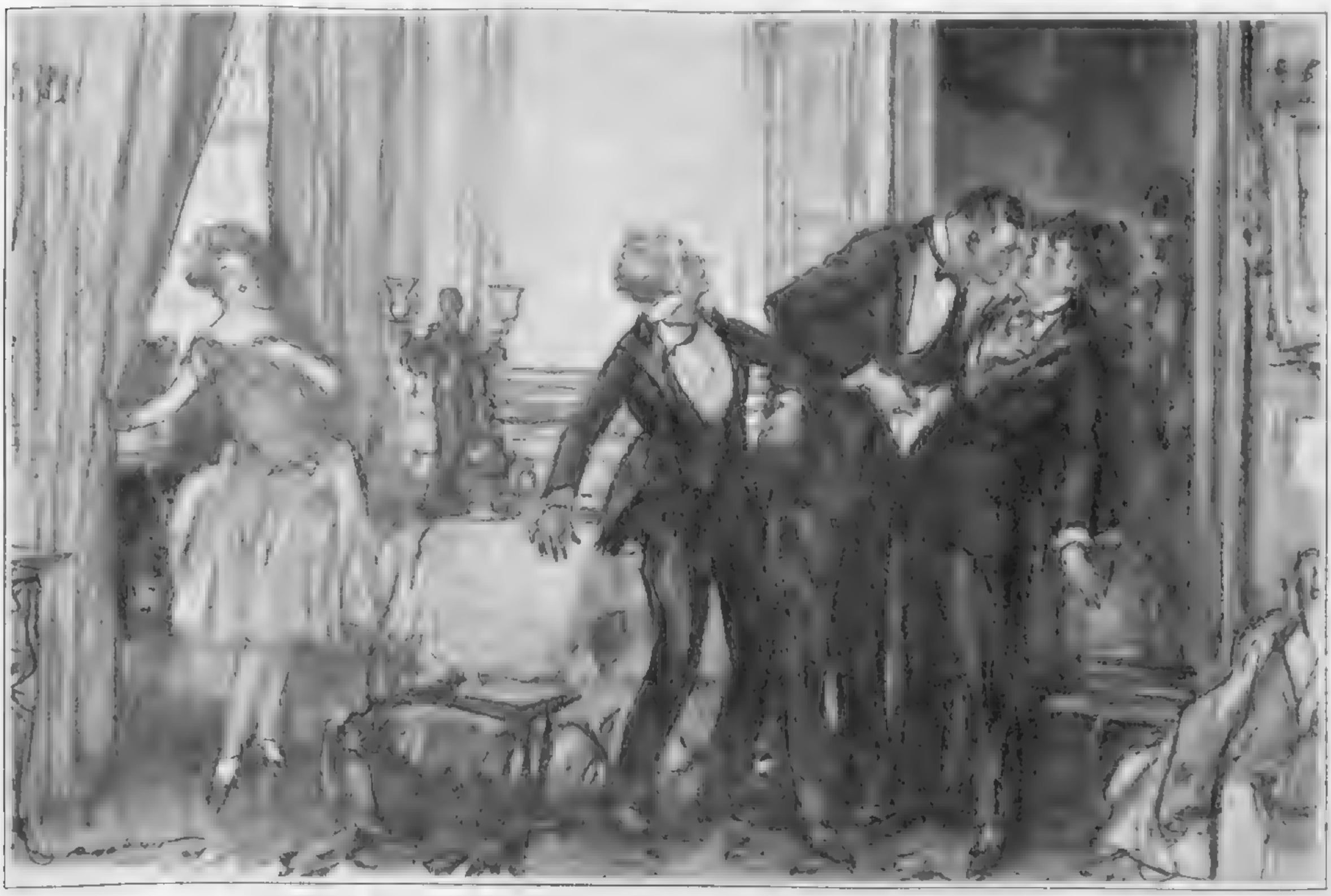

We Was Kinda Tiptoein' in the Main Hall When We Runs Across This Tableau Posed in Front of a Big Pier Glass

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 21, 1925

The Box Office

TENDENCIES that have been apparent on the New York stage for several years are working toward their logical conclusion—censorship. It is useless for managers to insist that some of this season's plays are being produced in the name of art and realism. There is more than a suspicion that their only reason for being is a thirst for the quick dollar—and that is always the shortsighted dollar.

From the purely commercial standpoint, and these managers are purely commercial, they are losing many and much larger future dollars and preparing the way for the imposition of a handicap on the legitimate stage. For these indecent plays will just as surely lead to censorship as the saloon and the abuses that grew up around it led to prohibition.

These commercial managers overlook one of the lessons of stage history. Glance over the list of big commercial and, for that matter, artistic successes, the plays that have come down from year to year and even from generation to generation. They are not plays that have depended on salacious situations or dirty dialogue. The big successes have been "clean plays."

The dirty play is often a temporary money-maker for the author and the producer. All that is needed is a hint of police interference or a ministerial resolution of condemnation and the queues promptly form in front of the box office. But the lure of the salacious is not lasting. None of the pornographic productions has enjoyed a run, even in the present day of extreme latitude, to compare with the runs of the "clean plays." They seldom get on the road and they are never revived. The reason is that people do not go back to see a "rough" show. They may take it in once and, if they happen to be that kind, retail the malodorous lines with gusto; but they never feel any desire to sit through the same performance twice. And the great American public, the public on which the theater must depend for its continued support, will not sit through it once.

The fact of the matter is that the public taste is pretty sound. Like a swift-running river, it tends to purify itself and to cast off the unclean and the diseased in books, in poetry and in art. But whenever really virulent germs begin to appear in that stream, the public is apt to resort to strong measures in an effort to purify it.

If the theater wants censorship it is making a bid for it that is bound to succeed. But if it wants to continue as a factor and an influence in American life it will rid itself of its dramas of dirt that are produced in the name of realism and of its spectacles of nude women that are produced in the name of art. Nor does this mean that the heroines of our plays must be Pollyannas and the heroes Little Lord Fauntleroys, or that the chorus must wear flannel petticoats. The public knows just what is the intention in a play, and so does its producer. The line between realism and dirt, pandering and art, is not hard to find. If the managers keep on stepping too far over the line, censorship will in the end push them far back of it.

The Splendid, Idle Canal

NO ONE is so foolish as to manufacture horse cars today, but the attempt to operate barge canals and canalized rivers goes on stubbornly with the taxpayer's money in the face of an overwhelming accumulation of adverse experience.

Governor Smith recently invited the attention of the New York legislature to the apparent failure of the newest and most modern inland waterway of any length in America, the New York State Barge Canal.

One hundred years ago, in spite of its possession of the finest harbor on the Atlantic, New York was second to Philadelphia in population, and was outranked by Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore as a port.

Governor De Witt Clinton forced the building of the Erie Canal, and New York City at once leaped into a supremacy among American ports which never since has been challenged.

There were no railroads in 1825. In 1876 for the first time more than half of the agricultural products moving from west to east were carried by rail, and from that year the disparity between rail and slack-water transportation has widened constantly. Between 1873 and 1876 the water rate on a bushel of wheat, under pressure of rail competition, fell from 19.2 cents to 9.5 cents. Lower it could not go under the canal tolls in force, so in 1883 New York State abolished all tolls. It had collected $42,000,000 more than the total cost of building and maintaining the canal. Few public enterprises ever more handsomely justified their being.

But its usefulness largely was done. Despite freedom from tolls, the traffic continued to diminish steadily. Partisans of inland waterways argued that the old ditch merely was inadequate. On this theory New York began in 1905 to rebuild the canal. It was deepened from six feet to twelve feet, widened to forty feet, locks were lengthened and made adequate to carry some 20,000,000 tons annually.

Modern terminals and grain elevators were provided. The state maintains a traffic bureau which drums up business and spends considerable in paid advertising. Newspapers and magazines have given much free publicity.

The enterprise has cost New York State to date $230,000,000, a sum with which it could have built and fully equipped a double-track railway with a tonnage capacity greater than the canal, from New York to Buffalo. Essential repairs and improvements soon will call for an additional appropriation of $16,000,000. To what result?

In the years from 1877 to 1883, under tolls and when the country's commerce was a fraction of what it is today, the old canal, already in eclipse, carried an average of more than 5,000,000 tons annually. In the six years since the new, toll-free canal was opened it has averaged 1,640,000 tons annually.

All this in the face of the fact that, thanks to the taxpayer's providing and maintaining the canal free, water rates generally are lower than railroad tariffs. It costs only $3.25 to ship a ton of pig iron from Buffalo to New York by barge, against $4.91 by rail; $3 for a ton of flour, compared to $4.30 by rail; $4.76 for steel rails, against $5.30 by rail. These are bulk commodities, most advantageously handled by water.

These and all other commodities continue to move largely by rail, however, because rehandling charges, slowness and irregularity of service, preponderance of one-way traffic, seasonal shutdowns and other more or less inherent drawbacks of inland-waterway transportation usually much more than offset the lower first cost.

Blood Will Tell

NONE of the younger sciences has established itself more firmly during a short span of years than that of eugenics. Within the memory of those still in middle life it was the target of every joke writer. The idea that blood will tell has been so long and so generally accepted that the very phrase which expresses it is embedded in every language.

Racing men, stock breeders, dog fanciers and those who make a profession of improving plants and flowers have always been guided by it just as fully as their knowledge of basic principles enabled them to be, and there was never a laugh; but the moment a lot of solemn professors proposed to apply the idea to the improvement of the human race, and invented a new name for the process, the whole civilized world began to titter.

If he who laughs last laughs best, there can be no doubt that the biologists and the students of heredity and eugenics will outlaugh the world, and at the same time confer certain definite and stupendous benefits upon it. That the present powers of scientific men to better the human race are exerted within the narrowest limits is not their fault, nor the fault of their science. They can tell us the causes of racial degeneration and how to prevent it; but they cannot compel us to take the steps that they urge. Enlightened public opinion will eventually see the force of their recommendations, and by putting them into effect will accomplish reforms of the highest importance; but that day may not come for a long time.

Thanks to the activities of these scientists, we know far more than we did fifty years ago, or even ten years ago, about the laws of heredity and how they actually work out in the great laboratory of human life. No one, presumably, disputes the inestimable value of the labors of men like Mr. Burbank, who have taken every grain, fruit, tuber and berry used by man for food and by application of the laws of heredity and artificial selection have improved them, one and all, in quality, quantity, suitability for man's needs and adaptation to local climatic and soil conditions. If, then, we have gained so much by bettering and making more abundant the food supply of man, what may we not gain by making man himself a healthier and a saner animal?

This is just what the eugenic experts are driving at. They approach their problem from a dozen different angles, but their objective is the same. One group—such men as Doctor Harry H. Laughlin, of the Eugenics Record office of the Carnegie Institute, and the physicians attached to the laboratory maintained under the supervision of Judge Olson, chief justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago—studies man in his wretchedness and degradation, striving to learn what streaks of racial and social viciousness brought him to his low estate and, by applying this knowledge, to prevent other men from coming to the same sodden end.

Another group specializes in American manhood and womanhood at their best. Dr. Wilhelmine E. Key, whose careful and important studies were freely drawn upon by Mr. Lothrop Stoddard in preparing his recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Worthwhile Americans, has investigated our great men—our statesmen, jurists, soldiers and others in those gifted families who for two hundred years have been continuously making notable contributions to all that is best and finest in our national life. She has proved conclusively that the good and the fine are transmitted through succeeding generations of a family, as certainly as the bad and the criminal.

Many startling facts have been brought to light by investigators like Doctor Key; and it is safe to declare that their practical value will some day prove no less real than their scientific interest. Now that the word "eugenics" no longer makes us titter, it may be to our advantage to find out precisely what it means and what it implies along the lines of social reform. The longer we lack this knowledge, the less effective use we can make of it when we wake up to its importance.

WAR GERMS AND PEACE BUGS

By Richard Washburn Child

THERE is no question as to Europe's fear of its war germs. So far, there is not the slightest question as to Europe's doubts as to the efforts of the peace bugs.

When medical science made its greatest stride it developed diagnosis. Diagnosis was the basis for cure. It was the antithesis of old methods. The old methods were first incantations against disease. Medicine men endeavored to drive away a sickness by reciting phrases. Later on, experiments were tried in administering drugs. The failure to understand what was the matter with the patient made this method only a little better than the methods of incantation. Diagnosis was the basis of scientific sense.

That is the trouble, Europe is now thinking, with the suggested campaigns against maladies of war. The medicine men have made a great clamor against war. They have beaten tom-toms, shouted imprecations and made phrases and slogans. If war is hysterical and unreasonable as a patient it surely is no more unreasonable and hysterical than many of the outpourings which have been made by the war doctors. It is ridiculous to attempt to drive out one hysteria with another. Last year I remember there were printed signs pasted up on the automobiles which passed my place in the country. They said, "Stop War, Coöperate." I took one of these signs abroad with me and I showed it to men and women in several nations of Europe. Their comment was always this: "Stop war? Yes, but how? Coöperate? Of course, but in what way?"

I said to them, "Perhaps such slogans may make people think. Perhaps they have an educational value."

Statesmen and peasants, it made no difference, replied in substance, "It is absurd to make people think that war can be abolished by phrases. Stop War has been a slogan in Europe for hundreds of years, but it has never achieved any results. In fact, the more the mere phrases gain ground the less emphasis there is on the necessity to study the causes of war."

Then I asked, "What about outlawing war?"

Many answers to this gave an admission that this might have some value of an educational nature, but almost all the answers given me pointed out that to outlaw war required a law of war prohibition, and that a law which has no instrumentality by which it can be enforced is no law The moment there is an international movement to declare that war is illegal, good sense begins to clamor that some war—war for defense against wanton aggression, for instance—cannot be included. Some war might be legal. But all nations, whether aggressors or defenders, always claim that they are acting to defend themselves against wanton aggression. No one can find an instance where an aggressor nation believes that it is the aggressor and admits it. So an international body of some kind would be necessary to say who is the aggressor and to stop the aggression in the face of prejudice, partisanship and fever of righteousness which all peoples feel when they are about to go to war. Either the consent of the nation decided to be an outlaw must be obtained at the time to make the decision effective or there must be an international force which will punish the outlaw.

So the general current of European thought is that outlawry of war is more of a slogan than a plan. The voluntary consent of a nation to cease a war merely because it is called a bad name is not to be expected. And the creation of a supergovernment, armed and powerful, although it might stop war might also result in the existence of a terrible machine, usable by some great powers or bloc of powers to work oppression, to perpetuate situations unjust and intolerable, to bar expansion and progress of the most fit and meritorious nations and races, or to act as an influence which tends to bring the expression and activities of various nations down to the level of a common mediocrity. The machinery of a supergovernment might be magnificent if there were any assurance that

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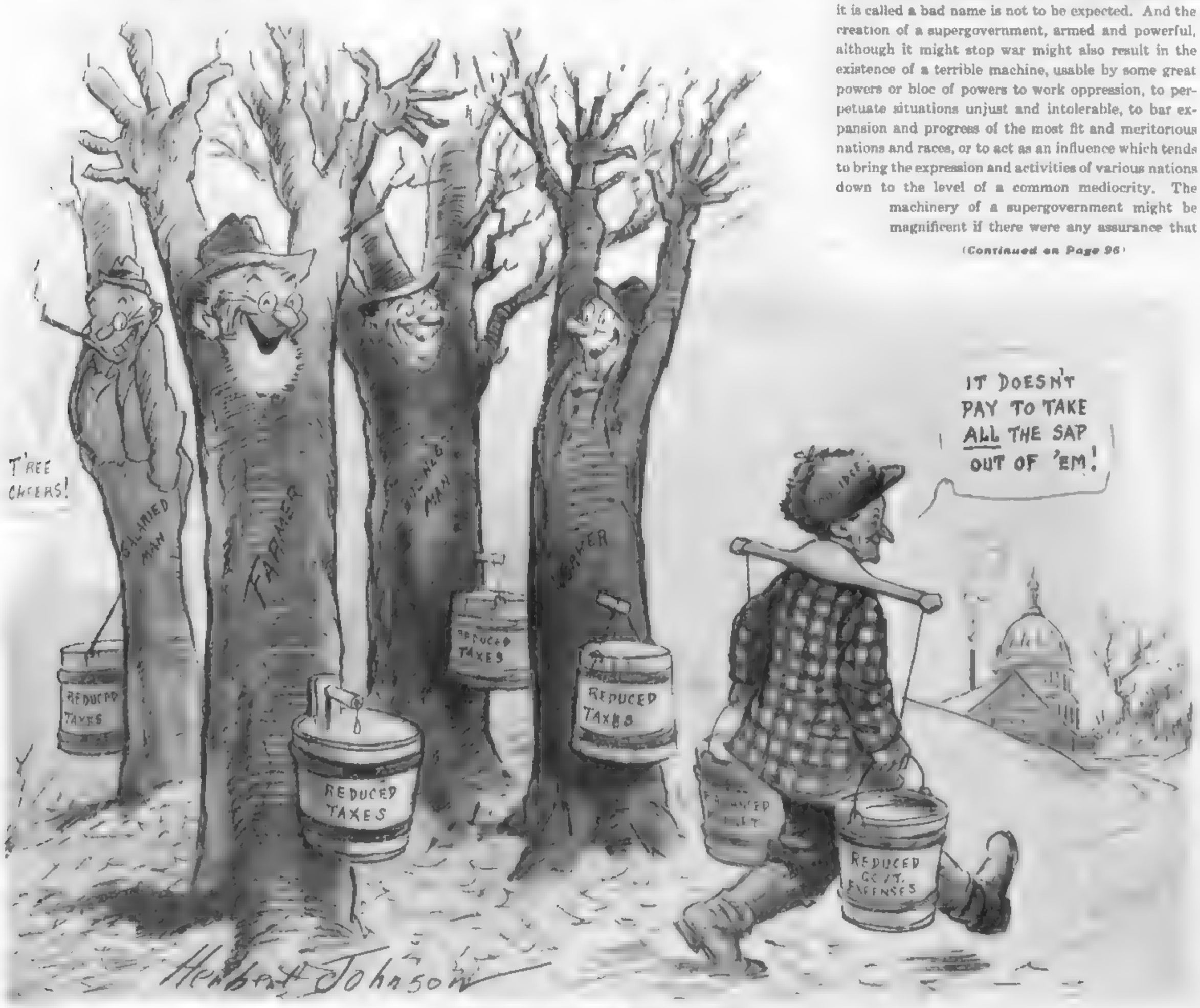
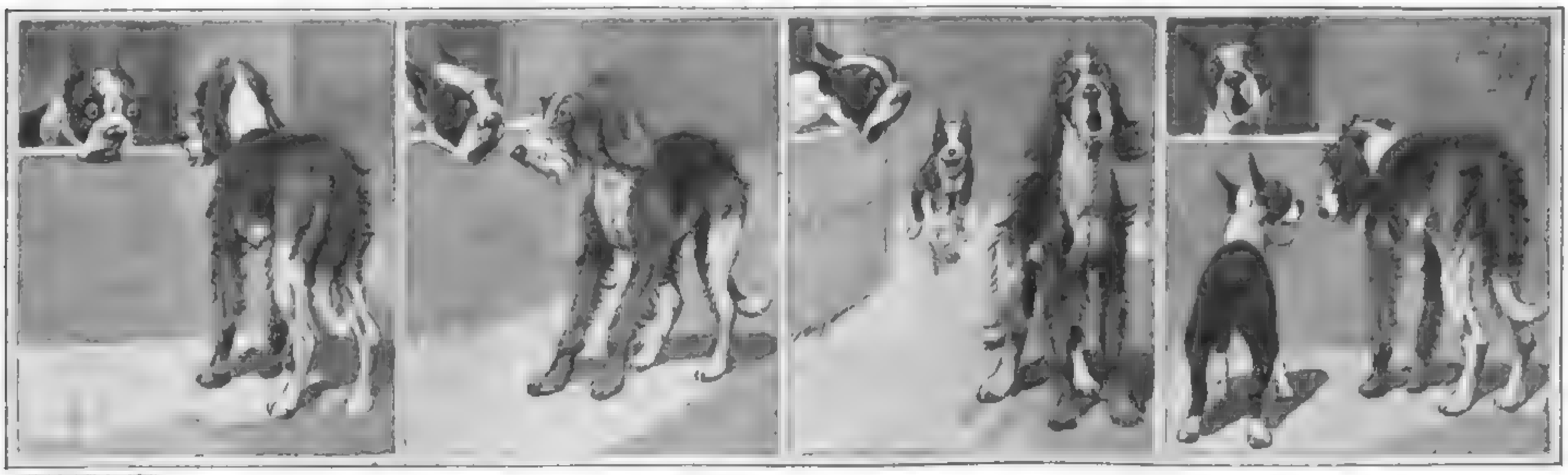


GIVING THE OLD SUGAR GROVE A CHANCE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"No! We Have Nothing for You" "But, Madam"

"Don't 'But Madam' Me! I Know Your Sort —— If You Persist in Annoying Me ——" "Yes, But Madam"

"Here Comes My Husband—I'll Let Him Attend to Your Case"

"Vi, Dear, I Want You to Meet My Old Friend, Dr. Wooley, the Distinguished Authority on the Psychology of the Circus Dog. He is Dining With Us"

The Income-Tax Inspector

(Which Is—as Discerning Readers Will Doubtless Discover—Faintly Reminiscent of Little Orphant Annie)

THE income-tax inspector came to our house today
To make sure daddy's tax return was right in every way;
And try and get the truth about that flier in spring wheat,
And find what trading he had done in Am. Ex. and Mex. Pete.
And along late in the evening when the checking up was done
We gathered round the hearthfire and had the mostest fun
A-listening to the tax tales the inspector told about;
And the Gover'munt'll get you, if you don't watch out.

Once they was a business man, a multimillionaire,
Who thought the money that he made was merely his affair.
And when the forms and folders came he heaved 'em in the hall
And totally refused to file a tax return at all.
And then one day he disappeared and didn't leave a trace,
And his family couldn't find him, though they searched most every place,
'Cause he'd landed in Atlanta, for ten years or thereabout;
And the Gover'munt'll get you, if you don't watch out.

And once they was another man, as sharp as any pin,
Who said that Uncle Samuel'd get nothing out of him.
He'd buy bum stocks at sixteen cents and charge 'em off at par,
And he didn't pay sufficient tax to buy a good cigar.
But someone heard about it, and 'fore he could run and hide
They was two big secret-service men a-standin' by his side;
And they jerked him to the jail house 'fore he knowed what he's about;
And the Gover'munt'll get you, if you don't watch out.

And the income-tax inspector says the proper thing to do
Is not to try to cover up your gains from any coup
And you shouldn't keep two sets of books or falsify your pay
Or issue fake stock dividends or cheat in any way.
You'd better make complete returns of every blessed cent
And itemize with care the place where each deduction went.
For if you don't you can be sure, without a bit of doubt,
The Gover'munt'll get you, if you don't watch out.

—Chauncey McGarry Morley.

(Continued on Page 76)

Wife of Orchestra Leader: "You Know Sometimes I Fear for Heinie's Health. He Stays Indoors All the Time and Gets No Exercise Whatever"

"Jes' My Luck!"

It made Americans eager to eat Soup!

The full-ripe, glowing-red tomatoes you see on this page are the kind we use in Campbell's Tomato Soup. They are strained to a fine puree, blended with golden butter, seasoned by Campbell's famous chefs and then placed right at the elbow of every woman in America!
Its irresistible flavor has made people eager for soup. It has shown them how delicious soup tastes, how nourishing it is, how tonic and wholesome for everybody.
Soup gives a real sparkle to the meal—a fresh charm and attractiveness to the daily menu.
And Cream of Tomato never tastes quite so good as when you prepare it with Campbell's.
21 kinds
12 cents a can
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J. U.S.A.
Campbells' Soups
LUNCHEON
DINNER
SUPPER

POWER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Our Last Through Freights Had Been Wrecked and Our Roadbed Strewn With Smoked Hams and Flour and Poultry

XIII

MEN pride themselves on their power and get swollen up with their own importance, but about half their triumphs are accidents and about half their moves are blind. In 1858 New York State held public meetings protesting against railways carrying freight in competition with the Erie Canal.

The standard gauge of our roads is fifty-six and one-half inches, and that extra half inch was due to a mistake in the first locomotive ordered from England. When engines started to burn coal instead of wood, train hands revolted against what they called the change from clean wood to dirty coal, though a capacity train for one of the old wood burners was twenty-four or twenty-five little cars. The first locomotive built in America was blown up because the escaping steam annoyed its engineer and he proceeded to bolt down the safety valve. When Stephenson's Rocket attained a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour, the English press attacked the crazy new method of travel, protesting that people might as well trust themselves to be fired off on one of Congreve's rockets, and declaring that railways and their noise would stop hens from laying and cattle from grazing and kill song birds and game with their smoke and bring ruin and destruction to the world.

That was a long time ago, and cattle still graze in the fields and song birds still sing in the trees and the lonely stretches of the world are threaded with shimmering steel. We go adventuring on, leaving the croakers in the cut pools.

We pioneer into the unknown, straightening our surveys and correcting our mistakes as we advance, making the grade and giving the laugh to the skeptics and wringing our solemn joy out of the sheer glory of going on. We don't know what we're headed for. We've no inkling of what awaits us at the end of the run. But we've a feeling, in our more lucid moments, that when we face our final lights those terminal lamps will be white.

No one, I think, rejoiced more over the moving of our operating offices than did Javan Page and his wife. Aurelia Page, like her husband, had been merely an exile marking time in the West. She had accommodated herself to the prevailing crudities of life there, it is true; but once all doubts had been settled as to her husband going on to the Eastern offices, she was open in her expressions of gratitude at getting away from an environment that dissatisfied her with its rawness. She was as happy as a princess at the end of her banishment. She seemed to lose more than a little of her hardness. She even thanked me for my good offices in seeing that her precious Javan was retained on the staff.

When, looking into her slightly barricaded eyes, I reminded her of one of my old wall mottoes, Serve, to Survive! she glanced quickly up into my face and her lips hardened at some trace of irony which she must have detected there.

"Is that a threat?" she asked, though she was able to smile as she put the question to me.

"No, it's merely a law of life," was my retort.

"I wish I was sure of that," she said, after a moment.

"Why aren't you?" I asked, nettled a trifle by the closeness with which she was studying my face.

"I was thinking of Newton," she had the courage to reply, and she was generous enough to look away when a tinge of color came creeping up over my collar. There was, I knew, a double stab in that allusion to Newt, and I had to marvel at her audacity. But she went on again after a moment or two of silence. "Javan gives his best," she proceeded to assure me, "but he has to do it in his own way." And she quoted something from Nietzsche about everything divine running with light feet.

It was her turn to color a little, at my laugh.

"Then I'm afraid I'm just common clay," I protested, "for I'm as heavy-footed as they make them."

"It hasn't kept you from climbing," she generously reminded me. But the deadly nightshade, I remembered, was a very graceful flower.

"I've done that with my head and not my feet," it was my turn to remind her, and whatever she was about to say in answer to that I never knew. She stopped short, with a shrug, and looked down at the rings on her thin fingers. There was a time, I remembered, when any such self-control would have been beyond her.

One of the first things I did, as soon as I was settled in my new office, was to pass out to Al Gillies the promotion he so richly deserved. I took him away from Javan Page and shifted him to the operating department. I had expected a protest from Page, knowing that Gillies had shouldered a good two-thirds of his chief's work. But no complaint came from Aurelia Page's husband. I noticed, however, that for the next few weeks he returned night by night to his office. I waited, to see how long this little scurry of activity would survive. And my guess came true when his trivial bonfire of desperation burned itself out and his evenings were spent on the lighter and brighter side of the river. Wambaugh, in fact, brought me in a report that Page had twice been seen in a Broadway restaurant with Irma Swickard. I made no comment on that, but merely tucked it away for future reference.

A few weeks later Aurelia Page herself called me up on the phone.

"Could you dine with us next Friday night?" she asked in the suavest of tones; and it struck me, as I listened to those words, that life was not without its little ironies.

"I'm too busy," was my answer.

I said it, I'm afraid, both curtly and promptly. And I suppose I ought to be ashamed to admit it, but I enjoyed saying it. I knew it was the crude act of a half-civilized old plug-ugly, but I couldn't go against my instincts. Yet I

(Continued on Page 36)

V-63

THE HUMAN DESIRE TO OWN THE BEST SUGGESTS—*THE* CADILLAC

Prospective purchasers of V-63 Cadillac cars find a pleasingly wide range of selection.

The V-63 line includes ten standard open and enclosed body-types, five exquisite Custom-Built models and a new Coach of true Cadillac quality at the same price as the Touring Car.

Each of these models combines superb road-ability and riding comfort with unmatched handling ease and the positive safety of built-in Cadillac Four-Wheel Brakes.

Each shares the wonderful performance qualities, absolute dependability and rugged endurance of the V-63 Cadillac chassis, which is recognized as being without equal in fine car manufacture.

Each in its separate way appeals irresistibly to the human desire to own the best.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN · *Division of General Motors Corporation*

CADILLAC

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 34)

wasn't so swamped with work that I didn't keep turning that invitation over and over in my own mind. It had come too late, of course, like so many of this world's crowns; but it had come. When I got home that night I went up to Aggie's room and passed on the good word to her. She listened with a far-away look in her eye

"You shouldn't have been rude to Aurelia Page," protested Aggie, from her armchair by the window. Her voice was thick with a slight attack of bronchitis which didn't seem to leave as it ought. Aggie had already fallen into the habit of asserting that the East didn't agree with her.

"Chickens usually come home to roost," I retorted, with my thoughts going back to a certain raw spring day in Boston when I'd had a crimp put in my pride and suddenly learned that I wasn't so socially acceptable as I'd imagined. And it annoyed me to think that the Page family could usurp so much of my attention. Yet it annoyed me still more to discover that Newt and Vinnie Page had figured together in an automobile accident between Montclair and Morristown a few days later.

Natalie, I found, shared in my aversion to the Pages. She openly derided Newt for dangling around with what she called pale-faced snobs and proceeded to fashion her life without counting on their friendship. For that girl of mine, I soon realized, was doing a little climbing of her own. I had never thought of her as a mixer, and I imagine her acquaintances derived little from her friendship but a fascinated sense of loss. But circle by circle she seemed to establish connections in that new world of hers.

She spent an incredible amount of money on clothes and was manicured and massaged and permanent-waved with the rest of her kind. She joined a dancing club which she soon discarded as rowdy and moved on to a Long Island golf club in which she detected a chance for better contacts. She formed the habit of dodging down to Lakewood for a week-end or to Pinehurst for a tournament, and complained that we could never hope to get anywhere unless we had a country place somewhere in the Piping Rock district.

I found my home invaded by rather flippant-eyed youths who trilled their r's and trailed a cloud of cigarette smoke around with them. Natalie even toted home one night to dinner a lackadaisical Italian count, who rather startled me out of my antipathy, over the coffee cups, by explaining that he was an electrical engineer and prophesying that within twenty years more than half our railways would be electrified

But on the whole I didn't care much for the young men my Natalie gathered around her. They never seemed to last long, however, and they never seemed greatly attracted to her. She always seemed to stand before them, ice-cold and smooth and glittering, like a freshly frozen pond where they couldn't be sure it was safe to tread And more than once, when they never dreamed it, I sat watching them—watching them as they tested her exactly as boys test a frozen pool with their experimental brick and stone. Only the interrogative missiles, in this case, were slightly off-colored smartnesses and doubtful jokes. These never seemed to break the sheet ice of her impersonality, even though they seemed to mottle and make ugly the crystal surface of her girlhood.

When I spoke to her about the bunch of young idlers she was wasting her time over she merely shrugged a languid shoulder and observed that beggars can't always be choosers. She was building a road of her own, she reminded me, and until she got her survey through it was bound to be rough going. But she wasn't a fool and she wasn't going to be satisfied forever with fools.

So once more I had to modify my opinion of Natalie. She, too, was working toward an end of her own and doing so with a will of her own. And once more I had to acknowledge to myself that people can seldom be divided into the all white and the all black, but stand a mixture of good and bad, a muddle of strength and weakness. I was lonely in those days, for all my hard work, with Tassie away at school and my roots not striking so deep in the big new city as I'd expected. So I weakened enough toward Natalie to let her drag me off to sit through a performance of Tristan and Isolde at the Metropolitan.

It seemed very foolish to me, though I was too proud to admit it to the intent-eyed Natalie. Those fat men in whiskers may have been singing real music, and that hard-working orchestra may have been pounding out real harmony, but it wasn't the kind that I could understand. And the story, as I remember it, was about as crazy as the noise that went with it. It told of how Tristan was carrying Isolde to the King of Cornwall to marry the latter; but the lady, who seemed to have had a weakness for Tristan himself, drugs him with a love potion and they both forget home and mother. But in spite of this she proceeds to marry her long-bearded king and continues to play double by secretly meeting her lover. They are caught in the act, and, as I remember it, Tristan gets a well-deserved sword blade through his slats and is carried away only to have his lady friend follow him, and tears the bandages from his wounds before they both finally die to slow music.

It may be a great story, but it doesn't get next to me. It may be all right for half-dressed ladies to sigh over, but it's not about the kind of people we'd like to see planted in every county of our country and put on our school boards. And I hate to have to acknowledge it, but when Natalie made me share a box with her and her friends at Carnegie Hall, where some sort of philharmonic was performing, I fell asleep in my chair and dreamed I was trying to lift a wrecked locomotive with a steam crane that kept turning into a riveting machine that clapped its hands, until I woke up and found the audience applauding the tail end of a symphony.

It rather puzzled and depressed me to see half a thousand people wringing joy out of something that left me cold. It made me wonder if I hadn't missed something out of life. So on the way home I put the question up to my amber-eyed daughter.

"Honest, Nattie," I said to the young woman who sat so close to me in the auto seat and yet seemed so far away, "did that music back there mean anything to you?"

Her laugh was short and it was slightly touched with bitterness.

"Of course it meant something to me," was her delayed retort.

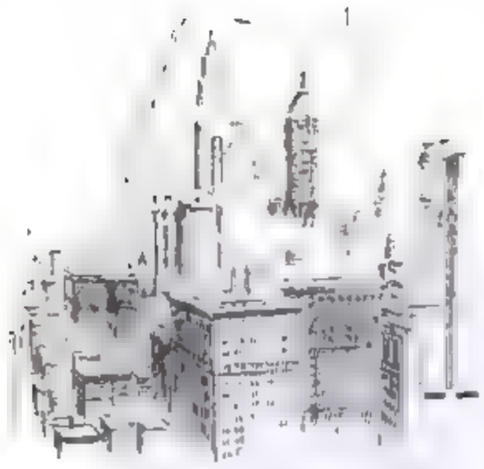
"How much?" I demanded.

"Just enough to make me ashamed of how little I know," acknowledged Natalie, with a note of humility that seemed new to her. "But I'm going to understand the darned stuff before I get through with it or know the reason why!"

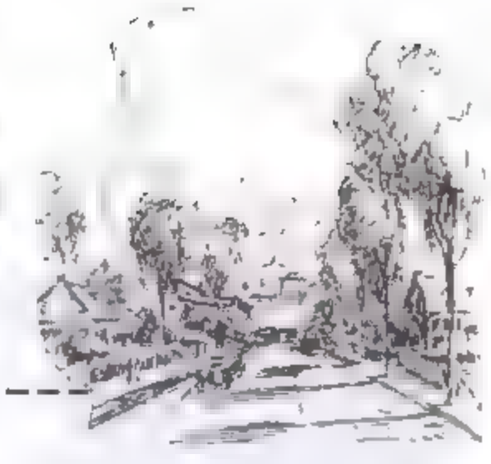
(Continued on Page 81)

When a Mob Formed I Ordered the Fire Hose Manned and Had Them Swept Out of the Yards

25 Miles



New York



Yonkers

25 Miles to the Gallon
58 Miles per Hour
5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds

Never before has there been an organization and the necessary manufacturing facilities capable of producing at anywhere near the low Maxwell price such speed and power, economy and absence of vibration in a 4-cylinder car.

Chrysler engineers designed and Maxwell craftsmen have built into the good Maxwell a smoothness and flexibility heretofore thought impossible with four cylinders.

They have combined with this unprecedented smoothness a speed of 58 miles per hour and a flashing acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds.

They have engineered into this motor a gasoline economy of 25 miles to the gallon, and an upkeep economy which brings replacement and repair costs close to the zero mark.

The new good Maxwell immediately raises the standard of motor car performance for new tens of thousands who can now enjoy these great Maxwell results at the low Maxwell cost.

Touring Car, $895; Club Coupe, $995; Club Sedan, $1045; Standard Four-Door Sedan, $1095; Special Four-Door Sedan, $1245. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra.

We are pleased to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
Walter P. Chrysler, President and Chairman of the Board
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD. WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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The New Good MAXWELL

BLUE GOLD

By ARTHUR O. FRIEL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

"I'm Tired, an' I Dunno Much 'Bout the Game," He Objected. "I'll Jest Set an' Watch Awhile"

FORTY-SIX weeks in every year the harsh uplands topping the Shawangunk range are bush-bound barrens. During the other six weeks they are carpeted with blue gold.

Blue gold—blue as the wide July sky above it—peeps in myriad little spheres from the far-flung low bush. To pampered city dwellers it would be merely a mass of berries. To the lean-living people of the hills, however, and to the traders in the valleys it is treasure. And from near and far they come to gather it into bucket and box and exchange it for bank notes and silver.

Some of these gold gleaners are straightforward, kindly folk, intent only on gaining what they honestly may. Some are hard-eyed, hard-fisted men or hard-faced, hard-tongued women, ever ready to make a dollar by hook or by crook—preferably the latter. And some are furtive beings who, at the approach of a stranger, glide into cover with the sinister stealth of copperheads. It is a wild land, that expanse from Shingle Gully to Fly Brook, wherein stands no human habitation save the temporary shanty dwellings of the berry pickers; and, in its blue-gold season, no wilder than certain of the creatures that drift into it. So it has been for many a year, and so it is today.

Tobe Boggs, of The Traps, looked up from his whirling grindstone as a shadow came sliding across the grass. For a moment, holding the half-sharpened scythe just clear of the smooth grit, he peered beneath his hat brim at the approaching visitor. Then he straightened up, a smile lightening his rugged face.

"Sim Cox, if I ain't mistook," he said. "Little Sim, kind o' growed up sence he moved outen the hills."

The slim, high-cheek-boned young fellow with dusty shoes smiled back at him and squirted tobacco juice expertly from a corner of his thin mouth.

"Yup, I'm him an' he's me—Sim Cox," he answered. "Pretty nigh four year sence I seen ye, Tobe. How's things goin'?"

"Oh, tol'rable." Tobe cast a contented glance over his prosperous little farm. "Crops is good an' the folks is well, an' I manage to make a good livin' How's it goin' with you? An' where ye livin' now?"

"Pretty good. Down 'long the river," was the rather vague answer. "But I've got kind o' sick o' towns. So I'm a-goin' over onto the berry grounds to make some easy money. Want to come 'long?"

"Me? Naw. I ain't got my hayin' all done yit. An' what berries we want for eatin' an' cannin' we can git right round here."

Sim let his gaze rove over the fields. Most of the tall grass had been shorn. The corn and potatoes looked vigorous and evidently needed very little hoeing.

"Wal, o' course, if ye'd ruther putter round like an ol' man, 'stead o' makin' a lot o' money, 'tain't none o' my business," he commented. "But that ain't my way o' doin' things. Guess I better be pushin' my feet along, too, 'cause every day I lose now means dollars outen my pocket."

"Whoa! Hold yer hosses! What ye mean by lots o' money?"

The other eyed him a bit oddly.

"Ain't ye never picked bloob'ries for money, Tobe?"

"Nope; I've allus had somethin' else to do. 'Course, I've heard tell 'bout folks gittin' good pay outen it; but I never see nobody that had much money to show for it, an' I don't b'lieve all I hear. An' it's a long ways over to them pickin' grounds."

Sim chewed slowly, his eyes resting speculatively on the farmer. An unreadable smile flitted across his mouth and was gone.

"Wal, I dunno what sounds like real money to you, Tobe. But to a feller like me twenty dollars a week for six weeks is wuth goin' after. An' if a feller's real fast he can make more'n that."

Tobe stared. At that time and place a hard-working man counted himself well paid at a wage of a dollar a day.

"I don't b'lieve it," was his blunt rejoinder.

"Some folks wouldn't b'lieve a gold watch was gold," retorted Sim. "They'd say 'twas brass, jest to show how smart they was. But figger it out yerself. Fust place, berries is so thick over yender that ye can claw 'em off by the dozen. I was into there last year, an' I know what I'm talkin' 'bout. A feller that tends right to business can average round forty quarts a day. Second place, berries is kind o' high this year down into the towns. O' course, a feller don't git the town price up here; he takes what he can git from the buyers that comes round; but he'd ought to git"—he hesitated a moment, his lids narrowing shrewdly—"wal, prob'ly 'bout eight cents a quart."

The Traps man's brows furrowed in calculation. Eight times four, thirty-two; times six, a hundred and ninety-two; adding the cipher, $19.20. Ten quarts more would bring the weekly total to a flat twenty dollars.

"A feller picks onto Sundays too, o' course, 'less'n he's a fool," added Sim. "Seven days a week. Got to git all ye can while it's there to git."

Tobe nodded slowly and added another forty quarts. Then he tried to multiply the weekly aggregate by six to reach the season's grand total, and found himself floundering in a cloud of figures

"Umph! It'll take pencil an' paper to straighten that out," he admitted. "But it must be more'n a hundred dollars. Gorry!"

Sim grinned.

"'Bout a hundred an' thutty for six weeks. Think ye can make more'n that a-hoein' corn an' squashin' tater bugs?"

The farmer threw another look about his domain, and this time it was not so contented. After a minute he laid down the scythe.

"Kind o' hot. Le's go git us a drink o' cider, Sim."

He led the way into the house. Behind his back the curly-haired youth from the river towns grinned again,

(Continued on Page 40)

Few, if any, other food products have won such widespread favor as Swift's Premium Ham. Its leadership is generally granted. But its popularity is also envied.

Those, therefore, who would make sure of getting ham mild in flavor and very tender; those who desire Premium Ham, will find it advisable when buying to look for these marks—the word Swift on the wrapper, the words Swift's Premium on the blue tag, on the label and on the rind of the ham itself.*

Swift & Company

*There was a time when Premium Ham was the only brand wrapped in printed parchment, when Premium alone had a blue "not necessary to parboil" tag. Its inner qualities of distinction—uniform mildness and tenderness—are still unique

Premium Hams
and Bacon

(Continued from Page 38)

perhaps because of the opportunity to wet his throat, perhaps because of some even more pleasing prospect.

"Womenfolks has gone a-visitin'," Tobe explained, as he poured the tart drink. "Ol' Mis' Rhodes, she's a-gittin' ready to make a die of it, so mom an' my wife has gone down to set a spell with her. Drink hearty. Ah-h-h! Jest hits the spot onto a hot day, don't it? Wal, now I'm a-goin' to git me a pencil an' figger up them bloob'ry quarts an' dollars. I'm a-gittin' kind of interested."

He sat and deliberately worked out the problem. Meanwhile Sim's gaze flitted over the room, rested on its master, darted out of the window and down the road, came back and dwelt once more on the plodding mathematician. A square, strong but somewhat slow fellow was Tobe, both physically and mentally; and his corrugated forehead indicated considerable toil in reaching the desired solution. Sim's lips once more curved into a thin smile.

"Hundred an' thutty-four dollars an' forty cents," announced Tobe at length. "For six weeks' work, averagin' forty quarts at eight cents. By gorry, that's good money! But d'ye know that's what they're a-payin'? An' how much is berries a-sellin' for into the towns?"

His tempter's reply was prompt, though a trifle evasive.

"Why, I can't tell ye sure 'bout the price onto the grounds, but it'd ought to be round eight cents, I'd say. The town price depends onto who sells 'em an' when; one shop charges more'n another sometimes, an' it ain't the same from one day to another neither. But I bet ye can git eight cents right through the season. An' if yer womenfolks comes along an' works stiddy ye'll git three times as much berries an' three times as much money. That'll be jest about four hundred dollars for ye." Tobe's mouth opened, closed. He poured two more drinks. "Some fellers bring their hull families, women an' kids an' all," pursued Sim, "an' I tell ye they make a big jag o' money outen it. Wal, here goes." The cider vanished. Tobe frowned a minute at his glass.

"Nope, I ain't a-goin' to do that," he refused. "Mom, she ain't strong enough, an' my wife has to run the house, an' I've heard tell it ain't a good place for a respectable woman over there anyway. No, they can't go. But mebbe I might tromp over an' try my luck after hayin's done, if ye want to wait."

"Huh! I ain't waitin' for nobody. An' if ye wait to git in that little mess o' grass an' do chores like that ye'd better not come. Fellers is a-travelin' right now, an' them that gits into there fust gits the best grounds. It's every man for himself an' devil take the slow poke."

Tobe frowned again, contemplating the alluring sum set down on the paper. Sim watched him keenly.

"Tell ye what I'll do, though," he added. "If ye'll come over inside o' three days I'll try to hold some ground for ye. I know some fellers over there—leastways I knowed 'em last year, an' they said they'd be back—an' they ain't softies; nobody walks onto 'em. We can git together an' hold down what we want till ye come, if ye come quick. What d'ye say?"

"I'll go ye!"

"Awright. Come to Litchfield Ledge, 'bout a mile east o' Long Pond. Bring 'long a wood box that'll hold 'bout ten quarts, with a strap onto it; it's handier'n a pail. Never mind 'bout vittles. We'll git the berry buyer to fetch up what we want. Wal, that's 'bout all, 'ceptin'——"

He hesitated, again glancing down the road.

"Wait an' have some dinner," invited Tobe, misinterpreting his pause. "The women'll be back pretty soon."

"Nope; I aim to git to the Ledge by tonight. An' I've got other reasons. I—I'm a-travelin' cross-lots, like."

The hillman's eyes sharpened. For a few seconds he plumbed the embarrassed grin on the not unhandsome face before him. Then he grinned in response.

"What ye been up to, ye scalawag?" he quizzed.

"Nothin'. But I —— Wal, there's a widder woman down b'low that got mad at me 'cause I wouldn't git married to her, an' she's kind o' sicked some fellers onto me. I'm a-fadin' away till things quiets down a mite. She's a lot older'n me, an' got a temper like a meat ax, an'—I jest had to git out!"

Tobe hit the table a resounding thwack and roared with mirth. Sim, fidgeting with his hat, looked sheepish.

"An' I jest wanted to ask ye, if anybody should drive up an' want to know if ye've seen me, to tell 'em no," he mumbled.

"Haw-haw-haw! So that's why ye come back to the hills so sudden! Wal, mebbe ye're wise. What was it the feller said—hell ain't got nothin' as furious as a widder woman that's been throwed down? I read it somewheres, an' it must be true. Haw-haw! Sure, Sim, I'll jest forgit about seein' ye. An' I'll be with ye Monday, 'less'n the widder gits ye this side o' the Ledge."

"Not if I see her a-comin', she won't. G'-by."

The screen door slammed. Sim trudged away across Tobe's land, to vanish in a forest path. Tobe continued to laugh. When his unexpected caller had disappeared he went forth and resumed his grinding. Thereafter he attacked his remaining grass with redoubled vigor.

To his wife and his mother, on their return, he said nothing of his visitor. To a pair of sharp-eyed men who drove up the next day and asked for information regarding one Simeon Cox he gave none. Nor, in response to his counter questions, did he receive any. They clucked to their horse and rolled away, following the road on its meandering course into the northwest, and thereby drawing steadily farther away from the berry country at the southwest. Tobe chuckled derisively at their receding backs. They might possibly be officers sent out to arrest the fugitive youth on some charge trumped up by the vindictive widow, or they might be seeking a private vengeance. In either case, the hillman had no sympathy for them or their quest.

Ideal haying weather and unremitting industry completed Tobe's task within the allotted three days. On the fourth he followed the path taken by Sim, plodding away through the forest, clambering up the stern heights rimming his homeland at the south, and then swinging along crooked trails which squirmed across the uplands toward the region of blue gold. Afternoon found him traversing virtually treeless land, nearing Litchfield Ledge, and exultantly viewing the expanse of azure berries. Sim had not exaggerated their profusion. Yet, oddly enough, no pickers were in sight.

When Tobe stopped and unslung his box from his shoulders, however, a bush in the middle distance moved slightly. And when he began picking, a hoarse voice yelled, "Hey, you! Git out o' that!"

From a little hollow arose a heavy-set man, from behind a clump of greenery appeared another, both advancing belligerently. The bush which had first moved gave another quiver, but from it no figure emerged.

"These yore grounds?" demanded Tobe.

"Yuh're right it's ourn, an' the quicker yuh git off the healthier for yuh," asserted one of the approaching pair. "Who are you?"

"Name's Boggs. What's yourn?"

"Oh, Boggs? H'm!" The pair slowed. "Where from?"

"Traps."

Thereupon one mumbled to the other and both turned back.

"All right. Pick away. Sim's down to the camp unloadin'. When yuh git a load bring 'er over."

And both returned straightway to their work. Then, and not until then, the third man stepped from behind his screen of leaves, took one long keen look at Tobe and slid again from sight. The Traps man saw only that he was a lean creature with hat pulled low. After a survey of his surroundings which revealed no others, the recruit resumed picking. Obviously these were Sim's partners.

Plentiful though the berries were, they did not fill the ten-quart box as soon as the new man had expected. His fingers, accustomed of late to scythe and fork handle, lacked the speed and flexibility requisite for this finer work. His back began to ache, too, from constant stooping. The container was only two-thirds full when he ceased and joined the others. He had not meant to do much today anyway.

The camp, he found, was in a small tree clump near a spring, and consisted of a rough shack, roofed with tarred paper, and an outdoor fireplace. The house lacked a window, save for a single small pane at the peak; its door was heavy, with a strong hasp and staple outside and a massive padlock. As he was soon to learn, this barrier was kept locked while the pickers were out, the key being hidden in a crotch of a certain tree. Thus each man could enter at will, but any outsider would have little chance of sneaking in and stealing. Sim and his crowd evidently put no faith in the honesty of others.

Sim, the two stocky men, the lank one and Tobe made up the gang. Brown, Hanson and Frazer were the names used by the three hitherto unknown to Tobe; the first rough-spoken, the second sour and silent, the third predatory of visage and nervous of movement. All three looked cornerwise at their new mate and said extremely little. Only Sim talked freely and easily.

"Ye see, Tobe, it's a good idee for a few fellers to kind o' hang together up here," he pointed out. "It gives ye a better chance to hold what ye got an' to git a fair price offen the dealers when they come round. These fellers ain't the ones I was expectin' to meet up with, but they're jest as good or better. There won't nobody run no bluff onto this crowd."

"Uh-huh." Tobe filled his pipe and looked casually from man to man. "I guess we'll git along awright. Do we pick onto shares, or everybody for himself? An' what's the price?"

"Every man for himself, Tobe. 'Course, we don't make five lots outen the berries; we lump 'em an' sell the hull lot to once. But every feller keeps tally o' what he brings in an' he gits paid accordin'. The buyer comes Wednesday an' Sat'day, mostly. I dunno the price yit, but I know the feller that covers this here section, an' he'll use us right."

The Traps man nodded, yawned and changed the subject.

"Couple o' snoopers come through the Traps t'other day a-lookin' for somebody. Didn't say what they wanted him for, but they acted like they meant to git him." He paused and blew smoke. Sim looked serious; but he was not the only one. Brown's pugnacious jaw shut tight. Hanson's black brows drew down. Frazer's greenish eyes became pin points. "They didn't find out nothin'," Tobe continued, "an' the last I see of 'em they was a-headin' northwest."

Four men relaxed. None spoke. Tobe repressed a smile. After a while he turned in on a narrow bunk.

Days of steady picking ensued. It was dogged, silent work, each toiling where and how he chose. There was little fellowship among them, although Sim and Tobe usually kept fairly near together, as did Brown and Hanson. The watchful Frazer played a lone hand, favoring secluded spots. At night each narrowly scanned the tallies of the others, posted on the wall. Sim and Frazer held the lead, with Tobe last. Soon, however, the Traps man achieved more dexterity, and on the third day he picked the forty quarts predicted by Sim.

"Wha'd I tell ye?" crowed the latter. "Forty quarts, I says, an' forty ye're a-gittin'. Next thing ye'll be doin' fifty, like me an' Frazer. Now don't ye wish ye'd stayed to home an' picked tater bugs?"

Tobe chuckled.

"Much 'bliged to ye, Simmy, for tellin' me 'bout this gold mine. Mebbe I can do as much for you sometime. But say"—he glanced around to make sure that none overheard—"I don't jest like this gang o' yourn. 'Less'n I'm awful mistook, they're all a-hidin' out from a sheriff or so."

"Aw, they're awright, Tobe. Mebbe they've got reasons for bein' up here, but as long's they play square, what do we care? An' I know they'll play square, because I'll make 'em. I'm the feller that talks to the buyer an' takes the money, see? So they ain't got no chance to outsmart us if they want to. I'll git mine an' you'll git yourn, an' then they'll git theirn, fair an' square."

"Uh-huh. Good 'nough. What ye a-goin' to do with all yer own money when the season's over, Sim? Give it to yer widder woman?"

"Ha! Yas, I guess so! I'll spend it all a-gittin' as fur away from her as I can travel."

They laughed in chorus; then, as Frazer approached, said no more.

The next day came the buyer. Sim, knocking off work about midforenoon, went to the road, a couple of hundred yards from the camp, and there waited. Returning, he brought with him a ferret-faced individual whose jaws masticated tobacco with the mechanical regularity of machinery. Tobe, at work, but keeping an eye toward the road, suspended picking and walked to the shack. Brown, Hanson and Frazer, although watching from a little distance, remained aloof, with hats pulled low. The trader gave the berries an expert survey, expectorated, and mumbled, "Awright. Eight cents. But ye gotta tote 'em to the waggin."

"Ye used to drive right up here last year," protested Sim.

"Eyah. Last year. Got a span o' green hosses this year. Daan't trust 'em off the road. Ye'll hafta lug 'em. An' next time I come, have yer pick ready by the road. Saves time."

After a bit of argument Sim capitulated and called in his cautious trio of partners, who came grudgingly. The buyer gave them only a casual glance. Bushel baskets were loaded.

"What yuh payin'?" demanded Brown.

Ferret-Face slid a glance toward Tobe, another toward Sim, and replied, "Eight," As Tobe shouldered his basket and plodded away the buyer made motions with his fingers. Simultaneous grins shot across bristle-bearded faces, and the remaining quartet moved with alacrity toward the road. Several trips up and down, and the blue gold had changed ownership. The buyer passed payment to Sim, who promptly pocketed it. Thereupon both mounted the wagon seat.

"I got a little private business with this feller," vouchsafed Sim, one eyelid fluttering. "Be back pretty quick."

They drove off. Tobe frowned, but the others chuckled and turned toward the shack.

"Come on, Boggs; it's all right," said Frazer. "Sim's tryin' to git a quart o' licker off this feller on the quiet."

"Oh." Tobe's face relaxed. "That ain't a bad idee, neither."

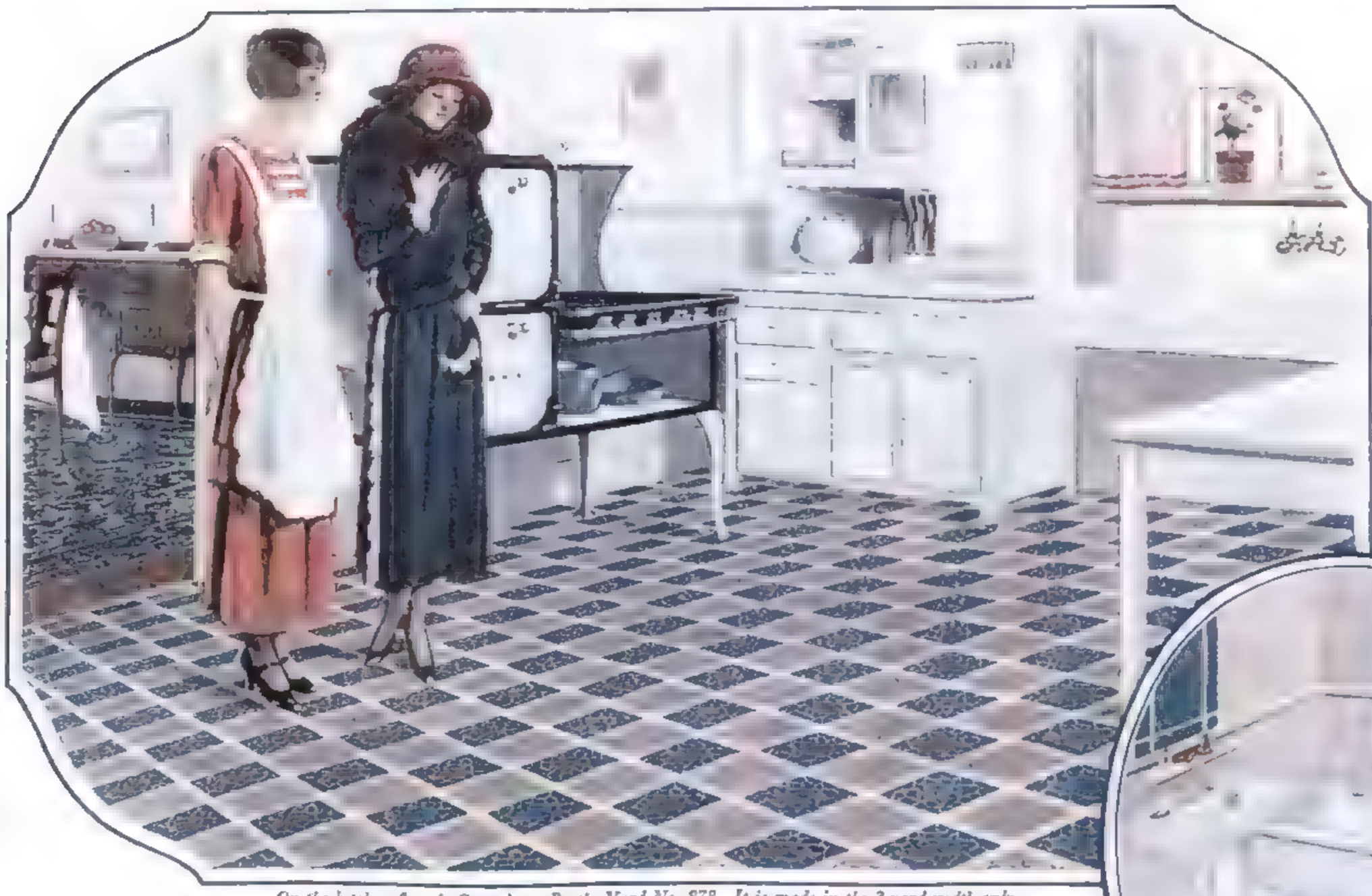
They plodded up the hill. Within ten minutes Sim rejoined them and produced a bottle from within his shirt.

"Fust pay day!" he exulted. "All hands round on a good stiff snort, an' then comes the whack-up."

The stiff snort was imbibed with due avidity. Division of earnings ensued. Sim took out his own money first, then Tobe's, afterward passing to the others the remaining splits. Thereupon all resumed work.

That night the slim-fingered Frazer produced a pack of cards, which he shuffled with a dexterity bespeaking intimate knowledge of their use. The liquor was again uncorked and appreciably lowered, and on an upturned box began a four-handed game of poker, with matches serving

(Continued on Page 43)



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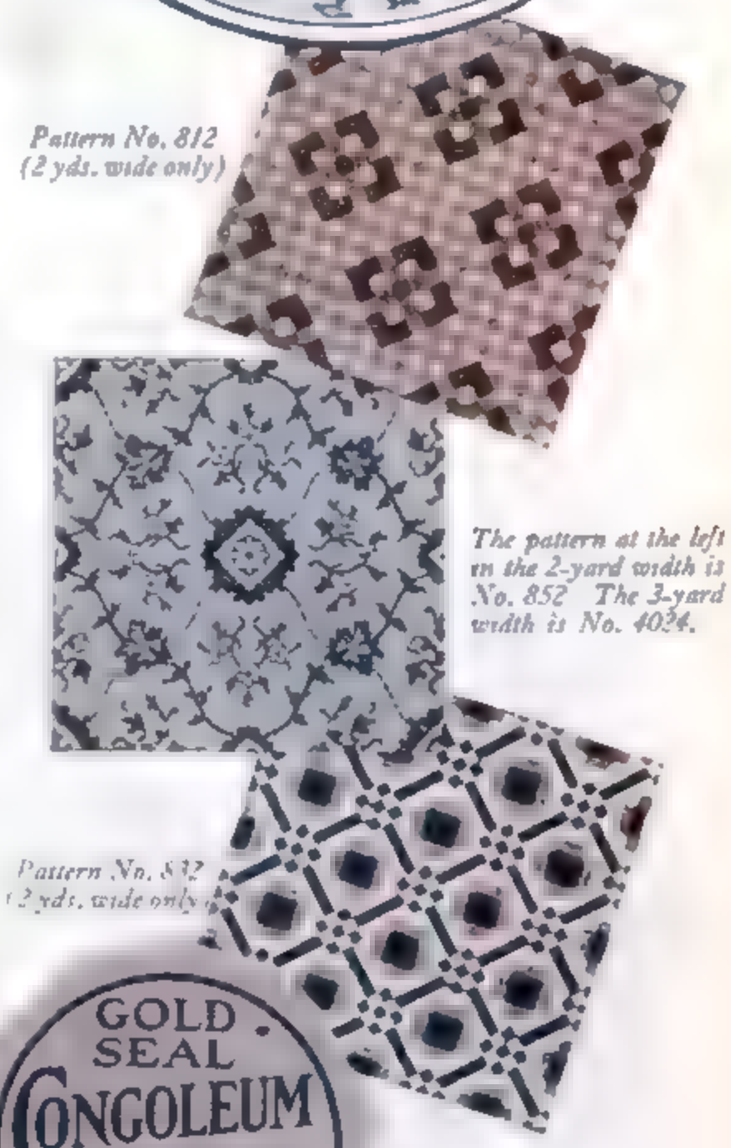

Pattern No. 812 (2 yds. wide only)

The pattern at the left in the 2-yard width is No. 852 The 3-yard width is No. 4024.

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For the car you drive has been studied in every detail by the Mobiloil Board of Engineers. The piston assembly, bearing fits and design, lubricating system and every factor that may influence lubricating results, has been gone over by these men individually and as a committee before they set down in the Chart the grade of Mobiloil which you should use.

The dealer who sells Mobiloil makes this Chart his guide because it wins steady customers. He keeps the Chart handy on his wall because through it the 38 engineers tell him exactly which oil should be used for every make of car that stops in front of his door.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 40

as chips. Tobe, although urgently and unanimously invited to join in, declined.

"I'm tired, an' I dunno much 'bout the game," he objected. "I'll jest set an' watch awhile. Mebbe some other time I'll take a hand."

Sneering mirth left him unmoved, so the four proceeded without him. Sitting back in the shadow, virtually forgotten, he watched through half-closed lids. He knew the game much better than he had led them to believe, and within half an hour he was not only well satisfied to have remained out of it but determined not to get into it in the future. Every one of them was a tricky player and a fast worker; too sharp and too swift for Tobe to compete with. He smiled inwardly as he noted their cutthroat tactics, but grew somewhat thoughtful as well.

"That feller Frazer, he needs watchin' all o' the time—day an' night, cards or no cards," he told himself. "Or ruther, a feller's money needs watchin' when he's round. Tomorrer I'll put mine into a bank."

And on the morrow he did so. A discarded pickle bottle formed his depository. Unseen, he dug a small hole beside one of the many bowlders in the vicinity, inserted the bottle and carefully covered it. That day two more bottles disappeared from the trash pile, and thereafter very little money was exhibited.

The evening poker game became a fixture, but debts were settled only on pay days. The Traps man was not the only one suspicious of light fingers.

So it went for four more weeks; days of harvesting, visits of the buyer, Sim's ride down the road and return with a quart, a drink and division of profits. The price remained steady at eight cents, and Tobe's deposits in his bottle bank averaged better than twenty dollars a week. Occasionally a day of thundershowers temporarily curtailed earnings, but faster toil on the sunny ones brought the aggregate to normal. The work had become machine-like, and he found that he could speed it up whenever necessary. He did not try, however, to equal the record of Sim and Frazer. On the other hand, what he made he kept.

"Ye can outsmart each other all ye want to with yer poker tricks," he once told the gamblers, "but ye don't git nothin' out o' me."

Frazer's eyes fastened on his, and in them grew an unreadable, mocking glint. Hanson suddenly had a coughing spell. Brown's heavy visage set as if he were struggling to hold back a sneeze—or a guffaw. Sim scowled at all three; then laughed carelessly.

"Right ye are, Tobe," he approved. "Us fellers from The Traps was born with our eyes open, hey? Don't let nobody skin ye."

"I ain't aimin' to."

The gamesters fixed their gaze on their cards, but a suppressed titter came from Frazer. Then Brown raised the ante and the Traps man was forgotten. For a minute or two he watched them suspiciously. Was there a trick somewhere in their relations with him? Impossible, he decided. Sim had forestalled any chance of that.

"Pretty sharp little feller, Sim is," he told himself. "They ain't outsmartin' him nowheres."

It was only two days later when his eyes began to open to the fact that the youngster was even sharper than he had suspected.

He had gone to the shack, and there found Sim and Frazer similarly engaged. After a few words he passed out. A rod or two away he remembered that he had intended to get some matches; so he began to retrace his steps. From the open door floated a sardonic laugh and the voice of Frazer.

"Yer slave works as faithful as ever for yuh, don't he? Gee, won't the big ox roar when the wind-up comes! And if he only knew how yuh'd been slickin' him all along! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Shut up! Less said soonest mended." Then Sim snickered. "He won't be as bad off as them other two, 'cause he won't lose as much. I'm kind-hearted, I am."

"Yeah, yuh little devil! He won't lose it 'cause he lost it before he ever got it. Ha-ha! Yuh're smooth, Sim. But don't forgit we split even on his pickle bottle. What yuh've skinned him out of is yourn, but ——"

"Aw, sure. But have ye found Hanson's pile yit? I know where Brown keeps hisn."

"Where?"

"Nev' mind. He buries it, same as Tobe, an' I'll git it. But the Dutchman ——"

"He's sly. I ain't located it, but it must be outdoors. I'll smell it out when he gits his next pay. Then we'd better clean up and jump. Come on, let's git back to work."

Tobe, standing astounded, came to life as he heard the pair move outward. In two strides he was out of sight behind the shack. The padlock snapped and footsteps receded toward the left. For minutes after the schemers had gone he stood glowering at nothing in particular. Then, following hollows and bush clumps, he traveled unseen to his cache.

Swiftly he dug up his bank, finding its contents intact. With the money safely stowed in a pocket, he resumed work, his fingers picking automatically while his mind wrestled with surmises and nebulous stratagems. A big ox, was he? Wal, an ox had horns.

He did not flourish those horns, however, in the faces of his partners. Throughout the rest of the day he remained as expressionless, and almost as wordless, as any true ox. After supper, smoking his pipe and moving with apparent aimlessness, he strolled away toward the road. Once out of sight, he struck off at a purposeful gait. Before long he reached another berry camp.

There he was received without cordiality, for he was known as one of that hostile Litchfield Ledge gang which had nothing to do with outsiders. Under the pretext of buying some tobacco, however, he tarried there for some time, absorbing various bits of gold-field gossip. When he returned shantyward his forehead was cleft by a scowl.

The scowl bit still deeper as he stood once more beside the house and eavesdropped. Darkness now had settled thick and a stealthy approach had brought him within earshot unheard. Brown, ugly voiced, was talking.

"—— crack him one an' take it away from him if we can't git it no other way," he growled. "Wha'd'ya think, I'm goin' to let that thick-wit walk off wit' a cold hundred?"

"I tell ye to leave him 'lone!" snapped Sim. "We don't want nobody a-chasin' us. Leave him go with what he's earnt, an' ——"

"Yah-ha!" Brown laughed nastily. "Yo're a good 'un to talk like that! What he's earnt, huh? Blah! Lemme tell yuh somethin', kid. That goat o' yourn is goin' to give milk to somebody besides you! We been keepin' hands off your private graft, but we git ourn one way or another. Either yuh lift his baby bank an' split four ways, or me an' Hanson lay him out when he's got it all on him an' split between us, an' you two weak sisters git nothin'. How about it, Hans?"

"Yuh," came Hanson's grunted agreement.

A pause. Then Sim dodged:

"Wal, le's not have no trouble now. There's a week more o' pickin', an' we all want all we can git. Leave things lay till the finish, an' shut up. He might be comin' back any minute now."

"Aw, we'll hear him comin', with them big feet stumpin' through the brush. An' talkin' about the finish, don't git no idea yuh can trim us by gittin' to him first an' then doin' a quick hop, or it'll be your finish. I bet yuh're layin' to work some game like that, yuh mealy-mouthed eel, but don't try it."

"Say, come on, deal the cards," Frazer prompted impatiently. "Yuh've wore 'em half out shufflin'. Spin 'em around."

A sour grunt, followed by the tiny impacts of cards dropping around the table. As noiselessly as he had come, Tobe stole away. For a few minutes after reaching the right distance he stood grinning at the house—a down-curved grin devoid of mirth. Then, once more bovine of expression, he advanced carelessly and noisily.

"Wal, here's our nighthawk back again!" hailed Frazer as he entered. "Where yuh been? Settin' up a while with some other feller's wife?"

"Nope." The hillman's tone was casual. "Couldn't find no other feller's wife. So I jest walked round an' smoked. Ho-hum. Guess I'll tear off some snores."

And before the game ended he was enjoying peaceful sleep. The safety of his money gave him no concern, for he had deposited it in a new bank known to none but himself—a crevice in a rock some distance down the road. As for the other things which had just been bothering him—well, sufficient unto the day was its evil. Tomorrow would be another day. Moreover, it would be another pay day, and he had a quite definite and coolly resolute idea as to his procedure when payment should be made.

It had become the custom to transport the berries to the roadside on the morning of the buyer's regular visits, and to leave the smart Sim there on guard until the rumble of wheels and the thump of hoofs on the ledgy ground heralded the approach of the wagon. Thereupon Tobe joined Sim, while the three others loitered not far away but not uncomfortably near. Thus there would be nothing strange in Tobe's presence at the berry pile on the morrow. At the right moment, and not until then, he purposed to use his horns; first on the dealer and then on anybody else who got in his way.

Day came. Berries journeyed roadward. Sim took his post. At length sounded the deep-toned mutter of smitten stone growling in the earth. Tobe betook himself rapidly to the road. Sim, with his facile smile, voiced some jest, to which he gave no response. Both watched down the sandy track, which gave a straightaway view for nearly an eighth of a mile. Around a bend appeared the buyer's team, with the familiar figure slouching on the seat above. But this

"Wal, Wha'd'ya Want?" Blustered Brown. "Who D'yuh Think Yuh are, Hornin' in on Our Grounds?"

time he journeyed not alone. Behind his wagon became visible the heads of another horse and two more men.

Both the berry guards squinted; Tobe wonderingly, Sim warily. Step by step, unhurried but unhesitating, the vehicles advanced. Presently one of the men in the rear stood up and peered ahead. Tobe broke into a short hard laugh.

"Here's yer friends, Sim," he said. "The fellers that was a-lookin' for ye."

The fugitive paled to a sickly gray under his tan. For a second his eyes darted about like those of a cornered rat. Then he bolted for the shack.

To the three waiting in the background he gasped something as he fled. Frazer flinched as if struck. Brown and Hanson stood rigid. Tobe gave them one look, then acted on a sudden impulse. He, too, ran houseward.

"Git under cover!" he commanded. "Inside an' lay quiet! Git quick!"

Unreasoning, they obeyed the prompting of panic. Frazer sped like a lost soul harried by demons, and the heavy pair were not far behind. Tobe himself pounded along at their heels. As the lumbering Hanson plunged through the opening the Traps man yanked the stout door shut, jammed the hasp home and snapped the padlock in the staple.

"Now hammer an' kick an' beller, if ye want to tell them fellers jest where ye be!" he jeered, and he strode away toward the road.

Behind him sounded an inarticulate growl of rising rage in the tones of Brown, silenced by a frantic hiss from either Sim or Frazer. Tobe snickered.

"That's one time when the pore thick-wit warn't so thick, I reckon," he muttered. "An' now, ol' Rat-Face, I've got ye all to myself, without no interference or no monkey business. I guess ye'll pay full price this trip!"

The mad dash for cover apparently had been unseen from the brush-lined road, for the wagon and the buggy still were coming on at the same unconcerned pace. The team stopped at its accustomed spot and the trailers perforce halted behind. The buyer's jaws seemed to be working at a slightly accelerated speed, and his eyes shifted about in evident search for Sim; but he said nothing. The pair at the rear likewise held their peace, though their chief gaze dwelt on the berry picker. Tobe now was sporting a month's growth of black beard, so that he presented a face differing considerably from that which he had last exhibited to these hunters. He gave them one cool look, then turned a colder one on the trader.

"I'm doin' the business today, an' I'm chargin' full price. Git what I mean?"

Ferret-Face batted his lids and spat. After a moment he countered, "Sech as which?"

"Sech as fifteen cents a quart, ye blood-suckin' spider! Sech as ye've been a-payin' the fellers down the road all season when ye was a-givin' me eight."

The other chewed at terrific speed; sized up the berry pile, and likewise sized up its bleak-visaged guard; darted another futile look around in search for Sim.

"Awright," he mumbled.

"An' what's more," Tobe pursued relentlessly, "ye're a-goin' to gimme the back pay onto all o' my berries ye've took outen here. Seven cents a quart, mister, onto twelve hundred an' sixty quarts up to today. Figger it up an' fork it over."

The lank jaw dropped. Sweat began to glisten on the leathery cheeks.

"Ye're crazy!"

"Mebbe. Crazy like a fox. An' I can bite like one. Folks that gits bit by a crazy fox gin'rally dies, mister."

The other twitched nervously.

"Lookit here!" he blurted. "I don't owe ye nothin'. I've been a-payin' fifteen cents right along. I've been handin' over eight here, an' seven more down the road, to yer pardner there, the young feller. He seen me before ye got here an' he says ye owe him money, an' the only way he can git it out o' ye is to make ye pay up without knowin' it. So he fixed up this eight-an'-seven rate with me. One o' the other fellers, he says it's all right to pay that way an' the young feller will give 'em all they got comin'. So there warn't no objection nowheres, an' ye never said nothin' yerself, an' —— Wal, I've paid full price for all I got, an' ye can fight it out with yer pardners, not with me."

For once his eyes held steady and his tones rang true. Tobe's fists shut and he cast an ominous glance in the general direction of the shack.

"So that's the way of it," he rasped. "Wal, awright. I'm paymaster today, an' ye can gimme the hull pay onto this here lot an' git along about yer business."

"Awright!" With a windy sigh of relief the buyer descended from his perch. In the heat of argument both had forgotten the quiet riders at the rear, who had been absorbing every word. Now they, too, slid out of their seat and approached. But still they said nothing—nothing, that is, until the day's deal was consummated.

Then one drawled, "Looks like you'd tied up with a slippery crowd, sport. Specially that young feller. We'll have a look at him, if you don't mind, and the rest of 'em too. Where are they?"

The hillman's face clouded.

"I can skin my own skunks, mister, without no help. This ain't none o' your business."

"That's what you say. Maybe we think different, and our think is better than yours. Take a slant at this." Opening his light coat, he showed a badge affixed to his suspenders. "We're the law. Now who's this young friend o' yours?"

"Who d'ye want, an' what for?" parried Tobe.

"That's our business. Come on now, where's your pardners?"

The hillman's mouth shut obstinately. Then up spoke Ferret-Face:

"The camp's right up back there, fellers. I dunno nothin' about who they are or where they come from or nothin', but if ye want to look round mebbe ye'd better try the house fust, an' then ——"

"We'll do that. Both of you fellers can come along too. You there, hill-billy, don't try obstructin' us or you'll git a job workin' for the state without pay. Walk in front. On your way!"

They followed the faint footpath. As they neared the shack out broke a violent commotion. Somebody evidently had watched through a crack. Now came thumps at the boards, ax blows, oaths as the penned four fought to break from their trap.

The officers grunted and their right hands slid within their coats.

"Hey, you!" snapped one. "Take it easy! If yuh've got any guns, don't use 'em. Come out here with your hands in front of yuh and nothin' in 'em. Hey, hill-billy, is there any winder?"

"Nope," grunted Tobe.

"Well, you unlock that door and let 'em out. Got the key, ain't yuh?"

"Yup."

Grudgingly he fished up the key and loosed the lock; then stepped aside. One of the officers promptly booted the door open and likewise slipped aside. He barely evaded a thrown ax.

"That'll do," coolly commented the other, revolver now covering the opening. "Outside!"

A tense pause. Then, aggressive as ever, appeared Brown, jaw out and fists clenched. Behind him slouched the stolid Hanson. Third, feet dragging and shoulders slumped, came Frazer. Last of all, pallid and quivering, slunk Sim.

"Wal, wha'd'ya want?" blustered Brown. "Who d'yuh think yuh are, hornin' in on our grounds? Yuh can't run no bluff here. Git out before yuh're t'rown out."

Another pause. Then a light laugh from one of the officers.

"Well, what a sweet line-up! T'row-'Em-Out Malloy and his side kick, Squarehead Ansel! If you'd kept your mouth shut you might have slid clear, Malloy. Three months, ain't it, since you and Squarehead made your get-away? We all thought you'd got across the border, and the Canadian police have been watchin' the construction gangs to locate yuh. And here you've been playin' fox and stayin' close to home. The warden'll be glad to see you boys back. And here's Slippy Tracy, too, and our little friend Sim Cox, the angel-faced kid. Cox, you're the lad we were lookin' for, and we're right glad to find yuh. Now be good boys, you and Slippy, and put some bracelets on your tough pals. Here's the jewelry."

With his left hand he flung handcuffs. His mate did likewise. Unspeaking, Frazer and Sim picked them up and moved toward their burly partners. A savage snarl broke from Malloy, alias Brown; but the menacing muzzle of the officer's gun dominated him. Ansel, erstwhile Hanson, dumbly held his wrists forward. A few swift clicks and the pair stood fettered.

"We ain't got hardware for you lads too," went on the officer, "but I guess it ain't necessary. If you make any breaks you'll stop sudden and stay down. Now, hill-billy, just to git this case complete, who might you be?"

"Tobe Boggs. I live into The Traps, an' there ain't no crimes ag'inst me nowheres."

"Oh, sure! I knew I'd seen you somewhere. You're the feller that was so dumb about Cox here. Looks to me like you'd conspired to defeat the law. How about that?"

"Ye never said nothin' to me 'bout the law. Ye come a-nosin' round an' askin' 'bout a friend o' mine—leastways I thought he was—an' ——"

"All right. You've found out how good a friend he is, ain't yuh? So have some other folks. That poor old woman that you skinned after she'd been so good to yuh, Cox—that was pretty raw. You won't git much sympathy from the judge."

Sim, downcast and miserable, made no answer.

"Let me git this thing straight, mister," requested Tobe. "I've asked ye twice an' I ask ye ag'in—what's Sim done down b'low?"

"He's done about everybody. Got an idea he was too smart to work, so he tried livin' on his face. Between a little thievin' and a little gamblin' and a lot of swindlin', he got along pretty well. But when he trimmed an old woman that wanted to adopt him out of three hundred dollars and then lost it all gamblin', folks got mad. There's enough counts against him now to keep him workin' for a good long while."

The hillman turned on his quondam companion a gaze of shriveling contempt, which Sim refused to meet.

"So that was yer widder woman, hey?" jarred Tobe. "No wonder ye dasn't look her into the face no more. Who is this here woman, mister?"

The officer eyed him curiously.

"Mrs. James R. Potter, Poughkeepsie. Why?"

"Oh, nothin'. Where'bouts into P'kipsy does she live?"

"I dunno. The police might tell yuh, or the post office."

"Wal, she might git a Christmas present or somethin' 'fore long. Where d'ye hide yer berry money, Sim?"

"None yer business!" snapped the youth. "Gimme my share out o' today's sale."

"Huh! Ye ain't got no share. I'm a-collectin' back pay. An' the hull pack o' ye might like to know a big ox—a pore thick-wit, ye might say—was a-listenin' outside here yesterday an' last night, an' he heard a lot."

Four baleful glares answered; but nobody spoke a word. Then Sim's gaze fastened on the berry buyer.

"Damn ye, Hawkins, ye squealed onto us, didn't ye? Wal, I'll pay ye back!" He wheeled toward his captors. "When ye git to the road look into the box seat this copperhead squats onto an' ye'll find ——"

"I never!" squalled Ferret-Face. "I never said a word! These fellers jest tailed onto me this mornin' an' follered me into every camp, an' I couldn't shake 'em."

"That's right," chuckled a sleuth. "But I guess we'll look into Cox's tip. Come on, do a two-step down to the road—or a lock step, if it comes more natural. On your way!"

The sullen procession filed down the slope, Ferret-Face now looking sick. At the wagon one of the trailers lifted the seat top and peered downward.

"M-m. Peddlin' rotgut booze, hey, Hawkins? Got a license?"

"I—I lost it," mumbled the buyer.

"Never had it, you mean. Well, the more the merrier. We'll take you along with the rest and use your wagon for a van. Now, you boys, what about your money? Got it on yuh, or is it planted?"

"None yer business!" came a sour chorus. To which Malloy-Brown added, "Mine's where you bulls never'll git it."

"Suit yourselves," was the sardonic retort. "You ain't any of yuh goin' where you can use it for booze or women, or even for board and lodgin'. Git aboard then. Hawkins, you drive, and don't start any runaway. Pat and me will be right on your tail all the way. So long, Boggs. Keep your eyes peeled and stay out of bad company. It's healthier."

The wagon backed, swung about and headed toward the Rondout valley, loaded with glum humanity. The buggy followed close. Steadily, inexorably, they drew away in a thin haze of dust, reached the bend and faded from sight. Tobe stood alone.

After a minute or so he drew a long breath, looked around and began walking along the road. A quarter mile away he stepped aside, located his new depository and from its cleft drew his recently secreted roll. Returning to the shack, he sat down and smoked a pipe, feeling somewhat at a loss as to what to do. Events had taken such an unexpected turn that his ideas were a bit mixed.

"Wal, le's see" he ruminated. "The season's 'bout over, an' ol' Rat-Face won't be buyin' no more berries, that's sure; an' I'm sick an' tired o' pickin' anyway. An' this happy home is all busted up, an' everybody gone but me, an' I guess I better go too. But still an' all, there's some things to do yit. Them fellers left things kind o' onfinished. Sim an' Frazer, they was a-goin' to swipe my bank an' Brown's an' Hanson's; an' Brown an' Hanson was a-goin to git my money too, if they had to knock me onsensible. So the hull gang was outsmartin' me right along. Wal, one good turn deserves another, as the feller says, an' the last laugh is the best, an' he laughs last that gathers up the moss."

With which he began a methodical, microscopic search of the shack itself and its immediate environs. It consumed all his waking time for the next forty-eight hours. At the end of that period he had found four different hoards. Two were virtually identical with his own—bottles buried beside or beneath stones. One was a tin can, concealed in a bush. The fourth was a paper-rolled wad in a small hollow of a tree. None bore any mark of identification.

In the seclusion of the shack the treasure hunter counted and recounted the total. Then he sat back and chuckled.

"Nine hundred an' seven dollars!" he exulted. "An' my own is a hundred an' ninety, makin' jest short of eleven hundred. Gorry! Addin' onto that what we paid out for groceries an' so on, an' the few dollars them fellers always had into their pockets, we must of earnt close to twelve hundred. No wonder Sim an' Frazer wanted to find the other fellers' banks an' jump out. An' I bet if they'd waited an' played square, Brown an' Hanson would of lay-wayed 'em somewheres, an' me too. An' here's me, the pore faithful slave that only wanted to git back what b'longed to me, a-holdin' the hull caboodle into my hands. Ain't it funny?"

From the thick wad of bills he counted out three hundred; then laid the remainder in a separate pile.

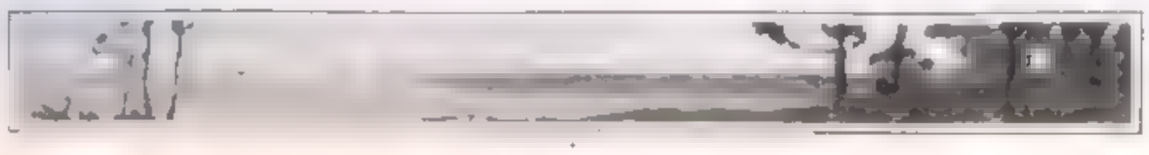
"For Mrs. James R. Potter, a pore, good-hearted ol' widder woman down to P'kipsy. Compliments o' Sim Cox an' Company." He nodded toward the three hundred. "Tomorrer I'll hitch me up a hoss an' take a ride to the river. An' this here eight hundred might come in kind o' handy down to Tobe Boggs' house. Anyway, that's where it's goin'. Findin's is keepin's, as the feller says."

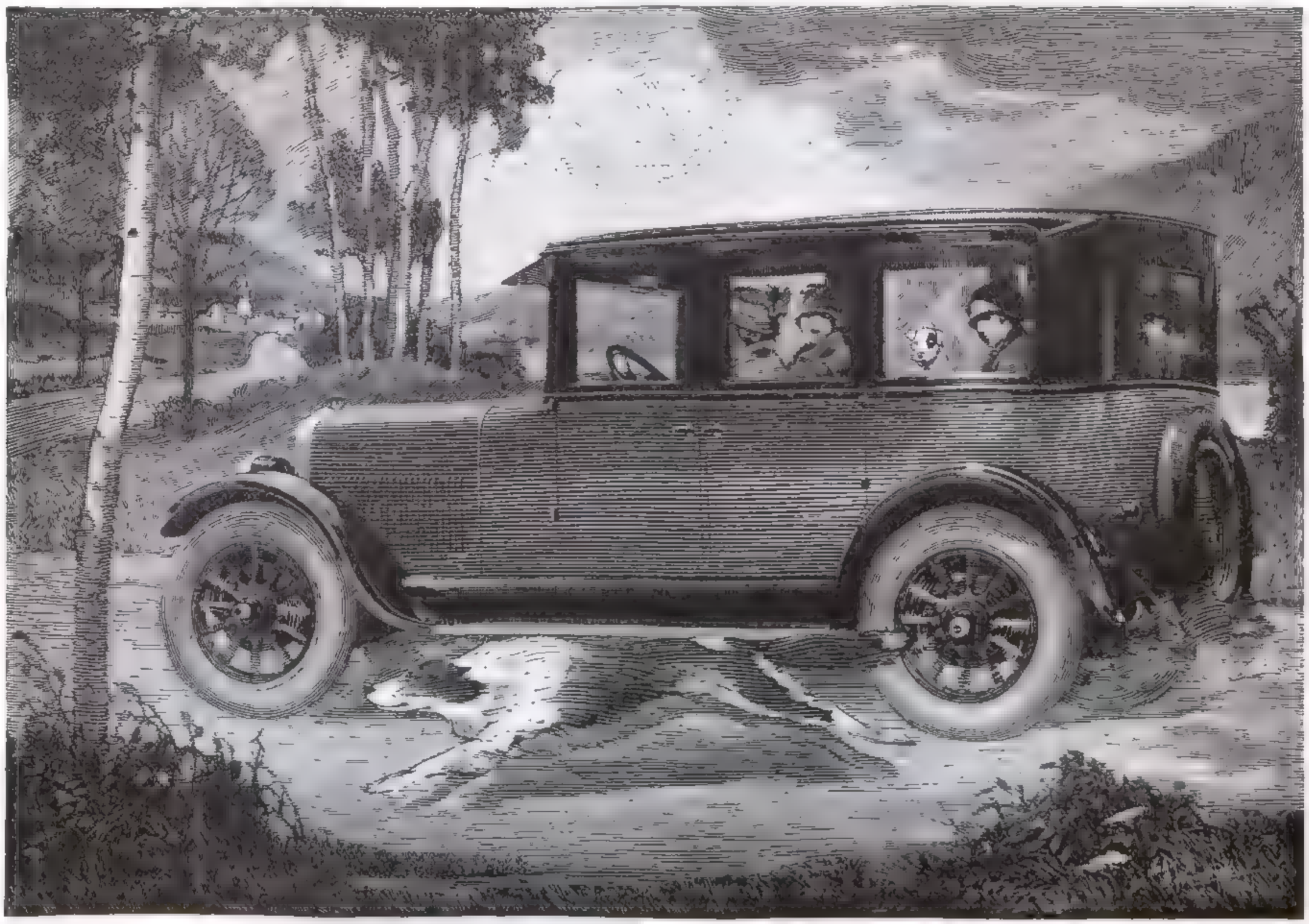
With another chuckle, he swept up both piles and stowed the whole carefully in his pockets. A quick meal followed. Then he went out, shut and locked the door and threw away the key. With one glance at the sun, he strode away.

Up over hummocks and down into hollows he trudged, passing bushes whereon still hung clusters of tempting blue globules. After a while he came into a footpath, and along it he coursed with freer swing. Crossing a knoll, he let his gaze rove once more about the erstwhile vacant lands which soon would again be empty of human life.

"Gold kentry, sure 'nough," he murmured. "Blue gold, that's what 'tis. But there's snakes an' other p'ison things round that gold too. An' I guess next year I'll stay to home an' pick my tater bugs. A feller can't be lucky all o' the time."

Tranquilly smoking his pipe, he passed down the other side of the knoll, leaving behind him the land of deceitful treasure and heading homeward into the craggy Traps.





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INTO THE VALE OF KASHMIR

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

WITH the exceptions of polo, cricket, tennis, racing, bridge, a 30 per cent duty on automobiles, the price of gasoline, the arbicontrariness of the French, the gold-plated meanness of the United States and other peoples' manners and morals, about the only thing any Englishman in India ever talks about is the Indian political situation.

What with its extraordinary history; its spectacular background; its infinite complications and innumerable ramifications, this situation is more interesting, perhaps, than the average in a world beset with situations: but as something to investigate in detail; as something to work at fourteen hours a day seven days in the week, as something to talk about and read about for a long period, to the practical exclusion of all things else, it is somewhat fatiguing; and I do not mind saying that at the end of two months spent in the midst of it I was pretty well fed up and in a mood to regard a temporary escape from India as greatly to be desired. That was just about the time I got within striking distance of Kashmir, and said I to myself, "Scenery! Romance! The picturesque! The gypsy trail and a rest for the weary! I know what I shall do! I shall go to Kashmir!"

I had with me an old map which provided the country with boundaries on all four sides, thus making it look quite shut in and secluded, and a sense of seclusion was what I most ardently wished to realize. The later map makers hardly ever bother even to indicate a southern boundary. They merely sprawl the name of the little principality over an indefinite area within the limits of India and let it go at that. But this only serves to remind one that in getting out of the British Empire from almost any given point one is likely to have to go a long way.

Beautiful Nishat Bagh Brilliant With Flowers and Marvelous Fountains and Shaded With Magnificent Chinar Trees

Under the Drooping Chinar

MY PRINCIPAL idea of Kashmir was expressed in the musically measured phrase, "a houseboat moored in the wide-branched shade of a drooping chinar tree." I have forgotten where or under what circumstances this phrase fastened itself in my memory, but it made an appeal to my imagination and created for me a mental picture which was altogether alluring. It sang itself into my inner consciousness—whether in form exactly correct I do not know—and I never afterward thought of it without wishing that I might sometime find myself in the only country on earth in which one may see "a houseboat moored in the wide-branched shade of a drooping chinar tree."

Incidentally, I wanted very much to know what a chinar tree looked like. The cryptomeria, the deodar—splendid first cousin of the Lebanon cedar—the pipal, the tamarisk, the banyan, the bamboo and various other trees with names that recall to memory pictures of the East were all familiar to me; but I had never met the chinar, nor had I ever read a description of it except a description which described it simply and quite solemnly as the most beautiful tree on earth.

I knew about Kashmir shawls. I was brought up with one for which I had a very great respect. It figured in my young life as an heirloom and was always kept carefully folded away in a cedar chest upstairs in the front hall. But so far as I was concerned it had no geographical significance. That was before I got into Asiatic geography in my reluctant endeavor to acquire the rudiments of an education, and if anyone had asked me why it was called a Kashmir shawl I should have said it was called a Kashmir shawl because it was made of Cashmere, which was the way most people spelled—as many still do—the name not only of the country but also of the material, which was succeeded, I believe, by nuns' veiling as a fashionable fabric. Out in my congressional district we called this material "cashmer," with a strong nasal accent on the "cash," and though it was an American product made of ordinary sheep's wool, as I remember it in the light of a more mature experience, it was a very good imitation of the genuine East Indian article.

Kashmir Dancing Girls

And since I seem to have launched into a brief and not at all serious résumé of what I once knew about Kashmir, I may go on perhaps and say that I had also heard about Kashmir carved wood—not in my early youth, however. But of the country and its people in actual fact, of Kashmir and the Kashmiri, I had only the vaguest notion ever, and it was therefore that I set out for the celebrated Vale with a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland sensation. Though this sensation was somewhat marred and modified as a result of predictions on the part of British friends that I would find the journey all by myself a bit stiff.

Risks

THE British officer in Rawalpindi to whom I first made known my wish to make this journey said to me, "But see here, I suppose you know that getting into Kashmir is a good deal of a hair-raising job?"

"No," said I, "I don't know anything about it: but I'm not particularly timid, so you needn't worry about that. Just what hair-raising things does one do?"

"Sure you aren't nervous?" he persisted.

"Not that way."

"Got a heart of any kind?"

"What do you mean—heart of any kind?"

"Anything the matter with your heart? You know you have to climb to perfectly terrific heights, and if you don't go over a precipice you are as likely as not to be caught in an avalanche."

I said, "Oh, nonsense!" Then side-stepped a point of possible doubt when I assured him that so far as I knew my heart was perfectly sound.

"Well, mine isn't!" he exclaimed. "I nearly cashed in on that road myself once. I got a palpitation and a wheeze that made me think I had a fife-and-drum corps in my chest. I had to drive a car the whole 200 miles in one day, and I give you my word that just from heaving it round the curves I was a cripple for a week."

He then went on to tell me as many stories as he could think of about accidents and fatalities, and said that a great many persons got violently ill in the high altitudes, while a great many others had to be blindfolded for the better part of the trip. Presently, however, he cheered up and proceeded to do everything he could to help me. The principal thing I wanted him to do, besides advising me as to the established procedure, was to engage a motor car for me. I knew I had to have a motor car, and I knew that if I engaged it myself I should probably pay a price for it that would all but entitle me to permanent ownership.

The American traveler in India is everybody's benefactor. He is expected to pay a good deal more for everything he buys and for everything he does than anybody else would think of paying, and if he doesn't do it cheerfully he soon finds himself in an uncomfortable position. The Indians are adept in the gentle art of boycott, and in their different communities of interest they are capable of an extraordinary unity of purpose when it comes to maintaining a system by which they all profit.

For instance, a friend of mine not long ago was boycotted in a hotel because she had the temerity to tell a

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(Continued from Page 46)

visiting fellow countryman that he was feeing the servants too extravagantly. He was giving them without protest what they demanded, as so many Americans do; but when he was leaving he said to them that Mrs. So-and-So, who had lived in India for years and knew what she was talking about, had told him what to give them and that he would give them just that much and no more. After which Mrs. So-and-So found that she could get no attention or service of any kind. She was greatly puzzled, not knowing that she had been betrayed; and after a day or two she went to the manager about it. He made an inquiry, told her what the situation was and said that he could do nothing but advise her to go to another hotel. And he added that it was not at all certain that she could get service in any hotel in that city. Which would seem to me to suggest the existence of a rather sound if somewhat reprehensible organization.

There is no question that throughout India there are three prices for everything. One price is for Americans, and especially for American tourists; one price is for the sahibs and the mem-sahibs—in other words, the resident British—while there is a third price for the native populations, this being generally very low from a white man's viewpoint, but in keeping with the average Indian earning capacity and standard of living. And, mind you, I am thinking in terms of identical articles and identical services

Methodical Fleecing of Visitors

IN A CERTAIN city one day I was wandering around among temples and tombs with a very interesting Hindu guide who happened to be rather unusually well educated and who was a good deal of a gentleman. When we started out in the early morning to see the sun rise on the bathing and burning ghats, and to catch the multitudes in their devotional ablutions and in their sacrifices and prostrations before the gods, I said to him that I did not want to go that day into any shops. I was familiar with the facts that all travelers' trails in India lead to shops; that to keep from being guided into shops calls for the exercise of considerable determination, and that the traveler must know what he wants to see and insist upon having it shown to him by the person he engages for that purpose

I had a wonderful morning on a wonderful river, beholding wonders of human devotion to conceptions of life beyond my casual comprehension, and was wholly preoccupied with wondering at it all, when my guide conducted me through a maze of narrow streets and dingy courtyards and up a long flight of rickety stairs into a room which was like nothing I had ever seen before. It was a silk shop. The walls were hung with silks; shelves were piled with silks, while the floor was strewn knee deep with rolls of silk unrolled in shimmering heaps of gorgeous color.

Not being a person of very firm character, I overlooked for the moment the failure of my guide to obey me and succumbed without a struggle to the temptation into which he had led me. I sank into the depths of a soft couch—oh, so seductively soft, so restful after hours spent under a white-hot sun tramping round over cobblestones, climbing up and down steep ghats and templed cliffs and absorbing unabsorbable impressions! I sank into the depths of this couch and permitted myself to be waited upon by at least five most ingratiating young Indians. The silks were nearly all in the form of saris, a sari being that with which an Indian woman drapes herself from head to feet in folds of such grace as no Western woman could ever hope to imitate.

There was one piece which found its way into my lap and stayed there. It was a heap of gossamer gold. I caressed its loveliness and thought of the beautiful evening gown it was going to make for me. I knew just the shade of rose against which it would shimmer with the most perfect effect. I assured the young men that I was not buying silks, but that I greatly appreciated the privilege of seeing the exquisite things they had to show me. Then holding up the gold sari, I asked, "How much is this?"

One of them gathered it up and folded it with loving hands; then placing it upon my knee, with a bow indicative of hopeless resignation to all but unbearable sacrifice, he said, "You may have that for $900."

My heart missed a beat or two, but I maintained an outward calm.

"Oh," said I, "it is a very old piece, is it? It must be quite historic to be worth so much."

"No," he said, with pardonable pride, "it is a product of our own mills."

"You mean it was made day before yesterday?"

"It is of recent date."

"Then," said I, "it cannot be worth any such fantastic price. More than $100 a yard! And incidentally," I continued, "will you tell me why you quote prices in dollars instead of rupees?"

"It is to save our American customers the trouble of reckoning," said he.

I laughed and answered, "Well, that's the only thing it saves your American customers."

After which I carefully laid the expensive bit of silk on the soft and seductive sofa and walked out. I was merely amused at the moment, but as I went down the steep and rickety stairway I began to reflect, with the result that by the time I got out again on the white-hot cobblestones somebody was due to get the benefit of my wrath.

I said to my guide, "Didn't I tell you I would not do any shopping today? Why did you lead me into that den of iniquity?"

He answered:

"A thousand pardons, mem-sahib! I had to do it. A man must live. A good many of the better silk-and-curio shops are owned by the hotel companies, and those that are not—even the little ones—arrange to pay commissions to the hotels on sales to guests. I am a hotel guide, and all guides are instructed to give as little time as possible to sightseeing and to take the visitors to the shops. If I failed to do this I would lose my place and could get no employment as a guide anywhere in India, and it is the only thing I know how to do. I didn't want to take you to the shop, but how could I explain to the manager why I had not done so? I am telling you something I should not, but I think you will not betray me."

I assured him that he need have no apprehensions in that regard, and I assure all and sundry that from this description of him he could not be identified.

I asked him, "How much was that piece of silk actually worth?"

"It is a very beautiful sari," said he; "but I could buy it for about 300 rupees." Less than $100!

Later, in Calcutta, an Englishwoman entertained me for an entire evening with uproariously funny comments on American tourists in general and on what she called the "kiyorious" behavior of a shipload of them who had arrived the day before.

High Prices for Americans

AND she said, "I suppose you know, my dear, that certain shops actually send notices to their regular customers advising them to postpone any shopping they may want to do until the invasion is over, because while the Americans are here the prices are all much higher."

I grinned without mirth, and answered, "Oh, is that so?"

It is not the fault of the British authorities, however that Americans for the most part are "done in the eye," as the British say, nearly everywhere they go, though I cannot believe that the fact that they are would be contemplated by any Britisher with grave concern. Taking it away from the Americans seems to be a game which everybody enjoys, and whoever is not in a position to play it himself likes to see it played. Nevertheless, at practically all important points in India small booklets are to be obtained official guidebooks often enough—in which one may find lists of prices of nearly everything in the way of local products and scales of correct charges for all kinds of conveyances and other traveling services.

These booklets are admirable as an indication of right-mindedness on the part of their authors or sponsors, but they are not much use in the hands of a hapless stranger who has no Hindustani and who finds that in an argument almost any Indian tradesman can silence him with a noisy flow of broken but very serviceable English.

In another city one day I faced with one of these books a seller of a peculiar and interesting kind of rug of local manufacture, only to be assured by him with great scorn that the book was issued before the war, when everything in India was much cheaper. I opened it at the title page and showed him that it was issued in 1922, whereupon he talked a bright blue streak in an effort to convince me that

(Continued on Page 50)

A General View of Calcutta

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 48

the rugs described and listed at such prices were so inferior in quality that he would not think of showing them to "a distinguished American." However monosyllabic and fragmentary the usual tradesman's English may be, he knows the value of that flattering designation, because he has had occasion often enough to see it getting in its subtle work. There is a widespread belief among all peoples that all Americans are rich, and especially all Americans who travel; while there is a widespread inclination on the part of Americans who travel to encourage this belief. They like it. The kind of American who would rather go broke than be regarded as a cheap skate is a numerous pest in the highways and byways of the world, and it is he really who is at least partly responsible for the difficulties of the other kind of American, who has less by way of a financial margin upon which to indulge his vanity.

However, one lives and sometimes learns. I had a little Tourist's Guide to Kashmir which contained a brief statement with regard to legitimate charges for various necessities; but rather than encounter an inevitable argument with a Rajput brigand in the garage business and run a risk of getting the worst car in his shop in case I refused to pay what he would be sure to call a special price for special service, I asked the British captain to do the negotiating for me.

Rawalpindi is headquarters for the Army of the North and one of the largest military stations in India. It lies in the path and shadow of the never-ending menace on the northwest frontier and has a history which is largely a record of invasions and ruthless devastations; so in spite of all the budding ambitions and newly acquired liberties of the Indian populations, in spite of the sinister agitations and incitements to violence against the British raj in all parts of the empire, the Rawalpindian, in common with most other citizens in these northwest regions, still has a certain self-interested regard for the British officer of whatever rank. I knew my luck in having some army officers for friends, and I knew the captain sahib would get me a motor car for exactly what he would have to pay for it himself.

He did, too, and everything was eminently satisfactory. My driver looked as though he had a fair amount of human intelligence, and he had with him the queerest little bunch of dirt and dust by way of a helper that could possibly be imagined. No Indian chauffeur could ever be expected to take a car out by himself, of course; at any rate, not for a long drive. Indeed, no Indian ever seems to do anything by himself. Your Number One Man, in whatever capacity, if he happens to be a Hindu, may be a Brahman for all you know; but his helper, who is referred to always as a sweeper, is invariably of the lowest caste. There is nobody in Hindu India except the untouchables to perform the menial tasks; and it is a fact that a high-caste Hindu would wallow in filth before he would touch a broom or make any kind of effort to clean up his own surroundings. However, since there are some 50,000,000 menials to depend upon, this is probably not to be wondered at. One of the explanations as to why Indian cities are so terribly dirty is probably that the sweepers are so poorly paid for the work they do that they don't care in the least how they do it or whether they do it at all.

A Jewel of Purest Ray

I subsequently learned that my two men were Mohammedans; but a Mohammedan Indian in any kind of responsible position is just like any other Indian; he must have his helper and maintain his dignity. A car has to be cleaned sometimes, and sometimes cranked; it has to be supplied with water and oil and gasoline, and if you happen to be out of luck, a tire must occasionally be changed, and none of these things could possibly be done by a driver. His job is to drive and to inspect from his lofty elevation of superior social standing the work of his slave.

When I first saw the lad I was fascinated. He really was extraordinary even for India. He was dirt-brown from his dirty-brown puggree to his dusty bare brown feet, while his baggy muslin trousers and baggy muslin shirt were as brown as the rest of him, though they showed streaky signs of having been originally white. But he had a peculiarly attractive face and very nice manners, and when he touched his forehead and said, "Salaam, Lady Sahib," I said, "Salaam," and restrained a desire to ask Lahori to keep him away from my bedding and tiffin basket.

Lahori was my new bearer, the one-eyed son of Beelzebub from Bombay who had traveled with me nearly all over India, having finally brought upon himself the ignominy of summary dismissal. And just as I was making my preparations to go to Kashmir too! I was left in a most unpleasant predicament, and might have been delayed indefinitely but for the fact that an unsuccessful picture palace had recently closed its doors and in doing so had thrown out of employment a number of desirable citizens, among whom was Lahori. He was a Rajput, and turned out to be one of those jewels of purest ray serene that you sometimes read about and often hear other people bragging about, but seldom have the good fortune to secure for your own service.

The morning we started they were packing in the duffel when I arrived on the scene, the duffel consisting of two rolls of bedding and two tins of gasoline on the running boards, and my own bedding roll, coats, suitcase, dressing bag and food basket piled in behind where I was to sit. The two rolls on the running boards belonged to Lahori and the chauffeur, but it seemed that the boy was not supposed to require anything in the way of luggage. It was not until afterward that I learned this, and I then wondered how the poor little wretch had managed to live without suffering, as I never would permit anyone to suffer in my immediate vicinity if I could help it. We ran into temperatures that froze the marrow in my bones, and there was no night when I was comfortable under less than two blankets and my heavy overcoat. Yet so far as I could see, this interesting representative of Indian civilization had nothing between himself and what the thermometer told us we were up against except his thin muslin draperies designed for approximate comfort in a temperature of 110.

Protective Coloration

With me duly established in the space which was left for me, it was all quite snug and cozy, and after he had hovered about long enough to be sure there was nothing more he could do for me, Lahori climbed in beside the driver. Whereupon the smiling little bunch of uncleanliness proceeded to bestow itself on the fender alongside the hood with its back against Lahori's roll of bedding.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "That boy can't ride on a perch like that for 200 miles!"

Lahori assured me that he could, while the driver, who also understood English, glanced back at me with a patient and indulgent smile.

"Oh, very well," said I to myself, this being the phrase I ordinarily employ to express my whole attitude toward customs with which I am not familiar. If it is *el costumbre del pais*—the custom of the country—as we say in the Philippines, I merely accept it as a thing unchanging and unchangeable, which it usually is. Anyhow, I soon forgot all about the boy, because we were off in a cloud of dust with which he blended so perfectly that he was practically invisible. This explained to a certain extent his general color scheme, and I may add that as regarded his invisibility on this account it was not very long before he had nothing on me.

One usually travels on the plains of India either in a cloud of dust or in a slough of mud, and there are only occasional patches of anything in the nature of a happy medium between these two extremes. During the dry season the dust almost everywhere is very deep and very fine, and the air one breathes is constantly filled with it. Vehicles kick it up in the roads and in the streets of cities and towns, while the slightest breeze will lift clouds of it that no following breeze ever seems to blow away. It is hardly necessary to describe the kind of mud such dust turns into when the rains begin.

On my way into Kashmir I was fated to encounter almost every kind of going that a motor car ever ran into but it was the kind of road upon which one can be blissfully oblivious to both danger and discomfort unless one is a fit subject for nothing but a sanitarium.

Getting out of Rawalpindi it was also very hot, so I had to wear a pith helmet and have the top up. I didn't much care for this on a trip I was making largely for the purpose of seeing the scenery, but it is better to crane one's neck a little in order to see scenery than to be knocked on the head by an Indian sun. It was early spring; but the hot season on the plains had already begun, and already the annual British migration to the hills was well under way.

To be perfectly honest about it, and to minimize all the thrills so far as I may, I shall have to admit that going to Kashmir is a very simple matter. Everybody in India goes to Kashmir. At any rate, everybody talks about it until one gets an impression that it is India's most easily accessible playground. But one eventually recognizes the somewhat amusing fact that as a subject of conversation it serves almost as well for those who have never seen the country as for those who know it well.

In a Calcutta newspaper one morning I read a letter in the correspondence column the last line of which caused me to smile in sympathetic understanding. It was signed Pro Bono Publico, and I think maybe old Pro Bono had been having some discouraging encounters. He sounded annoyed and rather disgusted. He went on to say that he was writing in the interest of an elderly European married couple of limited means and would regard it as a favor if some recent visitor to Kashmir or a British resident of that country would furnish him with particulars as to the approximate cost of living per month per head in a hotel, boarding house or house boat for a period of a month or two at Srinagar or elsewhere; the best time of year to visit Kashmir and the most suitable kind of clothing to be taken along. Then he added, "In fact any information will be appreciated from those who have had experience, as there are many contrary opinions expressed by those who claim to have been there."

I could have told him that many contrary opinions are expressed by those who actually have been there. In those circles there are no two opinions as regards seasons of the year, but as regards material considerations there are as many differences of opinion as there are differences in tastes and in individual means or inclination to indulge them. Also, strangely enough, there are a few differences of opinion as to the unique desirability of making a trip to Kashmir in the first place.

A few days before I set out on my little journey the wife of a British army officer did what she could to dampen my ardor by assuring me that it was the most overrated country on earth. She said she couldn't imagine how it had ever acquired its reputation for being so beautiful and so fascinating. She thought maybe one person had simply followed another's lead in enthusing over it until enthusing over it had become an established custom from which nobody dared to deviate for fear of being regarded as eccentric.

Happy Hunting Grounds

Nevertheless, there are many who have succumbed completely to the charm of the country and who go back year after year to drowse away the spring or autumn in their house boats—yes, moored in the wide-branched shade of drooping chinar trees—to climb surpassing mountains or to go on long expeditions after big game in and out of the marvelous Himalayan and Karakoram valleys. The guidebook says that the bear, the leopard, the stag and the ibex are still to be had in considerable numbers, while foxes and monkeys of different varieties are quite plentiful, and it adds in a humorous vein ill befitting the dignity of a guidebook that flies, mosquitoes and parasitic insects are a specialty. To the truth of this I myself can testify, although I probably met only the vanguard of the annual buzzing host of occupation. For a week or more after I returned to the plains I continued to nurse poisonous wounds on my arms and face that disfigured me and tortured me most horribly. Then one day Lahori said to me that at any rate I knew they were not fleabites, and that with plague raging all over India as it had not done in years, that was something to be thankful for. I was in such misery at the moment, applying a lotion and resisting a desire to scratch, that I hardly knew whether to feel comforted or to scare myself out of India by the first available transportation.

Kashmir is also a happy hunting ground for scientists of various kinds. These are mostly botanists and geologists, who have an almost unlimited field for their labors; but there is an occasional archæologist also who thinks maybe the ancient ruins of the country—of which there are very few—may reveal something the world needs to know. Most of these seasoned old in-and-outers are curiously reticent about what Kashmir has to offer to the ordinary traveler, and will just reluctantly admit to the inquiring stranger that in making the trip he will not be wasting his time. Some of them, as a matter of fact, will not even go that far.

One such said to me one day, "Oh, Kashmir is utterly ruined! Everybody goes there nowadays. It makes me ill."

A geological mountain climber, he was; a lank man who specializes in glaciers and who goes about chipping bits off the landscape and analyzing them. I said something about the generosity of his disposition and came to the conclusion that he and those who resemble him are all jealous; that they would like to turn the Vale and its surrounding grandeurs into a preserve for themselves; a scientific preserve; a game preserve; a charm preserve; a thrill preserve; a good hunting preserve, not only in huntings for wild creatures in the wild wonderful rim of the valley but huntings as well for still plentiful rich and rare treasures in the arts and crafts of the people.

There are a good many routes into Kashmir; but there is only one motor road, and until very recently even this was wholly unfit for motor traffic. It is still referred to as a cart road, and many persons still prefer to travel over it by tonga rather than endure the nerve shocks inevitably incidental to the trip by automobile, the tonga being the universal vehicle of Northern India; a two-wheeled pony or bull-drawn contraption with two seats back to back, a buggylike fore-and-aft hood arrangement and a motion that would fill a camel with envy and discouragement.

British Road Building

It takes from three to four days to do the trip by tonga, and even this means fast going when you consider the tremendous heights to be climbed and the winding descents that have to be taken at even a slower pace than the upgrades. There are persons who, like my friend the captain, make the whole distance from Rawalpindi to Srinagar by automobile in one day; but I cannot imagine the worst speed fiend alive doing this for pleasure. Making it in two days is much too fast from my viewpoint, and I think if I ever go again to Kashmir I shall either walk or organize a donkey caravan, and, selecting one of the byways through the mountain fastnesses, go in the guise of a botanist or some other variety of scientist with a permit from the British raj to wander at will.

Needless to say that the motor road, such as it is, is due entirely to the ambition, initiative, energy, enterprise and imperial necessity of the British. And needless to say that it was built and is maintained, improved and policed solely at the expense of the country it was ostensibly designed to benefit. Moreover, this may truthfully be said of almost everything of modern value and utility throughout the length and breadth of India.

The British have also contemplated the construction of a railroad into Kashmir, and a number of surveys have been made—at the expense of the Kashmir Government, to be sure, and in the face of the customary political protest against British aggression—but no railroad has yet been begun, nor is there a railroad of any kind in all the maharaja's dominions, of which Kashmir is but one province and which comprises a territory of approximately 84,000 square miles.

In the old days—the old days of Kashmir being within the easy memory of men of my own generation—there were only foot and camel trails for the most part out through the marvelous passes, and these were used by the Kashmiri merchants for their caravans laden with sumptuous treasures in jewels and furs, in carved woods intricate in design and delicately wrought beyond comparison, in fine-woven carpets and more finely embroidered fabrics, and in vessels of copper and silver minutely inlaid and in forms to lure the mind of the West eastward in dreams of a rich and colorful East. Now the Murree route, as it is called—otherwise the soon-to-be great motor highway—is used by bull cart and donkey or camel caravans to cart or carry out of Kashmir anything the Kashmiri merchants can put over on an unsuspecting

(Continued on Page 52)

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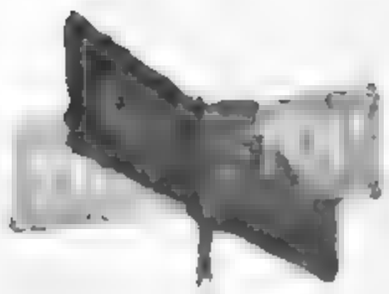

Watch This Column

Public opinion has the right of way in my thoughts and in all of Universal's activities. If the public says I have made a good picture, it's good, no matter what anybody else says. If the public says it is bad, it is bad, no matter how good I may have thought it was. It is Public Opinion that concerns me, and that's why I am seeking it, listening for it and asking you to write your comments and suggestions. Public Opinion is responsible for many of Universal's productions. It is practically running Universal, and I am satisfied.

Some of the best stories of newspaper life have been laid in small towns. That's why I have appealed to Country Editors to write me some stories along that line. I will pay liberally for such stories if acceptable.

"The Mad Whirl," featuring MAY McAVOY, has an unusual and very dramatic plot in which a charming young woman, seeing her lover going astray, lashes him with a whip and turns him away from the "mad whirl." It is from the story, "Here's How," by Richard Washburn Child. In the cast are such excellent players as JACK MULHALL, BARBARA BEDFORD, MYRTLE STEDMAN and GEORGE FAWCETT.

In Universal's magnificent production, ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** LON CHANEY plays the phantom who hovers in and around the great Paris Opera House and seeks to control its destiny. I believe this picture will be even greater than ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** and the volume of mystery will appeal to old and young.

Dramatic critics are a unit in praising ***"The Last Laugh."*** Keep watch for it, because it is far out of the ordinary.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50

and greatly extended market which is undeniably cheap in its tastes.

These caravans are met at frequent intervals, and no matter how narrow and how difficult the road may be, one observes that room is provided for them within every so many miles into which they may turn for the hours of midday or in which they may make camp for the night. These spaces are either cut out of the face of the cliff on the inner side of the road, or they are in the form of wide embankments on the outer edge, one of which every now and then hangs over an abyss that would make a mountain goat dizzy to look into.

Incidentally, practically every village has its caravanserai—a walled and open-chambered shelter—in addition to the wide spaces by the roadside, for the accommodation of wayfarers; and since these, as well as the camping spaces, are nearly always fully occupied, while innumerable trains are to be met on the move, one gets an impression that a large part of the population lives on the highway.

The carts, with their two heavily studded wheels and tentlike canopies of canvas, are picturesque enough; while the placidity of the animals, to say nothing of the men, might surely be described as the kind of thing that should never be disturbed by the honk of the horn of a motor. And I might say that the placidity of the animals hardly ever is. The average bull seems to like above all things to lie in the dust either in the middle of the road or sufficiently near the middle of the road to make of himself an impassable obstacle, and if he has settled down for his midday siesta a motor horn means nothing to him. Your car must stop and you must wait until his usually terrified driver can induce him to remove himself in his own leisurely and lumbering fashion. After which, round the next curve likely as not you will meet a goatherd transferring his frolicsome flock across the roadway from one precipitous grazing ground to another, or a train of heavily laden donkeys will be coming along doing the usual donkey act of scattering all over the road in the utmost disorder. The donkeys will be in charge of two or three men who will be paying not the slightest attention to them, and who, the moment they see your car, will run for dear life either up one slope or down the other; or if the slopes are too steep to negotiate, they will flatten themselves in abject terror against the bank, leaving their frisky beasts to look out for themselves or your chauffeur to look out for them; which, having due regard for his own well-being perhaps, he does with a painstaking patience that you cannot fail to admire.

Mountain Traffic

One wonders what the poor benighted heathen expect a motor car to do. Do they think it is likely to run amuck like a wild carabao and come right after them? In the minds of most of them no doubt it does figure as a kind of uncontrollable monster, and I am told that in some districts, even in the most advanced sections of British India, it is still regarded by the more densely ignorant as something supernatural to be propitiated with prayers and offerings. I am sure a good many car owners in India would want to encourage this superstition if they could induce the superstitious to offer the monster gasoline. The price of gasoline in India for some inexplicable reason is nearly seventy-five cents a gallon!

All of which, however, is getting somewhat ahead of myself when my whole intention is to linger along. But not to be too leisurely, I might say that by now I am out of the cloud of dust, having covered thirty-eight miles from Rawalpindi to Murree and climbed 7500 feet in the last eighteen miles of it. Some road! I will say that for it. Though in long stretches of it the material with which it is metaled could hardly be thought of as being on its surface, while it boasts precipitous bends that would make me feel rather prayerful if I were driving a big motortruck round them on a rainy day.

We passed innumerable motor trucks as well as cart and camel trains, and I observed that most of them were laden with military and domestic duffel, a fact I accepted as evidence that Rawalpindi was moving up to summer quarters at Murree, the hill station for all this part of the Punjab. The trucks were all making the usual motortruck racket which prevents the usual motortruck driver from hearing the appealing or peremptory little honk of a humble or haughty little horn on a passenger car behind him; many camels that normally would have been ambling along in disdainful silence were grumbling and complaining; while the bull carts squeaked with an awful squeak, and the men, seeming for some reason to resent the passing of a motor car, shouted what sounded like violent imprecations and withering maledictions in a really terrible language. You see, it was fearfully hot and the dust we were leaving behind us was a good deal thicker than anybody else's dust. It was probably very irritating.

But none of these things, nor the somewhat too numerous blind and narrow curves in the road, disturbed my serenity. I was disturbed only when the dust became thick enough to shut out the view; at which times, while I wiped my burning eyes, I wondered why I had imagined it would be restful to go to Kashmir. Yet truth to tell, and disregarding all the drawbacks, it was wonderful! By degrees as we climbed, the view became positively stupendous. Perhaps you don't care for descriptions of scenery? Well, neither do I.

The Seasons in India

The only descriptions of scenery from which I ever derived any real enjoyment are to be found in Japanese and Chinese poetry. I am not able to quote any examples from memory, but I am able to say that the chief charm of such descriptions lies in their brevity. But, as I have said, I made this trip largely for the purpose of seeing the scenery, and there it was! First, the plain you are leaving behind you, seen through the wide mouth of the broad valley up which you climb, spreads itself out in illimitable reaches and you think you must be getting a kind of airplane view of the whole Punjab. You might be up about 3000 feet by that time, then little by little the winding valley narrows and you get only an occasional glimpse of the vast flat distance through what has become a peak-guarded gateway. After which the hills close in and you are among the hills. Moreover, you are then only on your way to Kashmir; and though you have been quite sufficiently thrilled, you have not yet begun to see real scenery. You have not yet beheld the opalescent splendor of a far-flung and fully exposed range of the Himalayas.

You stop in Murree for a brief interval at a rest house called Sunnybank. And it is a sunny bank sure enough. It lies at an angle in the hills which catches the sun from late morning until there is no sun, and when I came upon it I breathed a sigh of complete enjoyment in that I found it embowered in fruit trees in full bloom and graced by a little garden aglow with neatly bordered beds of pansies and daffodils, hyacinths, tulips and other flowers that have to do with one's whole life's memories of spring.

On the plains of India the seasons are not referred to as spring, summer, autumn and winter, but only as the dry season, the wet season, the cool season and the hot season; and none of them is ever very dependable or very pleasant. But in the hills the delightful round of the year is more or less the same delightful round we are permitted to enjoy in temperate climates. Winter comes and snow falls; then follows spring with its fresh delicacy of new leaves and fruit blossoms, a profusion of wild flowers and the joy of gardens filled with the year's first offerings. The summer may be hot, but only normally so; and it is succeeded by the unequaled loveliness of a richly colorful autumn, when the leaves fall, as leaves should, and when there is the tang in the air that is good for the white man.

Ordinarily seasons mean nothing to me in connection with any work I may set out to do, and it seems to have been my fate to blunder into such regions as Russia and North China in midwinter and to find myself spending the dog days somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the equator. But for once in my life I was in the right place at the right time, and was happily alive to the pleasing prospect of seeing spring in the country above all others in which spring has a reputation for being superlatively spring.

We left Sunnybank with a Kashmir village called Domel forty-seven miles further on as our day's objective. At Domel we should get accommodation for the night in a dak bungalow. We plunged into the deep gloom of a close-grown forest of deodar and on round the shady side of the mountain, where the snow still lay in the ravines and under the ledges in deep but dusty and discolored banks. Then round a wide curve and out into the sun once more. It was then that my principal reason for going to Kashmir was revealed to me. I had had the top put down at Sunnybank, because, though the sun was strong enough in sunny spots to bring blossoms into bloom, it was not strong enough at such an elevation to be dangerous.

If there had been anything the matter with my heart I probably should have realized it when we turned the sharp curve onto the great down grade. We were 7000 feet in the air at a point where the road was barely wide enough for our wheels. On one side a perpendicular cliff of shaly rock and on the other a steep drop into a vast chasm of magnificent depth. With a bit of a shiver, I smiled happily and thought to myself that if anything should happen and we should go over the side there would be nothing to stop us until we struck sea level.

But there was no time to be concerned with dreadful possibilities, and I even found myself able to resist an almost irresistible impulse to keep on looking down. The road was steep and narrow and dusty and rough, and at frequent intervals there was a sign in the form of a bright red triangle bearing a picture of a hairpin, each of which meant that that was the kind of bend in immediate prospect. My driver was not quite unbearably addicted to the use of his horn; in fact he hardly ever touched it; he just slipped along down at a fairly even pace and took all the chances. But I was not saying anything, because in the first place I never keep my foot on the brake from the rear seat, and in the second place that which was spread out before me was probably the most amazing landscape into which I had ever found my way.

The immediate hills, rolling up and up in every direction, were nearly all wonderfully terraced almost to their very tops, and were agleam in the sun in a wide-flung, crazy-patchwork green brilliance of young rice. Densely forested mountains rose behind them to form a vast somber base for the white majesty of Himalayan ranges rising range behind range in the blue distance. It was overwhelming! There was hardly anything banked against the horizon that was less than 12,000 feet high, while soaring up behind the lesser ranges were peaks reaching up to peaks from 15,000 to 16,000 to 17,000 feet! To the northward, Nanga Parbat, failing to dominate because in such noble company, was nevertheless easy to identify in a soaring magnificence of more than 26,000 feet. To the southeastward the tremendous range of the Pir Panjal tempted me to regret that I was not making my way into Kashmir by one of the 15,000 or 16,000 foot Pir Panjal passes about which the mountaineers talk in such a superior way.

A Ticklish Trail

In a short time, only a few miles down the grade after you leave the Murree hills, you turn into the valley of the River Jhelum, and after that, while you are in Kashmir, the River Jhelum does not cease to play a most interesting part in your daily life. It is a wonderful river and exceedingly important, being one of the great four that rise in the western Himalayas, flow down across the Punjab and empty their waters in the mighty flood of the Indus, supplying on the way a vast system of canals by means of which millions of acres of hitherto arid land have been made to yield rich harvests and great wealth to a one-time chronically famine-stricken population. But from where I caught a first glimpse of it, on a ledge of road about 4000 feet above it, it looked like nothing but a long white ribbon thrown by a giant hand in twists and curls down the far-winding bed of the valley. I knew it was a roaring torrent, nevertheless, and as we slipped on down and down I listened to catch the first sound of its voice.

From the point where you wind round the mountain at Sunnybank and begin to volplane, so to speak, you travel twenty-seven miles to cover a distance of less than ten miles in a direct line, and you drop nearly 6000 feet to reach the river bank. Then unless you are bound and blindfolded in the bottom of your car, or are paralyzed from nervousness, you should be most delightfully excited, because that is where you leave the Punjab and cross over into Kashmir.

(Continued on Page 54)

1

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Mack
Maxwell
Moon
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Overland 6
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Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Roamer
Westcott
White

6

Buick '24 and '25
Chevrolet
Durant 4
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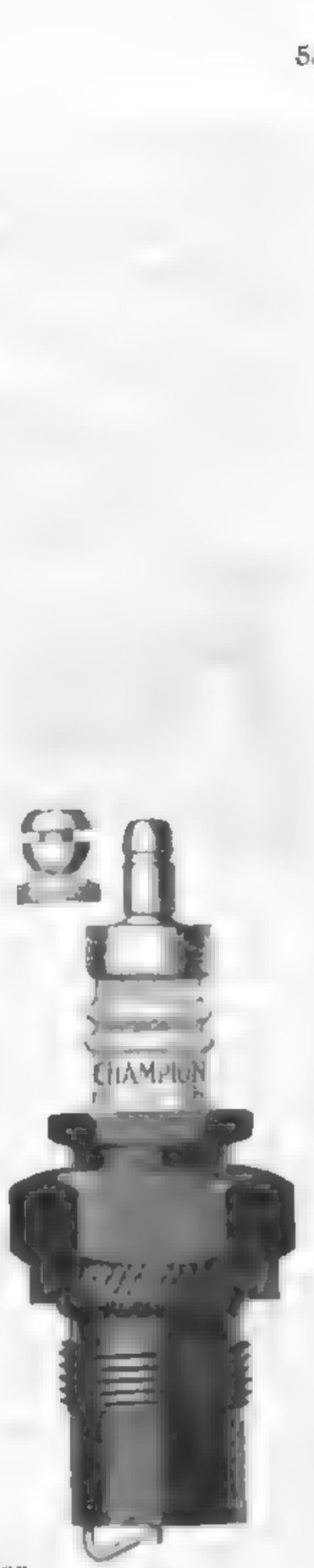

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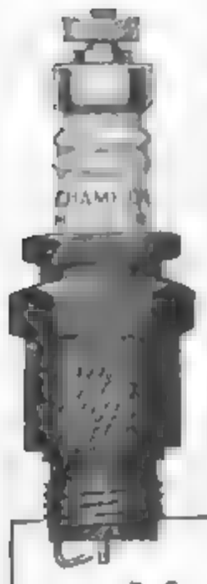

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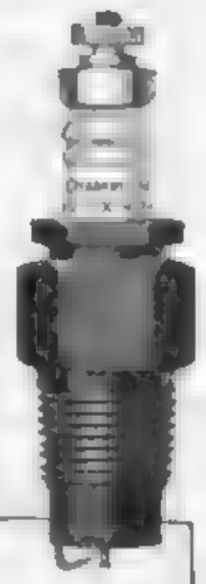

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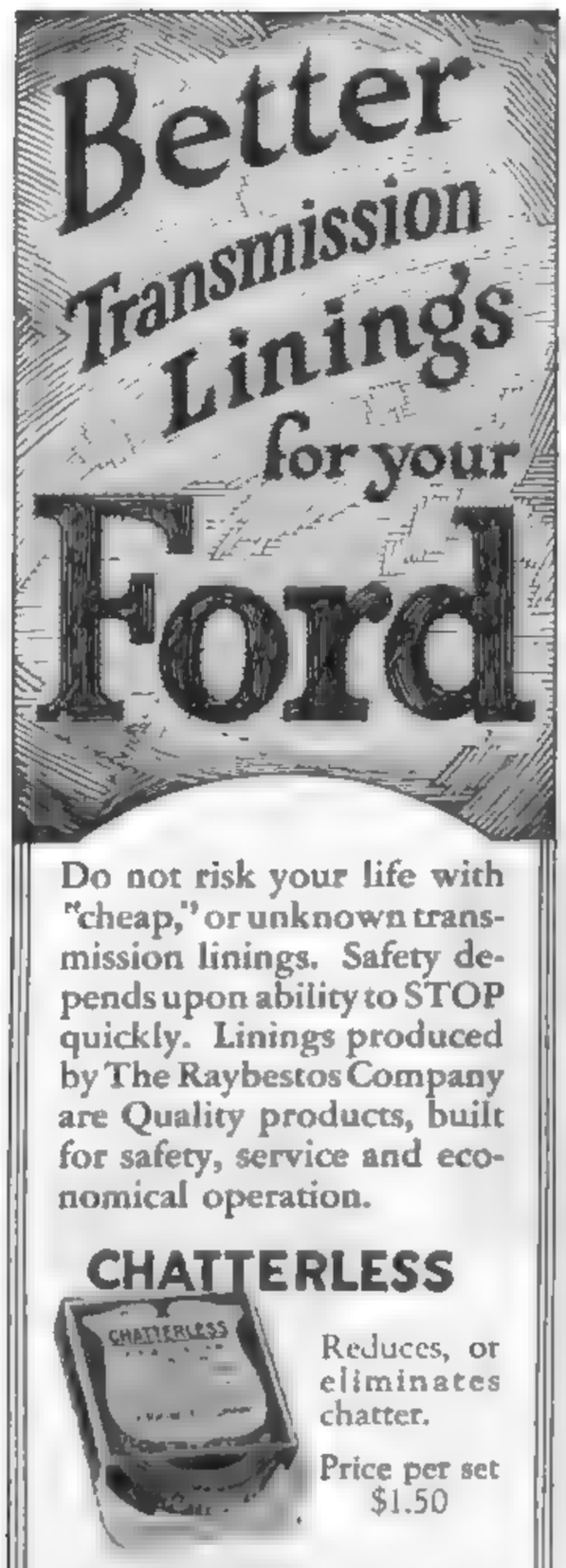

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(Continued from Page 52)

I felt as though I had dropped down out of a rather austere silence into a most friendly sounding noise. The River Jhelum was leaping in the sun over high-piled glittering rocks; swirling in swift eddies along steep shaly banks hung with spring draperies of tender green vines and dainty wild flowers, and forcing its way with a mighty roar through its channel under the long and very modern bridge. We crossed the bridge and ran round a sharp curve into the main street of Kohala, which was blocked with such traffic as may be seen on this road and on no other anywhere. There were bull carts and camels and donkeys innumerable, each with its cumbersome load and all waiting, as I learned at once, for the customs inspection and leave to cross the frontier.

The men in charge of the caravans—nearly all of them making the grimy little slave on my mudguard look like a fairly clean and well-dressed youth—were squatted in groups here and there along the house walls or wherever there was a bit of shade, drawing solemnly at the long tubes of their hookahs, placed before them on the ground, or drowsing away in the usual Eastern contemplation of nothing whatsoever.

We stopped in front of the little customhouse and a courteous Kashmiri gentleman came out to talk with me. He was dressed in ordinary European clothes, spoke excellent English and was pleased to tell me that his highness the maharaja had issued orders to the effect that all foreign visitors were to be permitted to cross the border without examination. Wise man, the maharaja. His purpose is to make Kashmir the Switzerland of the East, and he realizes that among the country's most valuable assets are the features of it that attract the foreign traveler with money to spend. I talked a while with the pleasant gentleman; then we went along, making slow progress through the dense throng, and passing on the way a row of open sheds in one of which I observed some men undergoing the indignity of being stripped and shaken down with scant ceremony while they made loud sounds of violent protest. They were outgoing camel wallahs and bull and donkey drivers being searched for jewels and other small trifles of large value upon which there is a heavy export duty, and which camel wallahs and bull and donkey drivers steal, or come by in various other ways, and smuggle out of the country in considerable quantities, thereby realizing for themselves easy profits in the bazaars of India.

On the Banks of the Roaring Jhelum

But am I too leisurely in getting to where I am going? The getting there is sometimes more interesting than the being there, though in this instance it would be difficult to choose. The Vale of Kashmir is a vale of color, and to linger in it is a joy beyond description. It is a valley of appealing gentleness rimmed round with rugged austerity; a valley of flowers hidden deep in Himalayan grandeurs. The fruit trees were in bloom, and there are fruit trees everywhere. They line the roadway; they are planted in orderly orchards on the floor of the valley; they embower quaint homesteads and straggling villages; they are massed in groups on the hill slopes, sometimes away up against the snow line of the overwhelmingly mountainous horizon; and the colors of them in late April and early May are pink and white and softly purple. And there are wild flowers of innumerable varieties in unbelievable profusion—a vast carpet of wild flowers; little tender things loving the sun and looking askance at the frozen peaks in the glorious far away. I think I must dissent from anybody's expressed opinion that Kashmir is not the loveliest country in the world to get to in the springtime.

At the dak bungalow in Domel—a quaint cottage in a flowery garden on the bank of the roaring Jhelum—I had a strange encounter, and since I cannot get to Srinagar before tomorrow, anyhow, I may as well tell about it. When I arrived the shadows of evening were lying deep in the valley, while the light of a vanishing sun was turning the snows on the peaks and the ranges into crests of rose color and gold. Oh, it was very beautiful! But I was tired. My nerves had withstood as severe a strain as any somewhat clumsily strung and amateurish set of nerves should ever be called upon to endure, and I was ready for the dark, for a bit of supper and then a million dollars' worth of sleep under my steamer rugs on the hard little cot which posed as a bed in the room which was assigned to me by the smiling khansamah, who said he had eggs and would make me an omelet.

But there were sounds of revelry. They came from a room not far from mine up along the low veranda upon which the rooms all opened. I listened for a moment to shrieks of laughter; then, breathing a hope that these shrieks would not be too long drawn out in the advancing night, I removed from my person, in a bath which Lahori had prepared for me, a few layers of road-surfacing material, put on fresh clothes and a few layers of powder and emerged in quest of the omelet. In the meantime my noisy fellow guests had made a festive arrangement for the bungalow dinner, and I found the table laid on the upper tier of the terrace which led, tier on tier, with rocky steps on either side, down to the frothing torrent. It was a delightful scene. The air was cold, but not too cold, and it was with a pleasurable appreciation of the unusual that I accepted the place at the table which the khansamah offered me, the khansamah being chief cook and general manager.

A Lady of Mystery

My fellow guests were British. There were a Lord and Lady Somebody who did not seem to belong to the rest of the party, but who were amiable enough; there were two good-looking young chaps who had got themselves up in white flannels for the occasion; a colonel in uniform and a Mrs. Colonel. They seemed to be having oodles to drink and were as blithe and gay as so many bubbling bottles of vintage champagne.

Mrs. Colonel sat next to me and lost no time in making herself most curiously agreeable. Ordinarily one would expect to sit down with such a company in profound silence. One might venture a softly modulated good evening just by way of being not too utterly unhuman, but to go further than that with strange Britishers would hardly occur to the initiated. Mrs. Colonel, however, was out to be expansive. She asked me right away who I was. I told her. Then she introduced me to everybody and offered me a glass of wine. I said it was not a suitable beverage for a supper of nothing much except an omelet; but she insisted upon my having it, and also upon my sharing their very nice dinner of broiled squabs and hominy, which they had brought with them from Murree. We made a convivial hour of it and talked about many things; after which I announced, with sincere thanks for their hospitality, that I was bruised with fatigue and was going to bed.

I had not been in my room more than two minutes, however, when there came a knock at my door and I opened it to find Mrs. Colonel, with a bright smile on her face, standing on my threshold. She had followed me almost immediately. Without waiting for an invitation, she came in, and gently closing the door behind her, she lowered her voice to a dramatic whisper and said, "D'you know, I like you. Would you mind shaking hands?"

I thought what an extraordinary thing that was for an Englishwoman to do; but of course I laughed and said, "Certainly not!" Then I came to the conclusion that she was either intoxicated or slightly off her head—maybe a little bit of both. She gripped my hand with a peculiar pressure and with her index finger tapped out on the back of it something which might have been in the Morse code, while she eyed me with a knowing look that made me distinctly uncomfortable. It may be that I withdrew my hand somewhat hastily, because she broke into a peal of laughter, then whispered, "Oh, I say, aren't you going to reveal yourself to a colleague?"

"What do you mean—colleague?"

"Oh, come now!" she exclaimed. "You are strict, aren't you?"

"Strict about what?"

"About keeping up the incog."

"I don't know in the least what you are talking about. I am exactly what I purport to be, an American writer neglecting what I probably ought to be doing just now and making a trip to Kashmir for the purposes principally of catching the spring and seeing the scenery."

"Well, it's a good layout, right enough. It must make it easy for you to get nearly anywhere. You were in Russia last year, weren't you? I couldn't get into Russia with a shoehorn! But you actually do some writing, don't you? Doesn't it bore you to tears? I say, you certainly are an interesting person."

"My dear lady, I do nothing else but write! Would you mind telling me what you think I am?"

"It isn't a case of thinking; it's a case of knowing. We know who you are and all about you!"

"Oh, you do, do you?" I exclaimed; then with a sudden inspiration I laughed and added, "In that case I may as well give up!"

"Surely!" said she. "And now do tell me what you are on!"

I had to think very fast, and was sparring for time when I answered, "I like your idea of secret service."

"Oh, that's all right," said she. "No harm in talking if you know whom you're talking to!"

"No, I suppose not."

"But what are you after?"

"I shan't be able to answer that question until I get to Srinagar."

"Do you report to X. Z.?"

"No, I report to the maharaja."

"The deuce you do! By Jove, that's interesting!"

I wondered if I had made a mistake, but I hazarded the remark, "Well, of course you know he is perfectly loyal."

"Perhaps," said she, with a graceful gesture of doubt.

I imagined that she was spoofing just as I was, but I watched her to see what might come of it. She looked a bit worried, while she drew in a lungful of cigarette smoke and blew it out through her nose. Otherwise she really was very beautiful, and she fascinated me. But I was groping in the dark and had to be cautious.

In the meantime I had invited her to sit down on my one and only chair, while I had bestowed myself among the rugs and pillows on the cot.

"What's your lay?" I asked, adopting with some misgiving the language of the penny thriller.

Mum's the Word

"Oh, we're out after that bunch of Bolsheviks!"

"Which bunch?" I asked, as though I was familiar with at least a dozen, and she told me.

She stayed in my room until nearly midnight, and though her assumption that I knew what she was talking about placed me in a position somewhat disadvantageous I learned a good deal about the border situation and the efforts that were being made by the Bolsheviki—with headquarters in Moscow—to undermine the stable estate of Kashmir and all Northwest India. Later on, when Lord Curzon made his public announcement to the effect that the Bolsheviki would have to call off their activities in those regions if they wished to enjoy any kind of recognition from the British Government, I remembered this encounter and wondered what the lady really was trying to get at. In a limited sense, she probably was genuine. In any case, she amused me.

Indeed, I was tremendously amused, and by nothing so much as her final remark. As she stretched herself up to go away—and oh, how I wanted her by that time to go away!—she said, "I will say for you that you know something about the art of keeping everything to yourself!"

I laughed and answered, "I'm afraid that's more than I can say for you."

"Oh, don't be too sure," she replied. "One can talk an awful lot without really saying anything."

"I told you the truth when you first came in," said I. "I never did an hour's secret service work in my life, either for my own country or for yours."

She regarded me with a quizzical look of entire unbelief.

"Well, never mind," said she. "See you in Srinagar, I hope. Good night." "Good night," said I, and, "Good night!" said I to myself as I closed the door behind her and turned wearily toward my anything but downy couch.

The next morning I was up betimes, had visited the river bank, wandered up and down the village street and by half past eight was packed in my car and proceeding on my way to Srinagar. Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, is like no other city on earth. It is weird and wonderful. Sight-seeing and shopping in Srinagar are unique enjoyments.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth and last of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan.

News of First National Pictures

Here Comes "Sally"

Ziegfeld's Stage Success is Picturized with Colleen Moore in the Title Rôle

"SALLY" is here—making an appropriate entrance into the country's theatres in the first days of Spring. It's like transposing a lilting and gay tune into pictures.

Colleen Moore plays the title rôle—the little waif who starts dancing to the strains of an East Side hurdy gurdy and never stops until the spotlight of Broadway's smartest musical show floods her elfin and lissome figure. And zest and gayety and romance follow those twinkling toes.

Lloyd Hughes plays opposite Miss Moore in this picture, and Leon Errol repeats in the comedy rôle which he played on the stage.

Above, Colleen Moore in the title role of "Sally."

Above—Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon.

Below, on the right—a dramatic scene from the London society drama "One Way Street".

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in "I Want My Man."

"I Want My Man"

HE married her because he was grateful. She married him because she pitied him so—his sightless eyes and his utter helplessness. But then when his sight was restored it was all different. No man wants to be married for pity, and no woman out of gratitude. So the wife he had never seen disappeared and came back unknown into his life to fight for his love against dangerous competitors—the sophisticated youth of today.

"I Want My Man" is built upon a foundation of strong drama, and of course Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon see that it is forcefully acted. It is an adaptation of Struthers Burt's novel, "The Interpreter's House."

Lambert Hillyer directed, and others in the cast are Phyllis Haver and May Allison.

"One Way Street"

THE traffic rules of life are rigid—there is no turning back on its one way street when the days of youth are past. "One Way Street" eludes the artificialities of many screen plays and unearths the poignant drama of a woman who defied the years. But youth is not a matter of face and figure—it's a spirit, an urge, an understanding, and the cry of her heart to the young man she loves is a false, discordant cry that never can be answered.

Ben Lyon plays the young American with whom London society falls in love. Anna Q. Nilsson is the woman whom science made young, and Marjorie Daw is the youthful sweetheart. John Francis Dillon directed.

"One Year to Live"

LOTS of things can happen when a pretty young girl decides to crowd the experiences of a lifetime into the single year that doctors have given her to live. Little Elise, maid in a Parisian theatre, starts to conquer Paris from behind the footlights and make her final bow from Life when the whole mad, gay city is singing her praises.

Above are Antonio Moreno and Rosemary Theby in a scene from M. C. Levee's production, "One Year to Live." Aileen Pringle plays *Elise*, and Dorothy MacKaill has an important rôle. The picture is of special interest because of the glimpses of Parisian theatrical life it affords. The story, by John Hunter, was a popular newspaper serial last year.

Questions on First National pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, editor, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

You rinse off the lather —*then what?*

THERE'S the place where men's spirits used to droop—after the shave. Dry preparations and liniments don't fill the bill. Fine for some things but not for after shaving. No wonder most men dashed on cold water and let it go at that.

Then came Aqua Velva—created expressly for after shaving. Little wonder men seized upon it as a long-lost friend.

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—it delights with its man-style fragrance

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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

TEARS

(Continued from Page 19)

relieved when the two women drove away and Irene had said nothing more personal to him than "Don't be late to dinner tonight."

He went back to the Lassiter plant, looked in at the boss' office to say a word of congratulation and compliment—he knew it was expected—and retreated to his own. There was nothing but routine work on hand for the moment, and he gladly went at the looking over of layouts already in the works, reading proof, considering illustrations. He had long ago mastered the fact—which is still neglected in some quarters—that a selling proposition may be ever so good in actual value, but if it is to be sold by mail the descriptive matter must tease and tickle and allure the eye of the prospective buyer so that he reads in spite of himself. Mere prettiness and artistic quality of layout must be subordinated to easy-to-read, always was part of Govan's creed. Simplicity was another; and how to make that simplicity look ornate and expensive without sacrificing its essentials was one of his greatest problems.

Today, though he had attacked his work with the desire to be lost in it, he found himself absent and stale. He hated every variety of direct-by-mail approach. He left his desk and walked to the window, looking down absently on the hardware shop across the street. There was a grindstone in the window, and he seemed to feel his own nose pressed against its ruthless grittiness. Yes, that was where it was, and the more he tried to get away the harder it was pushed down on it. He wondered with bitter whimsey what would happen when the grindstone wore away his nose completely.

It was Miss Payne's question that had started him off so strangely. Up until today he had been, if not exactly content, only vaguely discontented, like a man with a toothache that threatens but hasn't quite materialized. But that chance word had been enormous in its effect. Suddenly he saw himself, his situation. He wasn't happily married. Good Lord, he wasn't married at all. This wasn't marriage, this haggling, harassed battle of his and Irene's. He recalled with irony how often Irene had told him he was the best husband in the world—after she had won what she wanted at the expense of his honest judgment. Other wives, she said, envied her. He walked back slowly to his desk and dropped his head down on it. His lost dreams, his vanished future!

A noise at his door made him sit up suddenly and snatch at the first paper that came to hand, giving the appearance of working. It was Lassiter.

"Say, Govan," he began breezily, "I've just heard that Barry & Walls are going to let all their Christmas printing contracts by competition. They've written to firms in three cities to submit ideas. D'you know anything about it?"

"No, but I'm not surprised. Ever since young Walls came into the business he's been crazy to try a competition. The only reason he hasn't done it before is because Jordan stopped it. Jordan told me so. I suppose he couldn't stand out any longer."

"Well, I'm glad you're hep to what's going on. Funny, how every young chap has to get rid of just so much fluff before he settles down to real sense. I just happened to hear about it—m' wife's niece Elinor's a chum of the girl who's old man Barry's secretary, and I tell Elinor to keep her ears open, and find out everything she can. She just stopped by the house and told m' wife, and m' wife she telephoned. Nothing like keeping tabs on the customers, hey? You got any ideas ready?"

"I've got a couple of things, but they're not in final shape. I'll see Jordan and find out when the announcement is to be made, the terms and the time limit. I'll be ready."

"Oh, I'm not worrying." He breezed out again as violently as he had come in.

Govan made an irritated gesture. This habit of Lassiter's of maintaining a sort of petty espionage on his customers always annoyed him in its manifestations. It wasn't decent business procedure. And it was growing on the man. The more concealed connections he could make with those firms where he should be most open and honorable, the greater was his satisfaction. Now, in this case, he knew that Jordan, of Barry & Walls, was their staunch advocate and that between him and Govan there existed a real friendship based on a series of dealings satisfactory on both sides. If Jordan should discover that the Lassiter Press maintained a grapevine telegraph in the Barry & Walls domain he'd be angry and offended, and rightly. On the other hand, if Govan took it upon himself to expostulate with Lassiter he'd get no more than ridicule. But it was just one of the things that contributed to his, Govan's discontent. Must he divide his life between uncomfortable environments? He was thirty-two years old, time to take stock of himself, to see definitely where he was going. Ah, well—he must begin by talking with Irene. From that talk he could go on.

There was an excellent dinner that evening, a dinner so excellent, so timed to his tastes that he could not help an unworthy suspicion. As they reached his favorite dessert Irene, who had been very amusing and full of gay comment about the luncheon, Mrs. Henderson, and all the doings of her day, revealed her purpose.

"I looked at the sweetest house today—that lovely place of the Tallmans'—you know—out toward the hill. They don't want to keep it, now that all the children have grown up and married, and I think they'd let it go cheap. It would be ideal for us."

The taste of the pudding was spoiled for Govan. "We can't afford a place that big. It must have twenty rooms."

"Oh, no, dear; only sixteen. And it's so beautifully arranged. And the interior finish is simply lovely. Absolutely modern, not the old-fashioned gloomy style at all. Mrs. Tallman told me they'd had it all done over only two years ago."

"Irene," said Govan slowly, "we've got to come to an understanding. I can't go on like this. I'm carrying as heavy a load, financially, as I can manage. I won't take on anything more."

"You don't understand, dear. It wouldn't be any more costly; or very little. I could get along with two servants—a man and his wife for a while—and we wouldn't try to use all the rooms, or even to furnish them at first. We could sell this place and put that money into it. And it's such a chance, a real bargain."

Govan pushed his plate aside. "Let's go into the living room," he said. "I want to talk to you—to show you ——" He left the sentence unfinished.

They went in slowly, and Irene sat down on her favorite sofa and clasped her slim white hands. Govan did not look at her. He knew that attitude too well. It was one of the preliminaries of tears. He hoped desperately that this once, just this one time, she would not cry, that she would understand, that she would help him.

"You see, it's this way," he began awkwardly. He did not sit down, but walked back and forth, trying to arrange and present the scrambling chaos of his thoughts in order. "I hate the life we're living. I hate it. I hate it."

He hadn't meant to say that, yet it was true, now that it was said. He hurried on, feeling her unspoken astonishment and indignation. "It's a good place, Lassiter's, in lots of ways, Irene. He's been generous with me in salary and he's honest about his bonuses. I've made a lot more money there than anyone before me, I know. But it isn't enough, ever. The minute I get one big thing paid for, it's something else. And that means that I've got to keep at a tension. I've got to watch every bit of the local field and not let the least thing get away from me. I can't play a long game, I can't follow my best judgment, I can't look ahead, because I'm saddled with so much stuff. Stuff, that's what it is, chairs and tables and servants and a car and bridge parties, and all the rest of it. And now you want a bigger house; you want to put a heavier pack on my back. We can't do it, Irene. I can't make the grade. It'll break me."

He stopped, conscious that he was presenting his case badly, and as he stopped Irene began to speak, with that little breaking quaver in her voice that he so dreaded.

"Govan, darling, things aren't so bad as all that. You're tired, you're nervous. I'm sure nobody could be more economical than I am. Everyone says that what I do with the limited space in this house, and our one maid, is simply marvelous. There isn't a woman I know who does as much. I don't think you realize, Govan, how many of our friendships and how much of our social position we owe to my efforts. And there's Junior. His future's got to be considered. I think it's a wife's duty to look after those things, and when a man's a dear careless boy like you, who'd stick his nose in a book in the evening and never go out—and you look so handsome in evening clothes—and I try so hard—I want you to be happy and successful ——" The voice trailed off into a half sob.

Govan had the exasperated sense of trying to talk to a deaf woman. Also he felt brutal and mean. "Oh, Irene, don't go into trivialities, don't. This means so much. It's so vital. If you'd only let me read more, instead of forcing me into a dress suit and dragging me out to play bridge and dance with a lot of stereotyped people, night after night, I might have a better head for business, might have bigger ideas, and in time get a lot more money—to put it on your own grounds. You say you want me to be happy and successful—well, I'm neither."

The little lace handkerchief was at Irene's eyes now. "And of course you blame me. You think you're right about everything, Govan. You're an idealist, that's what ails you. If you don't get out and make social contacts and see people and talk and be agreeable, if we don't live decently, you'll amount to nothing. I lay aside my own personal feeling about being accused of extravagance and wastefulness, and—and—snobbishness, for that's what it means, what you've said. I do my best for your sake, and for your sake only, and you don't understand, you don't appreciate, you don't care, you don't love me any more."

She looked so little, so pretty, so pathetic, with the tears streaming out of the blueness of her eyes and twinkling on her lashes; she spoke in such a broken-hearted voice that Govan felt his protests die on his lips. He knew he was beaten again, and he flung up his hands.

"Well, I won't buy the Tallman house," he said. "Let's get one thing settled. If we're clear of debt on January first we'll be lucky. Oh, Lord—there's the bell. Is anyone coming this evening?"

"Only the Bradleys—Cousin Kitty telephoned, and I forgot to tell you. Oh, Govan, kiss me, darling, quick before they come, and say you didn't mean all the dreadful things you said. I'd want to die if you did."

She put her arms around him, leaned her golden head confidingly against his shoulder, and he was struck with remorse at having dealt harshly with a creature so frail, so tender. He kissed her, surrendering.

The Bradleys meant bridge. Govan took up his cards as Socrates might have taken up the poisoned bowl. Bridge—when he was in such a turmoil of spirit! Bridge when he wanted, when he needed solitude and self-communion to pull himself together! His plea to Irene had turned him upside down. As he played—with considerable correction and admonition from Mrs. Bradley, who was his partner—he kept thinking constantly of how he had bungled it, of the excellent moving powerful things he might have said. And then hopelessness would sweep over him.

"What is the matter with you, Govan?" demanded Kitty Bradley at last. "You literally threw away that last hand."

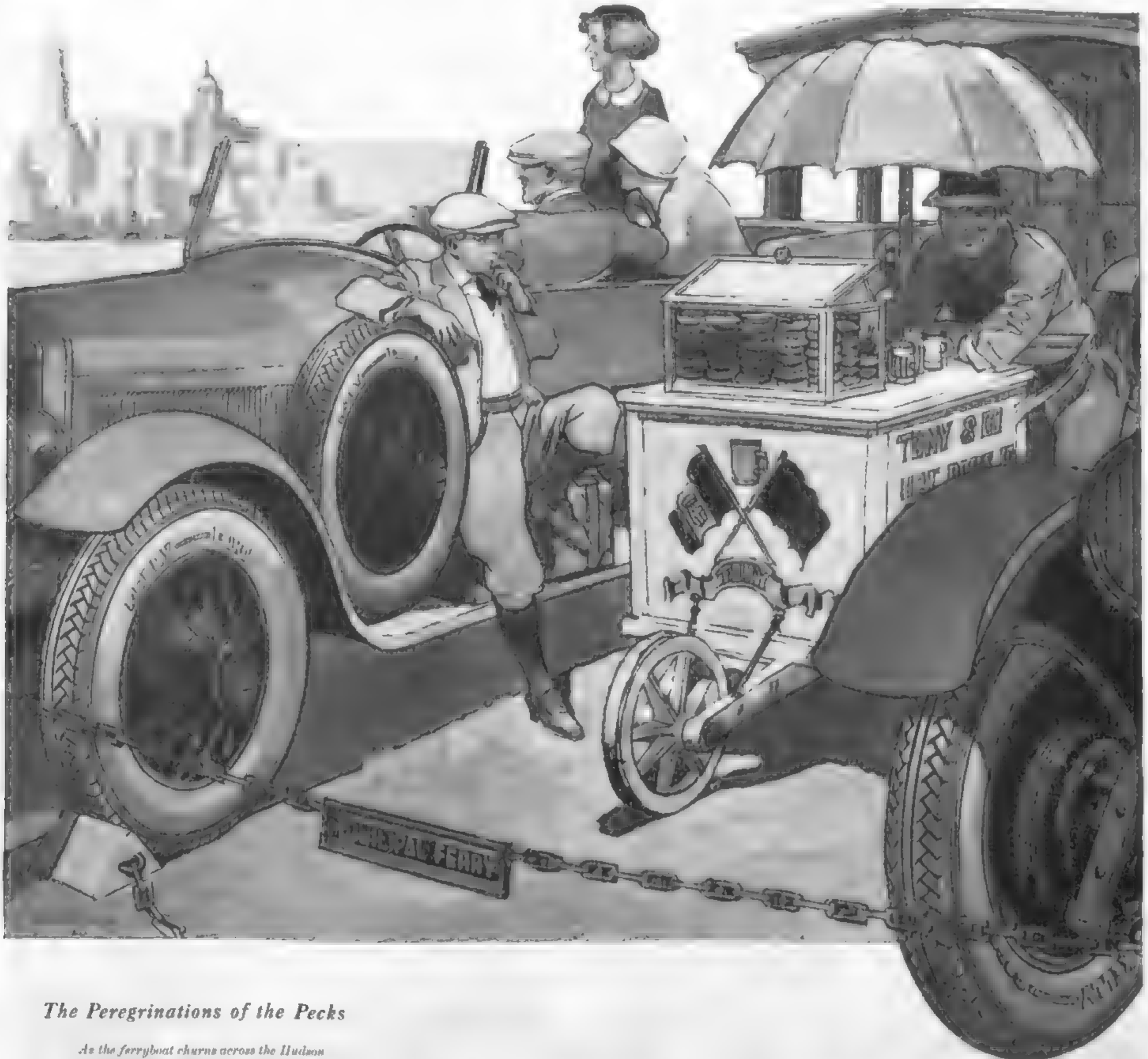
He muttered an excuse about a headache—so bad that he could hardly see the cards.

"There's no use playing then—unless we play three-handed," said Mrs. Bradley. "You ought to be in bed. Why didn't you tell me, you poor boy? You go along up—we'll excuse you."

So he was released. Two hours later, when Irene came up, he was apparently asleep. She looked at him gently and shook her head. What a good husband he was if he only didn't get these moody, dissatisfied spells! Ah, well, she'd do her duty by him as a wife should, no matter how hard it was for her. She brushed and brauded her hair and tied it with a bewitching pink bow, slipped on her pink nightgown and knelt to say her prayers. Govan watched her through slits of eyes. Suddenly he wanted very much to laugh, grim with irony though that laughter might be, imagining what manner of petition to heaven Irene was presenting. "Show my dear husband the

(Continued on Page 58)

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD



The Peregrinations of the Pecks

As the ferryboat churns across the Hudson toward the New Jersey shore, the Pecks take their last look at the Manhattan skyline and realize for the first time that their long-planned trip to the Coast actually has begun. With fine weather, a good car, plenty of time and last but not least, a full complement of Kelly-Springfield Tires, the prospects for the journey look bright. Jim has never yet been able to get enough golf and if the family runs across any good courses a little further south the trip may be somewhat delayed. In fact, we should have no hesitancy whatever in addressing the Pecks' mail to Pinehurst, N. C., for a few days.

THE KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD is the best tire Kelly-Springfield has ever built. This statement is meant to be taken literally and not as a mere advertising catch-phrase.

The construction of the Flexible Cord is different from that of any other tire. The bead is built in as an integral part of the carcass, making a stronger and yet less rigid construction which also makes possible the use of a flexible tread. The Flexible Cord is sturdier than the former Kelly Cord and at the same time is more pliable. To the car-owner this means a combination of mileage and easy riding that hitherto never has been equaled, either by our own tires, or so far as we know, by any others.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

The pipe-tobacco case is closed for Mr. G. E. M.

He is no longer open to "tips on good tobacco"

An open mind is all very well—up to a certain point. But there comes a time when a man tires of experimenting with tobaccos. Particularly, it seems, if he has once known the pipe satisfaction of "good old Edgeworth."

So G. E. M., as he writes, has reached the stage where he is willing to let others do the experimenting while he sticks to his tried and true favorite.

Here is his deposition:

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen

After reading some of the letters in the different magazines, written by Edgeworth boosters, I have decided to sing a few words of praise for Edgeworth also.

I find it to be the only tobacco giving me complete satisfaction. It certainly is a pleasure to smoke a tobacco with a pleasant taste, which at the same time does not bite the tongue. I have tried many brands of tobacco recommended by friends, but have only been able to enjoy one tobacco thoroughly, Edgeworth. Now, I take tips on good tobaccos from no one, as I am satisfied in my own mind that there is no better tobacco sold than Edgeworth.

Please put me down as an Edgeworth booster. It's a smoke fit for a king.

Yours sincerely,
G. E. M.,
Los Angeles, California

Which proves again that tobacco taste is an individual matter. Two friends may agree on the merits of a book, a play, or almost anything—and at the same time be as far apart as the north and the south poles on their opinions of a tobacco.

That's why we don't guarantee you will like Edgeworth—assuming that you have not as yet tried it. Perhaps you'll like Edgeworth. Perhaps you won't.

At any rate, our standing invitation to try Edgeworth at our expense makes it a simple matter for you to form an opinion one way or the other.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 13 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Continued from Page 56

error of his ways; make him buy the Tallman house" would undoubtedly be part of it. He turned his face into his pillow, stifling his mirth. And then it left him as suddenly as it had come, and his depression returned. What a mess—what a double-dyed hopeless mess he was in. He went to sleep at last, still deep in trouble.

The Coursey household was in a state of armed neutrality for the ensuing days. On the surface all was as before. There was no further direct reference to buying a new house—to buying a new anything. Irene ostentatiously wore her oldest frocks and presented curtailed menus at dinner and breakfast. If thrift was so needed, as Govan had said, it was clear that she was doing her part in full.

Yet the Tallman house, though unmentioned, was vividly in the air. Govan could feel Irene silently bringing every atom of her will to bear on him. And there were also subtle spoken pressures. She found the furnace inadequate, couldn't find a chore man who didn't revile it. The bedrooms needed new paper. The roof was about ready to be renewed. She had little doubts as to the hygiene of the plumbing. And the neighborhood was changing—her friends were all moving away. Soon they would be isolated by business buildings.

"That," said Govan, setting his teeth, "will increase the value of the property."

She brightened. "Oh, then we could sell to good advantage," she observed artlessly.

"If we wanted to—which we don't," he said, and got out of the house before he said more, but not before he had seen that soft mist of the tears he dreaded glazing her blue eyes, and had caught her stricken, piteous look.

"Oh, damn!" he remarked as he trod the way to his office, and all the way he kept time to that: "Oh-damn, oh-damn, oh-damn, oh-damn!" It made a good marching tune.

A few days later he met Mrs. Tallman on the street, and the lovely old lady stopped him smilingly. "Your wife says you think our house is too big and costly for you, Mr. Coursey," she said. "But if you do decide to take it, I only want to tell you that there's nobody I'd rather see in it—and everyone knows how much I love the place. And it's in such good repair, it's surprisingly cheap to run."

He felt Irene's hidden hand—she had primed Mrs. Tallman to tell him this, he was certain. He answered as gently as he could, "What's surprisingly cheap for you and Mr. Tallman would be all out of proportion to what I make, I'm afraid."

"Of course," said the old lady. "I realize that, and it's the right way for young people to look at any purchase. But you must look ahead, too, to the years to come. A chance to get a house like ours at its building cost—and we built before the war sent things so high—doesn't come along every day. I'm afraid I sound like a real-estate agent, Mr. Coursey, but your wife admires the house so much, and appreciates it—your wife is such a dear girl!—she'll be very disappointed, I know, if you don't take it. A home woman loves a pretty home, I always say. And there are so few home women left these days."

Govan got himself away as best he could. Irene! Irene! To his own amazement he went back to the office and examined his bank book, totaled his assets. He had two Liberty Bonds—two only. His equity in their present house he could sell for twelve thousand dollars—or maybe ten—or maybe only eight. He was paying off his mortgage of twenty thousand at the rate of a thousand a year, but property values in their neighborhood had increased a little. So, though he had paid but two thousand cash when he bought it and five thousand since, he would make a profit. But even if he got twelve thousand, which wasn't likely, and turned it over as a first payment to Tallman—he would have a much heavier mortgage, and enormously increased household expenses. He didn't know what price Tallman was asking, but it couldn't be less than fifty or sixty thousand, and that was impossible. Up until now, by dint of superhuman effort, he had always been able to finance Irene's imperative wishes—but this one was out of the question. It would stretch him on the rack for years to come.

And yet—wasn't she making him consider ways and means? He tore up his figures and threw the paper in the wastebasket. He put his bank book into the drawer and pushed it under a pile of envelopes. He couldn't—he couldn't.

But how could he continue to live in this atmosphere of unshed but ready-to-fall tears, this sweet and patient martyrdom? How could he endure it? Wasn't the other thing better, more peaceful—to submit and fit his back to the burden?

He knew that such reflections weakened him, but he could not help that. And when Irene a few days later told him that before the cold of winter actually set in they must have all the windows weatherstripped and calked, because they were so open and rattly and let in such gales, and added that it would be very expensive, she supposed, and it was hardly worth while to try to repair a place in such hopeless condition as theirs, Govan asked her wearily if she knew how much Tallman wanted for his house.

"Only sixty-five thousand—such a bargain, with all that land!" Irene glowed with delight. "It couldn't be duplicated for twice that, at the present high cost of building. They had the lot in the family and got it cheap years ago."

"The taxes must be terrible," said Govan.

"But, Govan I was thinking—we wouldn't need all that land—why shouldn't we sell the far corner as a building lot to someone nice, someone we know, and share the grounds, like a little private park, you know? I went up there and looked at it all again this afternoon, and it's perfectly possible. The houses would be quite a distance apart—we could both use the same garage to cut the cost of maintaining that. Oh, if you would only go and see it."

Govan made an attempt to retrieve his blunder. "My dear child, I only asked you the question out of idle curiosity, not because there is the slightest possibility that we can buy it. Don't let's talk about it any more."

She turned away, the brightness fading from her face. Her hand sought her handkerchief. In two minutes more—Govan got up and fled out into the night. He couldn't stand it. He spent the rest of the evening in a movie.

But in his morning's mail, two days later, there was a letter from Mr. Tallman. It recited terms, liberal terms. Govan might make as small a first payment as he liked, take his time thereafter. Mr. Tallman would gladly take back a purchase-money mortgage at 5½ per cent. In short, from the terms and the tone of the letter it was clear that Irene had done a wonderful job on Mr. Tallman. Probably, thought Govan, very probably her eyes had misted and her chin quivered when she told the old chap how she longed for his house.

But even so, this didn't mitigate the cold fact that the price of the house was, even as Irene had told him, sixty-five thousand. Load an incubus like that debt on himself at thirty-two, with the upkeep? No, he couldn't. He repeated it—he couldn't. And all the time he felt himself being drawn nearer and nearer, to do exactly that, just as a man whom a great height dizzies draws, fascinated, ever nearer and nearer to the edge of a precipice.

He was so unhappy that he was glad when Lassiter called him into his office and shouted at him. Lassiter had been watching him, as he watched everyone in his employ. "What's the matter with you, Coursey?" bawled Lassiter. "You sick?"

"No," said Govan. "I'm perfectly well."

"Well, something's the matter with you. Your work's going to pot. You haven't been really on the job for more than a month. Anything on your mind?"

"No," lied Govan. He wasn't going to let Lassiter know what a poor thing he was in his domestic life. Lassiter would make a joke of it, laugh it all over town.

"Then you better get a hump on you. You don't seem to realize that if you lose that Barry & Walls contract for us you're going to be shy a big lump of real money the first of the year when your bonus comes due. I'm saying nothing at all about how I'll feel about it, or what a loss it'll mean to the business, or how everybody'll know we fell down on this, and that some whippersnapper slicky fella from out of town got our best customer away from us. It'll be nuts for a lot of loafers who like to get a knife into any firm that's successful. And it'll be more than that, by a damsite. It'll start a lot of our other customers to playing round with out-of-town printers. I shouldn't think I'd have to point out all this to you, but you've been acting lately as if you weren't more than half awake. If you're sick go see a doctor, two of 'em if you need 'em, and send the bill to me. But if you're not sick, for heaven's sake snap out of it, get busy, let's see something doing in your office. You got to produce something pretty nifty to get that Barry & Walls business this year, and if you don't know it I'm telling you. And I don't—want—to—lose—that—business! Get me? Now—let's go!"

Back in his own office Govan realized the justice of these rough reproaches. He hadn't been busy. He'd been so entangled in the devilish mesh of this Tallman-house affair that he had been going through the motions of work and little more. Everything that Lassiter had said was true. If he didn't get the Barry & Walls contract he'd be so shy in his bonus that he wouldn't be able even to meet his regular routine bills, let alone consider any other extravagance.

Likewise, his natural pride rebelled at the picture Lassiter had drawn of what would happen in case the Barry & Walls holiday printing went out of town. He mustn't let that happen; no, he must make a mighty effort, he must do his very best to prevent it.

All the same—he didn't have a single idea. Not one. He got out the Barry & Walls file, he looked at everything that he had done for them, from his first year with Lassiter. There was plenty of good stuff in it—novelties, fresh twists to dullest facts. Govan reflected, somewhat wryly, that he had been prodigal in those days, that he had sometimes used two ideas where one would have served, and thus saved the other for arid spaces like today. Not that he had anticipated any arid spaces!

He took out his sheaf of notes and sketches, thumbing it through to see if he couldn't dig up something. Fumble and search as he would there wasn't a thing that helped him. It was all dreary and flat, and wholly unprofitable.

Then he went over the terms of the Barry & Walls competitive offer. The date fairly leaped at him—it was within three weeks. He'd have to sweat if he turned out any sort of complete dummy by that time. He had forgotten; Irene, with that insistent torturing sob stuff of hers, had made him forget. He was up against it now, good and hard. It was more than likely that he'd lose the Barry & Walls contract, no matter what effort he made. Oh, why couldn't a man work at peace, serene, master of himself, untroubled by anything so unjust and unfair as Irene's insistent will?

He knew, he felt sickeningly sure, that if he gave in on this Tallman house he was a loser forever, that she would always be able to command him, that he must take the lesser position and stay in it—and bear its chafing in silence. This was the culmination of all that had gone before—in their married life. They had always been antagonists—and in five out of every five conflicts she had won. There was no good blinking it. Each time she had put on him this silent pressure of her pathos. She knew perfectly that he couldn't bear her tears; that so long as he loved her—and strangely enough he did love her—she had but to use this weapon of her weakness to conquer him.

Ever since this last big contest between them had begun there had been no evening when he had not dreaded to go home. He left his office and walked all the way slowly. He did not use the car—that was Irene's. There was a trolley line that ran sufficiently near, if he was in a hurry. But tonight he would have liked the distance to be twice as great.

He knew Irene was going to begin—indirectly—about Tallman's letter before they were halfway through dinner. He let himself in with burglar-like precautions of silence, and started upstairs.

But Irene came running out of the living room, smiling—eager.

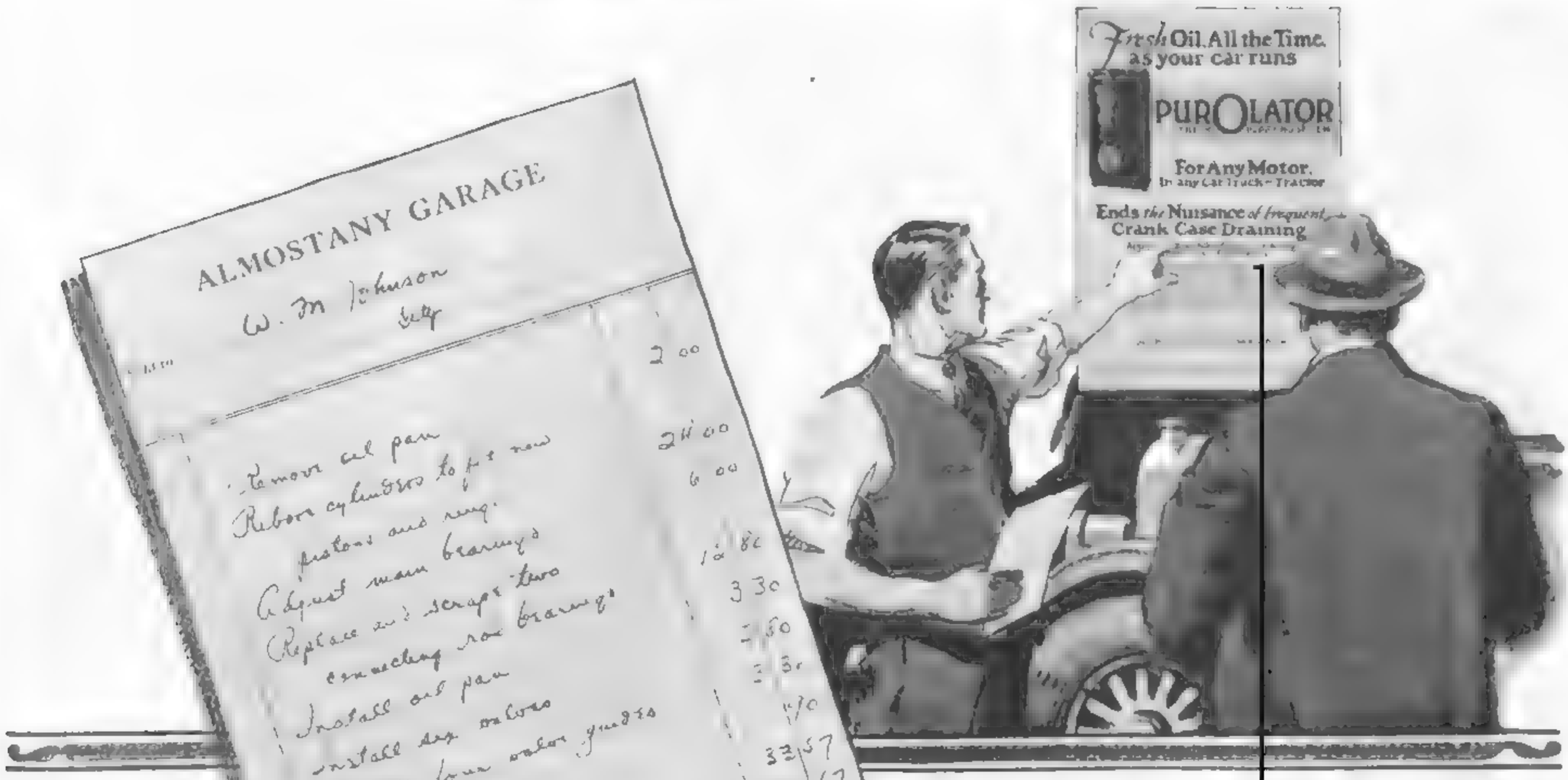
"Oh, Govan—what do you think!" she cried. "That old Miss Payne, the rich one who lives up on the hill, has asked us to dinner. She called today! She says she's met you, and thinks you ever so nice. And she wants us for next Thursday. I'd asked the Barders here, but I called them up and put them off. Why didn't you tell me you knew Miss Payne?"

"I've had other things to think about," said Govan.

"Hurry and wash and come down to dinner. I'm crazy to talk about it."

Miss Annabel Payne had done him a good turn, Govan perceived. He would be glad to see that understanding spinster again. And he knew what super-bliss the entrance into one of the most exclusive hill homes would bring to Irene.

(Continued on Page 60)



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West of Rocky Mountains prices slightly higher; in Canada, $22.50, $30, $45 and $70.

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If you were a stranger visiting this office for the first time, what would be your first impression? Would the furnishings reflect that quiet elegance and dignity which we associate with the prosperous and successful business enterprise? Or would you be oppressed by that flavor of penury and slipshod methods which seems to hang about the ill-furnished or shabby office?

The difference between those two types of offices is more a matter of care and thought than of expense. And for the past 60 years the Sikes Company has given that care and thought to the production of office chairs.

Today the Sikes Office *Easy* Chair not only represents the last word in comfort, but its massive dignity of outline and beauty of finish add distinction to any office.

Let the nearest Sikes dealer (name on request) show you Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs for every use from the chief's sanctum to the reception room—in a wide variety of woods, models, finishes and prices

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SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

(Continued from Page 58)

She was very animated during dinner. She cross-examined Govan as to what Miss Payne had said to him at the luncheon where they had met, and also as to why he hadn't told her, Irene, about it long ago.

"I didn't think it was so important," he confessed.

"Not important! Good heavens, Govan, you go through the world with your eyes tight shut, I do believe. Miss Payne is the last, final word in social affairs here. She's very eccentric and very exclusive, and doesn't mix up at all with new people or people who aren't anybody. Oh, I'd rather have her call and invite us to dinner than anything I can think of. She was beautifully dressed—very quiet clothes, but exquisite. She said some queer things, though."

"What did she say that was queer?"

"Oh, she looked around the room and said that she felt you had chosen the pictures. And she told me I was even prettier near to than far away, and that she knew I must play an excellent game of bridge. Personal things like that I call queer. But she was sweet too—it was just a harmless eccentricity, I know."

"When did you say we're to go up there to dinner?" Govan thus dodged the issue of Miss Payne's queerness.

"Thursday. I wish I had a new frock. I'd like to have something really smart and distinguished; everything I've got is so obvious."

"That's more than the clothes of most women are nowadays. They're at the vanishing point, I should say. The awful middle-aged legs that are exposed! If I'm ever President all women with thick ankles must have them concealed or they'll be shot at sunrise, and all women with ugly necks will be absolutely forbidden décolleté dresses."

"If I had some silver lace," went on Irene, "I could fix my green crêpe in a lovely new way. I believe I'll try it. A silver camellia on the shoulder, and the fullness in front."

Govan felt a respite. "By all means, do," he urged.

With Irene absorbed in making over clothes she might let up on the house project and he might yet have a chance to evolve in comparative peace an idea which would be worth while offering to Barry & Walls. It was five days until Thursday, and in five days he could do much—if unworried.

He found that this was not to be. The Tallman letter must be answered. And no sooner was that done, in what he hoped was a grateful but conclusive negative, than he began to receive telephone messages and calls from various real-estate men who urged him to permit them to list his own house for sale. One and all said they had heard he wanted to dispose of his property, but how, none of them disclosed. He knew Irene had sent them, knew it as well as if they had worn placards advertising it. One man even brought him a good offer. His denials that he intended to sell were greeted as legitimate efforts to boost the price.

He had to move warily. He couldn't blurt out the truth that his wife was determined to force him to sell, and to buy a place he couldn't afford—though at times he was tempted to this frankness. But the upshot of the matter was that when Thursday came he had made several dozen efforts to shape up some sort of new material for Barry & Walls, and everything he had done was bad. He avoided seeing Lassiter, but he knew he was waiting impatiently, and that added to his unease. The five days he had hoped would bring him peaceful concentration were the most unhappily chaotic he had yet experienced. He had reached the state of mind when he wondered if it was not the wisest thing to do to give in to everything, hang the millstone of the Tallman place around his neck, and settle himself resignedly to a life of drudgery. At least he would be spared any more tears or subterranean suggestions from Irene—for a while.

It was in the gloomy mood of near-surrender that he went with her to Miss Payne's dinner. Irene was an Undine, a sea sprite in her renovated green and silver. The excitement lent her color and animation, deepened the blue in her eyes, curved her smile into something a little more seraphic. She drooped a bit when, as they drove toward the hill, they passed the house of her desire, and leaned forward to look at its dark outline wistfully, but Govan pretended not to see, though he wanted to growl and gnash his teeth.

He entered the long drawing-room, confused and miserable. Even Miss Payne's friendliness did not lift him, and he let the necessary introductions sweep mumblingly past him, though he was aware that the other guests were those whom Irene would all but have laid down her life to know. She was radiant. Govan felt a little sorry for her—that this should mean so much. He withdrew into a corner by the fire and watched her triumphant ecstasy for the few minutes that passed before dinner was announced. The lady assigned to him, a stately hill matron, had to force herself on him to gain his escort to the dining room.

Once there, he found that he was on the left of his hostess. The stately matron turned her attention to the man at the other side, an old friend. And Miss Payne turned to him.

"What is the matter?" she demanded. "You've lost pounds and gained gloom since I saw you. I don't like it."

"I like it even less," said Govan.

"What are you doing about it?"

"Nothing—there's nothing to do."

Miss Payne leaned toward him. "You're a perfect idiot! There's always something to do. You young people hypnotize yourselves, I believe. You can't see yourselves as free agents in a world filled with every chance to do as you like, so long as you don't slambang into the laws and conventions. Of course I'm talking in the dark. You may have gambled away the pennies in your child's bank, or you may be in love with some other woman than your wife, in which case you have a perfect right to look gloomy. There, forgive my joke—it was bad taste. I know that it's not either of those follies."

"No, it isn't. It's something much harder to—to—handle. What a gorgeous still-life that is over the mantel. Carlsen, I suppose."

"Yes—but don't change the subject. People interest me more than pictures, though you're almost the only person here except myself who knows a Carlsen from a chromo. What is the matter with you? What has happened? Can you tell me? I'm asking both as an inquisitive old woman and as a friend. I like you."

"Oh, I can tell you in effect. I find myself constantly doing things I do not like, or want to do, and shaping my life toward material ends that do not interest me. I do not know how to stop."

"I never heard anything so ridiculous. Don't know how to stop. There's only one way. Stop."

"I suppose," said Govan with bitterness, "that I'm the victim of that self-hypnosis you find so plentiful among the young. I cannot stop. I'm not strong enough."

"Oh, yes, you are. But perhaps your release hasn't come yet. You see, I believe that all of us who are in your case—and I've been there, I assure you—have a moment, an opportunity, a realization that forever frees us, if we will only recognize it. It's a sort of test, sometimes a very hard one. If we come through, we win ourselves, our entity, our integrity, and can hold it against anything. If we fail—thumbs down—we're gone. Maybe your test hasn't come yet."

"It's a fine theory. I think my test has come, and I've failed. So it's thumbs down for me."

"Don't be too sure. We deceive ourselves so. We think we must do thus-and-thus, while all the time we wouldn't need to at all if we didn't think we must. I know. I had my big test and you needn't prick up your ears, for I won't tell you what it was. Anyway, I was released. And as you see, I became a perfectly happy, nosey old maid, doing exactly as I like, saying what I please, having a wonderful time."

"My envious felicitations, Miss Payne."

"Go thou and do likewise, you impertinent young man, remembering my words of wisdom. And now I must talk to the man at my right—he's been reproaching me silently for five minutes. And you'd better make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Cardayne. Ask her about her collection of old bottles, and she'll love you."

It had been a relief to tell Miss Payne, even indirectly, of the burden of indecision and conflict he was carrying. Quite naturally he turned to Mrs. Cardayne, quite easily he began, "I hear you have a wonderful collection of old bottles," and almost cheerfully listened to the monologue on Stiegel, Wistar, Kensington and Dyottville, and so on, which she instantly began, as if his question had touched a spring releasing some inner graphophone record.

After dinner there was music in the drawing-room, bridge in the library. Irene was drafted for the latter, but Govan refused. The woman who played the piano, a gaunt Scandinavian type, gave herself absorbedly to Grieg, and Govan Coursey sat down in the shadows and listened with sharp pleasure. At half past ten people began going home, the non-card-players first. At eleven the last rubber was over. Irene made charmed farewells, and he followed her. He had not had another word with his hostess, but she gave him a meaningful look, understanding, but ironically questioning, as if she bade him not take himself too seriously.

Irene chattered all the way home. What a perfect dinner, what a gorgeous house, what delightful people—the whole hilltop crowd, or the cream of it! What a splendid hostess was Miss Payne! How beautifully she managed everything! How kind and cordial everyone had been—she was sure she had made a real impression in more than one direction! She wouldn't be surprised if this was the beginning of their real career in Lancaster City! She adored it all, every bit!

Then, after a thoughtful silence: "It means that we simply must have the Tallman place if we're to be anybody at all with this set, Govan. I suppose even you can see that now."

Oh, he had felt it coming. But he made his protest. "I don't see it at all. We've met these people without the Tallman place, and if they liked us it was for ourselves alone, and personally I can't imagine one of them caring a snap how or where we live, if they do like us. And if they're the sort of people who judge by possessions alone—why, then they'd better drop us right off quick, for they're not worth knowing."

"You don't think of me and my feelings at all, Govan," said Irene gently. "I certainly have too much pride and self-respect to go among people like these as a sort of poor relation or hanger-on. I won't ask them into our horrible little house and give them a three-course dinner that I've had to cook most of myself. If I can't be on equality with them I'll have to give them up, that's all." The little soft break in her voice that he feared, had come with the last word. In a moment the everlasting handkerchief would be in evidence.

Govan felt hopelessness close down on him again. He took the easy refuge. He temporized. "We don't have to decide tonight anyway," he said with simulated cheerfulness.

"We'll have to decide pretty soon," said Irene, still a little quavery. "Ever so many people are after that house."

"I wish to the Lord one of them would get it," murmured Govan.

"What did you say, dear?"

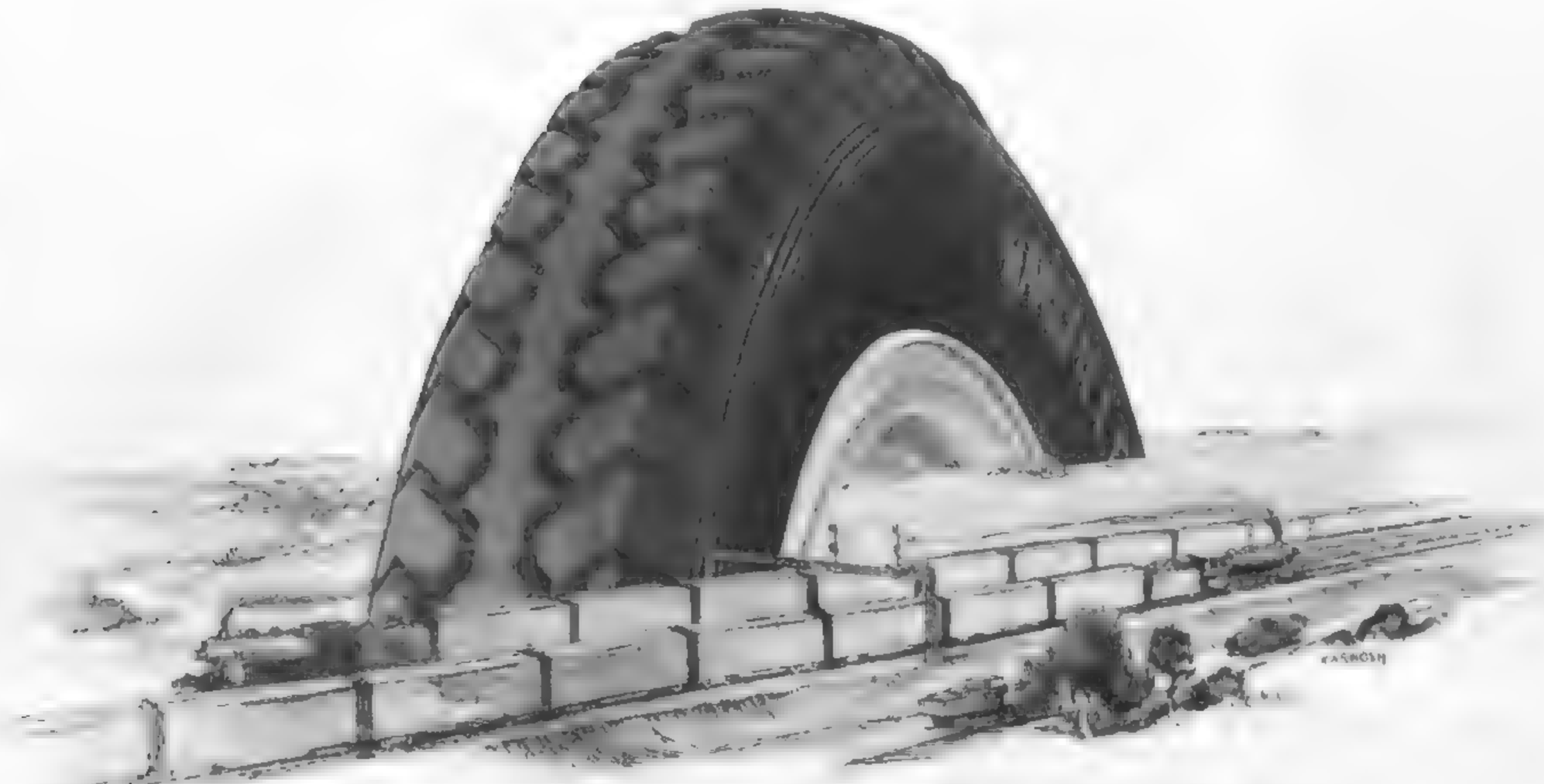
"Nothing."

The domestic colloquy being over, they went to bed. Govan lay awake, thinking. It was all no use. He might just as well give in, write to Tallman and ask to reconsider his decision, get at the real-estate man who had made him the offer, sell his two Liberty Bonds and prepare to spend the rest of his life a serf to the God of Things. Miss Payne's moment-of-release theory was a joke, a whimsey of someone who had never been in any such trap as this. If only Irene—she had so many fine qualities, so much that was dear and good and lovable! If only he could defeat her, make her go his way this once, she might come round to his point of view. Oh, gradually, of course, but after a while —— But he couldn't defeat tears. She had him there. Why couldn't he steel himself against her tears? Why did they always get him, master him in spite of himself?

He reverted to more practical considerations. If he was going to buy the Tallman place he must wring every cent possible out of his work, and that meant that he daren't lose the Barry & Walls contract. He must have it. That was the first, most impressive need. He tried to summon his imagination, and when he slept, at last, his dreams were haunted by a medley of types and colors, cutouts, folders, stipples, Ben Day processes and offset—while two dream devils carried on a battle with shields of handmade paper and daggers of sixty-point caps! But as they stabbed each other they drew, not blood, nor ink, but round blue-eyed tears, a fearsome flood of them!

In the morning he woke with the bitter taste of capitulation on his lips. He was ready to tell Irene that she had won. Only

(Continued on Page 62)



Find a way to distribute it at lower cost and you can build more of service into it. Nothing could possibly be simpler

It Succeeded--of course

Business, with all its boasted efficiency, is often mystified by a success which seems miraculous even though it is based on the simplest fundamentals of sound economics.

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Send me the color checked below

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STATE _____

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(Continued from Page 60

the chance that breakfast was late and Govan Junior unwontedly fractious prevented him from doing it before he left for the office. As it was, he had no opportunity to say a word. However, he knew he would tell her that night. Again he damned himself for a fool, but he didn't see any way out of it.

On the way downtown it occurred to him that he'd better go round and see Jordan, at Barry & Walls', and make soundings for an extension of the time limit. He could say that he had something particularly splendid and didn't want to spoil it by showing it in anything less than perfection. That would get him another week maybe. And he'd need it if he was to make good.

Lassiter was waiting for him as he came in. "How's everything?" he demanded.

"All right," said Govan, going straight past.

Lassiter took a following step, but reconsidered. One bawling-out often brought results, but two were not so good, in Lassiter's opinion. He'd have Govan on the carpet seriously if he really fell down on this Barry & Walls thing, but it was only fair to wait and see. Lassiter was always fair, in a hard way.

Govan went at the work on his desk with impatient energy. He found himself being very meticulous as to details which he usually left to his subordinate, and he knew that this was so to fill the time that he could put off writing Tallman until tomorrow. Then it occurred to him that there was no use writing until he had told Irene, and after that he was able to concentrate more easily. The day wore away as usual, and at four o'clock he was ready to go. Now he stopped at Lassiter's door.

"I'm going to drop over to see Jordan," he said, and went on, pursued by Lassiter's relieved boisterous "Attaboy!"

Jordan greeted him cordially. "Just the man I wanted to see—I was going to phone you to come over first thing tomorrow morning. Say, Coursey, I'm in a mess."

"So am I," said Govan. "Go on, let's hear yours."

Jordan addressed his secretary. "You run along, Miss Duval, and shut the door behind you, and don't let anybody in here. I'm in conference."

Miss Duval primly retreated. "Now, Coursey, listen. Say—you didn't bring your dummies with you, did you? No! I'm glad of it. The fact is, this competition isn't going to be any sort of a competition at all unless you and I can get together. Young Walls has made up his mind about who's going to get the work. The Resolute Press sent a smart lad down here last week with a set of dummies that look like an art exhibition, and young Walls is sold for fair. He ate it up. See here."

He opened a case and took from it a big portfolio, opened it and put it in Govan's hands. "Did you ever see prettier stuff? Swell, hey? Mighty swell. Looks like a million dollars."

Govan's heart gave a leap, and for a moment he made as if to push it away. Then his practiced eyes involuntarily took in every detail. "But, Jordan—that'll take five printings—and look at the gold, man! Why, that'll fairly eat money."

"Exactly. It'll eat money. And that pig-headed kid's determined that the cost shan't make any difference. I've talked to him till I'm blue in the face, showing him where the line comes between necessary expense and unnecessary, but you can't talk sense into him. Look at the letter of estimate—look at that, will you? Why, if we give that fellow the contract it'll make a clear one per cent difference on our net this year. I got an interest in this business and I'm not going to lose that one per cent without a struggle, believe me."

Govan had been staring at the dummies in the portfolio. Now he closed it hastily.

"I must have been crazy to look at this stuff, Jordan. I never did such a thing before in all my life. Take it away. This isn't fair. I'm going to enter my own stuff in the competition, you know."

"You keep right on looking. Maybe what I've doped out isn't fair and ethical, but there's times when ethics are better forgot than remembered too hard. You listen to me—I'm talking business, not competitions, which are fool things at best. I want you to take that portfolio home with you, go through every bit of it, and work it over into a form of your own. Take the idea, change it enough so's it won't be obvious copying, plan it for three colors, and come back to me with it, and an estimate that's right. You've done our work for too long not to know what we ought to have. Then I'll take it and talk turkey to young Walls."

"But, Jordan ——"

"Never mind whether it's right or not. I want you to save Barry & Walls from a big fool expense. Oh, cripes, Govan, that's the main thing. If you came in here tomorrow with your own dummies and ideas, which it's dollars to doughnuts won't be along the same lines, you'd find the cards stacked up against you. Young Walls is bent on having this stuff and this stuff only, and he's got the old man over half persuaded. But—I know the old man well enough to be perfectly sure that if I can show him the same stuff at the right price, even if it's without some of the fancy trimmings, I can swing him all right. Merciful jew's-harps, why should I lose my rightful profit because of the notion this young dumb-bell's got that he's a swell picker when it comes to printing? Not me! Besides, I got a local pride in having our printing done here in Lancaster City. I don't want to see our money going out of town. Look at it that way, if you want to. And look at it from your slant. You'll catch hell from Tom Lassiter if you don't get this business."

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, then. Now you know me, Govan. I'm not for dirty work. But this isn't a decent, honest-to-goodness competition, with everything fair and square, and everybody with the same chance. It's that conceited little snotty Sam Walls' own personal and private show. If he gets away with this there's no telling what he'll go after next. You see what I mean?"

"Yes, I see. All the same, this is another man's work. If I take it and—I don't like it, Jordan."

"Maybe you think I like it. Maybe you think it's pleasant for me to have Sam Walls yap-yapping around this business as if he owned it, and having to watch him every minute for fear he'll pull a boner. Maybe you think I enjoy hearing him spring his peanut ideas as if he was old Mr. Napoleon himself. What I've been through since that boy got out of college! No wonder my hair's getting gray. It feels snow-white. Most of his bright thoughts I can sidetrack by getting him to write them out. Then I file 'em away, and forget 'em. Or else I manage to divert him onto some real work, though he's not capable of much beyond licking stamps. But this time he's got away from me. You listen to what I say, Govan. This is self-preservation, for you and me too. Now don't argue with me, for I'm in no state to listen. You put that portfolio under your arm, and get out of here and be back in the next two-three days with what I want. I'll do the rest, I guarantee it."

Govan found himself fairly pushed out of the door with the portfolio. He walked slowly down the street, his mind in a curious turmoil. He recognized fully the danger. If he didn't do Jordan's bidding he'd lose the Barry & Walls business, and with it a substantial amount of money for himself. Likewise, he would get a fearful hiding from Thomas Lassater and maybe lose his job—yes, even that, if Lassiter discovered that he'd had the chance of winning it and turned it down, even though that chance meant deliberately stealing another man's work.

As for what Irene would say when he told her that not only had the Tallman house gone glimmering but he wouldn't be able to meet their year's expenses unless he sold those two measly Liberty Bonds, well—instead of a rain of tears, there'd be a deluge. He'd live in a mighty damp and unhealthful climate for a good many months. A loathsome prospect.

And this would be such an easy thing to do, such a quick sure way out. He had seen, even in his casual forced inspection, how very, very simple a task it would be to change this interloper's stuff over to the usual Barry & Walls style, and yet keep its unique quality. It wouldn't take him more than three or four hours of work to revamp the text, and, with some rough sketches—a cinch!

Then something plain and ugly and hard tore through his arguments. If he did this thing he'd be a thief, a dirty, low, mean thief. He'd never be able to think of himself as a decent man again. He'd never be able to feel clean again—he wouldn't be clean—he'd be a thief. Suddenly he turned round—he ran—he ran as fast as he could, retracing his steps, panting hard, knocking into people, careless of everything but that he must get this thing out of his hands, out of his conscience, out of his soul.

Jordan had gone. "Left just a couple minutes after you did, Mr. Coursey," reported Miss Duval.

"Will you please tell him in the morning, then, that I brought this back and—and that I'll be in to see him very soon—about the matter we talked of tonight?"

Miss Duval took the portfolio and made a shorthand note of the message. With the actual giving up of his burden a weight rolled off Govan Coursey, and a swift and unexpected exaltation came upon him. Why, it was true—what Miss Payne had said! He needn't do anything he didn't want to! All he had to do was—not to do it! He was free—it was his moment! With the taking back of that portfolio, with the denial of that temptation, he had won his release—his release from himself.

He walked home in a strange uplifted joy. In spite of Jordan, in spite of Lassiter, in spite of his need of money, the Tallman house, Irene—he had kept faith with himself.

For the first time in weeks he went into his own home without apprehension. Here was the final test, and he must not delay. He found Irene in the living room, waiting for him.

"I was beginning to worry, you were so late," she said.

"I'm afraid I'll be late for a week or so," he answered. "I've got a whale of a job on hand, to get out something new and absolutely different for one of our customers. And, Irene—you'll have to give up all idea of the Tallman house. I mean it. It's beyond us. I can't swing it. I won't try. You're suffering, my dear, from a bad attack of a disease very prevalent amongst women—namely, the gimmes. And you'll have to get over it if we're going to have any sort of life together. For, believe me, I'm through with catering to it."

She looked up at him, her eyes amazed, and shocked and hurt. He saw the familiar mist stealing over their blueness. For the first time he discovered that he didn't mind it a bit. No, not a bit

"And you needn't cry. It won't have the least effect. If you do, I'll just go out where I can't see you—maybe hunt up some woman who doesn't cry, to console me. I'm going to readjust our domestic life on the basis of equal rights for husbands, and tears and pathos simply don't belong. Be a sport, Irene—give me a chance. I'm willing to go fifty-fifty on the things each of us wants, but no more." He was smiling, almost laughing, quite cool and calm and absolutely masterful. He sat down on the sofa and put his arms around her. "Wouldn't you rather be a working partner in our concern than a little weeping willow?" he said. "You've got the stuff in you—but I've spoiled you. Well, it's never no more, Mrs. Coursey. This is the Declaration of Independence, Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Statement of Oppressed Nations, and all the rest of it. The little break in the voice, the pearly tear, the sobs, and so forth, are all very well for an expensive little gimme, but they're out of place for a real woman. There, give me a kiss. Now I'll rush upstairs and wash and brush my ambrosial curls, and we'll have dinner. And after dinner I'm going to sit down and read—and if anyone's coming to play bridge, telephone 'em it's off, while I'm upstairs, for I won't play bridge or do anything, ever again, that I don't want to."

He tipped up Irene's chin, kissed her lovingly. Then he got up and deliberately started for the stairs. Once in the hall, he stole a glance back at her. What would she do? How would she take it? Irene was slowly but certainly drying her eyes.

He went upstairs, whistling. He'd done it. He'd turned the trick. That old Miss Payne was a wizard, a true wizard. She knew. And he'd show Jordan, and Lassiter, and all the rest of 'em. He'd go down to his office tomorrow and lock his door and turn out the smartest piece of copy that had ever come out of the Lassiter Press. And Barry & Walls would grab it and be tickled to death with it. And it wouldn't have a single snitch of that portfolio's contents in it anywhere. He came downstairs, still whistling. "What is that tune?" he asked Irene. "It's been ringing in my head all the way home."

Irene looked at him oddly. "It's It Ain't a-Gonna Rain No Mo'," she said.

He could not help it, he burst out into a roar of laughter. After a moment of struggle and biting her lips, Irene joined him. Giggling like children, their peace cemented by their mirth, they went out to dinner.

(An actual unretouched photograph made during the record run.)

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According to all available records, this stands as the fastest thousand miles ever made by any automobile—including racing cars.

From start to finish, there were no tire changes nor mechanical adjustments, the only stops being for fuel and oil replenishments.

At the end of its heroic exhibition, the car was turned over to Harry Miller, the noted racing car builder. He has certified it as being a stock model in every respect except for its higher gear ratio.

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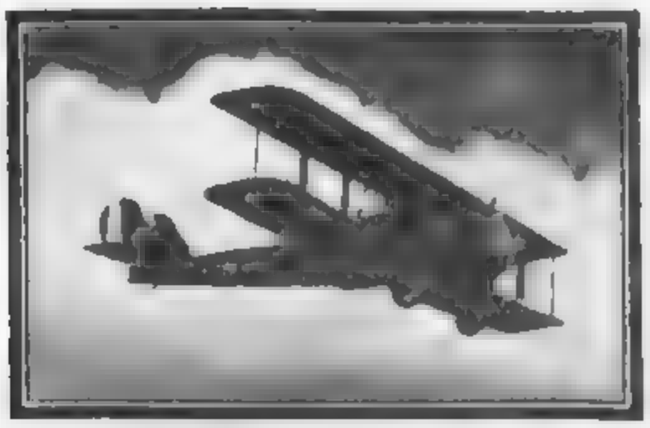
But any car that can survive such a terrific test *must* be a marvel of engineering and construction—*must* carry an assurance of long life and low maintenance costs along with its dominant performance!



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It seems a big thing to do. Certainly, it is an important thing. Yet, it is simple. Merely to insist on the Clark Grave Vault, to refuse substitutes or vaults of inferior quality, insures the utmost of burial protection.

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RUSTY WATCHES 'EM WIGGLE

Continued from Page 29

That gets a chuckle out of him, and he indulges in another when he suggests that maybe he ought to sneak into the house in his stockin' feet, so's not to wake anybody up. We don't either of us realize how good the joke is until we drive in and find Ridge Hall as well lighted as the front of a movie palace.

"Ah!" says he. "Isabel must be giving a party. Bring that kit bag of mine, Rusty, and we will slip in the side door."

I thought I knew about what kind of a party it would be, and was just figurin' how I could get him upstairs without his seein' too much, when all of a sudden it struck me that the place was too still for a reg'lar gatherin' of the bunch. No jazz comin' from the big drawin'-room, no giggles or chatter floatin' out from the corners, not even the tinkle of ice in tall glasses. Yet there was all them lights turned on and I was sure I'd seen two or three cars parked outside. Old Whit notices how quiet it is, too

"The young folks must be holding a Quaker meeting," says he.

"It ain't like 'em," says I, openin' the side door easy.

We was kinda tiptoein' in the main hall when we runs across this tableau posed in front of a big pier glass. In the center of the group and backed up against the mirror is Stew Norton, lookin' sorta slit-eyed and sneery, and with a purplish swellin' under his right eye. Standin' right close to him, his fingers bunched and his chin stuck out, is Big Ben Gerrish. Behind him is Waldo Cutler, whiter faced than ever, but with his eyes blazin', his yellow hair all mussed up, and one end of his collar draped over his left ear. Also, in the drawin'-room door and almost out of the picture stands Miss Isabel, bitin' her under lip nervous. A hall chair that's been tipped over and a vase knocked off a stand and smashed completes the setting.

It don't take any seventh-son stuff to guess that a mix-up is being staged, but whether we've missed out on the decidin' round or have come just in time for the big-punch scene is another question. Either the referee has called for time out or our crashin' in has disturbed the act. Anyhow, it looks like a perfectly good muss, and a swell-costumed one, at that, with the men all in dinner coats and Miss Isabel wearin' one of her dizziest dresses. I was all for backin' off and waitin' to see who swung on who, and kinda hopin' it might be Big Ben's turn to land one. But I was lookin' for Mr. Spooner to blow a gasket.

Not him, though. He gives me the stop signal and only steps into the hallway a couple of feet, gazin' around curious. "Pardon me," says he, "but I hope I'm not interrupting anything important?"

Young Gerrish uncurls his fingers and looks around sorta foolish. Stew Norton stares at the boss a second and then hunches his shoulders. Waldo lets out a little gasp. But nobody says a word.

"I gather that there has been a misunderstanding of some sort," says Old Whit, glancin' at the busted vase and the overturned chair.

That don't start anybody explainin', either. They look from one to another but that's as far as they get.

"Perhaps I have come at just the wrong moment," goes on Old Whit. "If the affair is one that should be finished here and now I trust you will say so. Eh? No volunteers. Come, Mr. Norton, you seem to be one of the sufferers. Any complaint to make?"

Stew shakes his head.

Then the boss turns to Big Ben. "Well, Gerrish," says he, "how about you? Your attitude was rather menacing as I arrived. Do you consider my intrusion untimely? In other words, do you claim the right to punch Norton again?"

"I haven't hit him—yet," says Ben.

"I did, though," breaks in Waldo, excited. "I'd give him another, too, if Gerrish would only keep his big paws off me. May I, Mr. Spooner? Just one?"

"Shut up, you little simp," says Big Ben, pushin' Waldo back. "He could break you in two. I'll attend to Norton."

"But it's my affair," whines Waldo. "I'm the one who caught him at it. The slimy old rip!"

"Hm-m!" says the boss, fingerin' his chin. "Sounds rather complicated. But I understand, Norton, that you were attacked because you were doing something to which this young man seriously objected. May I ask if he was in any way—er—justified?"

Stew shifts his weight from one foot to the other, shoots a quick look over at Isabel, and stiffens his neck. "It is a matter I can't discuss, sir," says he.

"Very well," says Old Whit. "Perhaps Waldo will tell me just what he found ——"

"I think he'd rather not, sir," breaks in Gerrish.

"I will, I will!" shouts Waldo. "Norton's a rotter and everyone's going to know it. I've told Isabel before, and now I guess she believes it. Oh, I saw him when he was dancing with her, and I suspected what he was up to. Then when he led her out here I followed. I saw him grab her. He had her in his arms, the beast! He—he was kissing her! Then I rushed at him. I'll kill him for it, too; I swear I will. I—I ——"

He was almost frothin' at the mouth when Isabel glides up to him, takes him by the collar and gives him a shake. "Sap-head!" says she. "How do you know I didn't like it? And making a scene like this! Please, somebody, send him home. I wish you'd all go."

"It is getting a bit late," adds Old Whit. "I indorse the suggestion. And if you young men have any further differences to settle I trust that you can wait until you get off the premises, unless you promise to be more careful of the shrubbery than you have been of the furniture. Rusty, open the front door."

And it was a sheepish-lookin' trio that files past me, for between what they'd got from Isabel and what the boss handed 'em most of their fightin' blood had got cooled down. Old Whit don't have much to say to daughter, either. In fact, he stands lookin' at her so long without makin' any remark that she gets fidgety.

"Well, why the stern parental stare?" she demands. "You don't think I'm to blame for this silly mess, do you?"

"Oh, yes," says he, quiet. "But I don't see what I am to do about it. I should advise, though, that you pick out some fairly decent young chap, tell him you'll marry him about the fifteenth of next month, and so put all the others out of their misery."

Isabel leans against the door draperies and smothers a yawn. "Old stuff," says she. "Sounds like a line from Dolly Mix's column on advice to young lovers. But life isn't quite so simple as that."

"It needn't be quite so intricate as you make it, Isabel," says he.

"My dear, antiquated old dad!" she comes back at him. "What you don't know about such affairs is perfectly amazing. It's been such a long time since they meant anything to you, you see. Something you've—well, outgrown, I suppose."

That gets a blink out of the old boy. He may have guessed just how she had him listed, but I expect he hadn't heard the case stated quite so blunt before, and it seems to get to him.

He lets his chin sag as the full force of her idea sinks in. Then, after a second or so, he shrugs his shoulders.

"You may be right, Isabel," says he. "And then again you may be somewhat mistaken. All right, Rusty. I'll take the bag up."

We watched him swing off toward the stairs, heard him take 'em firm and easy, after which I helps Isabel pick things up and turn out the lights. I was scrapin' up the last pieces of the busted vase when she gives a hard little laugh.

"Well, I've been fought over, anyway," says she. "Just as they do in plays. I suppose you have seen such acts on the stage, Rusty?"

"Sure!" says I. "And on the Coney Island boats and in Third Avenue dance halls."

"Oh!" says she, kinda choky. Then she changes the subject. "How did dad happen to come home so late?"

"Banquet," says I. "I thought he'd be all in, but he seems to have got a kick out of it."

"He was rather immense with the boys, wasn't he?" she goes on. "Funny old dad! I wonder what he meant about my being mistaken?"

"Check!" says I. "He's a shifty old sport. I never can tell where he's gonna break loose next. Is that all? Good night, miss."

I take it there wasn't any more blood spilled after the trio left here, for next mornin' as I delivered Old Whit at the 8:13 I noticed both Big Ben Gerrish and Waldo Cutler on the platform, and on the way home I saw Stew Norton drivin' down for the 8:25. Also durin' the next few days Miss Isabel seems to have sobered a bit. No midnight parties, and two evenin's she actually stays home alone. Aline tells me she's studyin' up her piece for the play she's gonna be in.

Then here one afternoon she climbs into the limousine as I'm startin' to collect the boss from the 6:10. 'Course, he's surprised to see her.

"This is so sudden, Isabel," says he.

"Don't flatter yourself, old dear," says she. "I'm expecting our dramatic coach. I've asked her to stay with me for a few days. She'll probably be in on the next train. If you don't care to wait Rusty can ——"

But Old Whit says he'll wait.

"Thanks, dad," says Isabel. "Hope you'll not mind having her around. She's an ex-actress, you know."

"Well, what of it?" he asks.

"Oh, I don't know," goes on Isabel. "But she's probably not just the kind you're used to—smokes, I suppose, and talks rather free. She's a dear, though."

"And I'm such an old fossil that I'm liable to be shocked, eh?" says he. "However, I shall try to stand her."

Isabel tells him he's a good old scout, and while he settles back to wait she gets out and exercises up and down the platform. But it ain't long before she's signalin' me to come help with a couple of heavy suitcases and a hatbox the size of a young packin' case. What she tows over to the car, though, is a quiet-dressed little lady, all in brown and with brown hair and soft brown eyes. Nothin' wild or dashin' about her at all, and she's got one of these low cooin' voices that's soothin' to listen to. I couldn't object, either, to the friendly little smile she slips me as I takes the baggage and follows 'em over.

"My father, Mrs. Doreen," says Isabel, sort of casual.

"Oh, yes!" says the lady, stretchin' her arm into the dark limousine where Old Whit's cigar glows in the corner. "Mr. Spooner, isn't it? So sweet of your daughter to ——"

Which was where I snaps on the dome light and gave her a good view. She breaks off, starin', and the next I know she's lettin' out a cute little squeal

"Why, it's Whitney!" says she. "Wake-'em-up Whit! Isn't it?"

"Della!" says he, gaspy. "Della Jarvis or I'm dreaming!"

"A pleasant dream, I hope?" says she.

"Do I have to tell, right out?" he asks. "Come in here and whisper in my good ear, you scandalous woman."

With that he helps the little lady in beside him, leavin' me and Isabel with our mouths open.

"Why, you—you know each other, don't you?" says Isabel.

"Well, we ought to. Eh, Della?" chuckles Old Whit.

"Rather," she agrees. "We did at one time, anyway."

"Let's see," says he, "it must be ——"

"Don't, Whitney!" says she, pattin' him playful. "No statistics, please."

Well, by that time I'd stowed all the luggage and had to quit stallin' around and start the motor, so the rest of this reunion chatter I missed out on. Not that I'm one of them nosey birds who has to know everything that goes on, but a fam'ly shuffer has some rights, ain't he? How you gonna give grade-A service unless you get wised up on who's who and why? So before she starts servin' dinner I has a few words with Aline.

"Keep an ear stretched," says I, after I've sketched out all I've heard so far, "and 'specially for any more details as to the boss ever havin' been known as Wake-'em-up Whit. That part must be a josh."

And I will admit that Aline, as the radio fans would say, has good reception. Maybe they thought she and the other maid was so busy changin' the plates and passin' the broiled chicken and peas and servin' the baked Alaska that they didn't catch any of the table talk, or maybe they didn't care. Anyway, by 8:30 I was makin' a bluff at helpin' with the silver and glasses, watchin'

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the dimples in Aline's elbows, and gettin' a full report.

And I finds I've made another poor guess on Old Whit. There had been a time in his career when he woke 'em up; and on Broadway, at that. Seems it was durin' the five or six years that he was a widower and before he hooked up with the lady that was Isabel's mother. And accordin' to what Aline doped out he must have been quite a rounder.

At least, he got fairly well acquainted with Miss Della Jarvis when she was doin' a song-and-dance specialty with the old Weber and Fields bunch.

"But listen," I breaks in. "How could that be? Why, she wouldn't have been more'n ten years old."

"If she wasn't," says Aline, "then I ain't been born yet. 'Course, she does make up well, and I expect she ain't got to the point where she needs to have her face lifted, but my guess is she's so near forty-five she could reach out and touch it."

"Miaouw!" says I.

"All right!" says she. "Play her for a chicken, if you like. But I seen what her hair looks like down where the henna didn't take hold."

And there's no use debatin' with an expert. I had to pass the point.

"So her and Old Whit was playmates?" I goes on. "Think of that!"

"Well, he might have been quite a sheik twenty years ago," says Aline. "There's no tellin'."

"And the sweeper business was havin' its first boom," I adds. "I can feature him as a free spender too. How torrid do you figure this romance of theirs got?"

"Say, you don't think they went into that, with Miss Isabel right at the table?" says Aline. "But from little hints, and looks I saw pass, I expect he must have been crazy about her. Probably they bust up because she wouldn't quit the stage. That's generally the case."

"But when did she get to be Mrs. Doreen?" I asks.

"Quite a spell back, I take it," says Aline. "He was a manager and seems to have faded out. She ain't a reg'lar actress now either. Just does this coachin' act for amateurs, and it was only by chance she drifted out here. Funny break, eh? Them two gettin' together again after so long. Say, I never knew the boss could talk so much. Got off some good lines too."

"How about Isabel?" says I.

"Just sat with her eyes bugged," says Aline. "For once, that young lady got handed something herself, I guess."

I'll say she did. For a couple of days there she goes around actin' like she was in a trance, and when Old Whit is present she can't seem to keep her eyes off him, studyin' him as if he was some kind of freak. Well, you could hardly blame her, seein' how she'd always billed him as kind of a crabby old antique that had never shown any signs of life since she could remember. And then all of a sudden this hectic page is dug out of his past. Probably she was tryin' to screen a picture of him flutterin' around the stage door and drinkin' champagne out of a silver slipper. I don't deny I did a little guessin' along that line myself, but I didn't get anywhere.

As I says to Aline, "I can't make it seem natural. Not for Old Whit."

"Well, he's dead enough now, all right," says she, "even if he is wigglin' his toes a bit."

It was only the next day, too, that he comes home all barbered up like an automobile salesman, wearin' a sporty new English coat, a new hat and a pair of yellow gloves.

"Gee, Mr. Spooner!" says I as I opens the limousine door for him. "First off I thought it must be Mr. Junior."

"Huh!" says he, eyin' me flickery. "Since you're making an inventory, what about the bow tie? A bit too giddy; eh, Rusty?"

"Not for you, sir," says I, and we swaps grins.

The next I hear is that he's begun puttin' on his soup and fish for dinner, and instead of shuttin' himself up in the lib'ry with his solitaire game has taken to havin' coffee in the drawin'-room with Isabel and Mrs. Doreen.

"Say," I tells Aline, "he's doin' more'n wiggle his toes."

"Even so," says she, "a hot lot of good it's gonna do him."

'Course, I expect there was a good deal of his work we missed, for him and the little lady was together an hour or so every evenin' before she had to go take charge of the rehearsal. True, Daughter Isabel was there, too, which couldn't have helped much. But I never accused Old Whit of bein' thick in the head. He can make clever moves when he wants to. And before long he pulls one.

"Rusty," says he, "Mrs. Doreen might like to drive down to the station when you come for me tonight. Perhaps you'd better stop and see."

"Yes, sir," says I, holdin' back a wink.

Mrs. Doreen said she would like it very much and that she wouldn't disturb Isabel.

Uh-huh. I heard the start of it.

"Well, Whitney," says she, "how do you find yourself?"

"I've just woke up to the fact, Della," says he, "that I'm rather a lonely old man."

"Not really old!" she protests.

"Thank you, Della," says he. "And you?"

"Me?" says she. "Oh, I'm just one of those homeless, middle-aged women that no one even bothers to be pathetic about. They will, though, in a few years."

"Della!" I hears him say, and after that all I caught was mumbles. Honest, the acoustics of some of these closed cars is mighty bum.

Well, the play was pulled off Thursday night, down at the Community Club in the village, and Aline and me drew two seats in the gallery. You know how them amateur things go. There was a swell-dressed audience, lots of polite applause, heaps of flowers for everybody, and only one or two forgot their lines. But if they call that actin', then the Barrymores have been doin' it all wrong. Miss Isabel, who can glide around home as graceful as a tiger at play, went through her scenes like she had both hips in plaster casts, and what she had to say never got beyond the fifth row. Stew Norton wasn't so bad, 'specially when he was supposed to be makin' love to Isabel. The others was just as frisky as a row of wooden soldiers. But after the show quite a bunch came to the house to tell Isabel and Mrs. Doreen how good everybody was, and when I'd been called in to mix a round of my famous Daiquiris they got real enthusiastic. Stew Norton nor young Waldo wasn't among those present. Gerrish was though. He walks right up to Old Whit and feeds him some guff about what a wonderful daughter he has, just as though nothing had ever happened. I was pourin' out dividends when he did it.

Old Whit shakes his head, not at me, but at Big Ben. "Don't waste all that on me, young man," says he. "Save some of it for Isabel."

"That's a good idea, sir," says Big Ben, and chases right over to where Isabel is pretendin' not to notice that he's come in.

The last I saw of 'em they was settled in a corner and she was paintin' a mustache on him with her eyebrow pencil. In another corner Della Doreen was sittin' at the piano hummin' over some old songs of about the 1905 vintage and Mr. Spooner was helpin' her remember the words. He was usin' the touch system, with one hand on her shoulder. The old fox!

Accordin' to schedule Mrs. Doreen was leavin' the day after the play. But somehow she don't. Nor the next day. Her and Isabel seem to be chummier than ever, and every night she drives down with me to meet Old Whit. They had a lot to say to each other, them two, but I near strained my hearin' tryin' to catch what it was all about.

Then Sunday afternoon they starts for a jaunt up around the reservoir and back through Scarsdale. Mrs. Doreen urges Isabel to go along, too, and lets on to be almost sore when she renigs.

"Sorry," says Isabel, "but I was silly enough to promise Ben Gerrish I'd be here at four. Don't let dad bore you with his plans for Spoonerizing the homes of the nation."

If that's why she thought Old Whit was gonna make me drive over all the back roads of Westchester County that afternoon she'd missed by a mile. For three hours or so a big discussion went on in the back of the limousine, and while I didn't get any of it at all, I'm givin' odds of one hundred to one that the sweeper industry wasn't touched on. As we gets to the gates of Ridge Hall, along about dusk, I'm told to stop and let 'em out. So when Isabel and young Gerrish holds me up on my way to the garage I've got an empty car.

"Why, where's dad?" she demands. Then, as an afterthought: "And Mrs. Doreen?"

"They're walkin' up through the grounds," says I.

"How absurd!" says Isabel. "But I suppose it will keep for a few minutes; eh, Ben?"

By the sappy grin on his face I decided it was something that wouldn't go sour right away.

Well, there was the bus to be dusted off, and the gas tank to be filled, and I had to wash up and change, so it was near seven o'clock before I reports at the house for chow. And I finds Aline almost bustin' with big news.

"What do you guess, Rusty?" says she.

"Lemme think," says I. "Oh, yes! Big Ben Gerrish is stayin' for supper."

"How did you know that?" she asks.

"Came to me in a dream," says I. "And his roadster's still outside."

"Anything else, Mr. Wiseheimer?" she demands.

"Uh-huh!" says I. "They're gonna be hooked up between now and spring."

"You oughta be playin' the ponies," says she. "But that ain't half. Now what's the rest?"

I didn't have the heart to crab her act by landin' another wild one.

"I give up," says I. "Spill it."

"The boss!" says she, almost breathless. "And Mrs. Doreen!"

"Not honest?" says I.

Aline crosses her throat. "They're in there now, drinkin' each other's health in prewar champagne," says she. "All four of 'em. And there'll be a new mistress here at the hall inside of two weeks."

"Well, the old pirate!" says I. "And a certain little party I knows of was tellin' me not long ago how he was dead from the neck down. Him! Why, he'd make some of these young hicks who plays themselves for fast workers look like they had both feet nailed to the floor. You didn't actually hear him breakin' the news to Isabel, did you?"

"No," says she. "But when I went in everybody was shakin' hands and gettin' kissed."

"You, too?" I asks.

"Snap!" says she. "'Course I didn't get kissed!"

"They overlooked a bet then," says I. "Ah, pucker 'em up."

And say, she ain't such an amateur as when I first came. I wouldn't like to say why, but she ain't.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue

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ROMAN LAW

(Continued from Page 23)

flame and a reduplicated crash drummed away in a rolling echo across the sand. Coomber swayed; his eyes showed white in a face that was still puzzled; he crumpled down beside the log, bent double, moaning, his hands clasped across his stomach.

"Got him right." Dishek spoke carelessly. "See him go for that ax?" He pocketed the gun. "Brained the two of us if I hadn't got him in the guts. That stops 'em every time."

Sim discovered that his own gun was pressing tight against the flat vest; he could hear his voice as if it belonged to somebody else:

"Stan' right still till I git that gun, Dishek."

He felt for it in the pocket, drew it out. Dishek didn't move, and his hands, as if by instinct, were lifted, palms outward, to the level of his shoulders.

"What's eating you, sap? You saw him go after his ax."

"Seen aplenty," said Sim. "Put them lily wrists together."

His free hand snapped the old-fashioned handcuffs shut about the plump soft arms.

"Now you he'p me lift him into the wagon—no, hold on! First off, you git in and throw out them pine knots so's he c'n ride easy. Reckon you c'n use your hands good enough f'r that."

Coomber stopped moaning.

"Nemmine 'at, Mist' Cole. Clean outen fi'wood. Col' weatheh waitin' right roun' uh co'neh ——"

The voice sounded sleepy as it stopped. Cole leaned down and discovered that there wasn't any need of throwing out those pine knots, after all. He straightened.

"He's daid. He'p me lift him in, you."

Dishek obeyed. Meeting his glance as they hoisted the awkward weight over the wheel, Sim thought again of eyes that were like blinded windows, of Dan Mackenzie's notion that if a man was a killer his face would have this look.

"Come on, unlock the bracelets and gimme my gat, simp. What's the big idea?"

"Hangin' mostly," said Sim, "without you give me a good excuse to save the state's money and make a hole through them pretty store clothes. If ever I seen a mean col'-blooded killin' ——"

"Get wise—get wise!" Dishek gestured impatiently with both hands. "You saw the smoke reach for the ax. Had to plug him, didn't I? Even if I didn't, it's none of your business. This is Cray County."

"Reckon it don't matter a heap which county tries you," said Sim. "Send you down to Raleigh to git executed, anyhow."

Dishek made a contemptuous sound between his teeth.

"Why, sucker, I'll draw down a bonus for this trick! Think the main squeeze brought me down here to slap these niggers on the wrist and tell 'em naughty-naughty, the way you tarheel bulls do? Told me to treat 'em rough—'make an example of the first one you catch,' he says. Bump me off?" The voice grated scornfully. "Try to do it!"

"Aim to," said Sim. "Shin up on that there seat and sit away from me."

He drove the cart back along the rambling trail between old pine stumps and clumped scrub oak, trying not to be influenced by Dishek's unconcern, by the cheerful, tuneless whistle with which, between his gold-faced teeth, he beguiled the intervals between his arguments. It was true enough that the case would have to be handled over in Cray, where this man was a deputy and where his employer could certainly pull a lot of wires. There wouldn't be any witness against him except Sim Cole, and Sim would have to swear that Eli had reached for that ax. Probably the jury would turn Dishek loose in the end; but in the meantime he'd be in jail and worried, no matter how much he might try to bluff about it. Sim set his jaws obstinately. He'd see that Dishek got that much, anyhow.

He had begun to dread the ugly business of bringing the dead man into the little pine-pole cabin by the branch, explaining to his woman and kids, when two negroes crossed the track a little before the cart. Sim hailed them and overbore their frightened reluctance to undertake that errand. He watched them well on the way toward the cabin with the wagon before he led his prisoner down the fork to the highway where Dishek's car had been left. A thin, keening wail came through the scrub from far away and Dishek tilted his head to listen.

"What's that? Wildcat or something?"

"Eli's woman," said Sim shortly. The sound bit into his ears; it would have given him that queer, creepy sensation in his spine, he thought, even if he didn't know what it meant. "Wish't I dast give her a chance to settle up with you right now! Save the state a sight of good money, she would."

Dishek managed to light a cigarette. He chuckled as he flicked the burning match into the grass, where Sim trod out the puffing flame that leaped up from it, a new anger and contempt rising in him for the ignorant folly of the act. A little wind and that match would have cost Jonathan Beard more than all the firewood that Eli Coomber could have cut in a lifetime. He thrust his prisoner roughly into the seat and climbed past him to the wheel. On the long drive into Tyre his confidence steadily lessened, and when he stopped before the dingy brick jail and saw Dan Mackenzie sitting on the plank steps there was a welcome sense of relief from responsibility. Mackenzie would know how this thing ought to be handled. He might be a mossback some ways, but ——

"Reckon we'll hold him, anyhow," said the sheriff, when he had heard Sim's charge and Dishek's jaunty explanation. "Take and lock him up, Sim, while I get Sheriff McRimmon on the telephone and see how soon c'n he send over after him."

His glance moved slowly to Dishek's contemptuously defiant face, and Sim saw the lines tighten at the corners of his mouth; but he spoke even more gently than his habit:

"Right obliged to you for doin' your killin' other side of the line. Reckon you better keep on doin' it over yonder, long as you started thataway."

He was just turning away from the old-fashioned wall telephone in the office when Sim found him after locking Dishek in the sorriest of the six cells.

"Reckon we'll be shet of him this evenin', Sim. McRimmon wanted we should turn him loose and leave him drive over by himself. Only for the law, I'd admire to do it. Kind of hate to have him in that there jail where you and me got to sleep."

"It was murder, sheriff!" Sim's anger exploded. "Mean, col'-blooded murder. He had it all figured out beforehand, same as told me so. Aimed to make an example outen Eli, he let on, so's the others wouldn't ——"

"Reckon he don't look at it thataway," said Mackenzie slowly. "Right likely that's how they handle the sheriffin' business up yonder where he was raised, and he ain't smart enough to see 't things is different down here, same as Beard couldn't see it."

"He's smart 's they make 'em," said Sim. "He knowed what he was up to. Didn't figure you'd go standin' up f'r him."

"I ain't, Sim. Wasn't only f'r the law, I'd kind of admire to get me a nice rope and go hang him before dinner. But he ain't smart, Sim; not the way I look at it, anyhow. Don't reckon you'd say I was smart, but I ain't dumb enough to try the sheriffin' business where I don't know the law nor understand the folks. No, sir; it don't matter whether you aim to enfo'ce the law or to commit you a murder, if you got good sense you'll stay home to do it. Le's go get dinner. Wouldn't wonder if Beard was over here this evenin' on this here case, and time I get through listenin' at his chat I don't know will I want no supper."

III

BY NINE o'clock the evening group in the hotel office had begun to dwindle. Some of the lodgers had yawned themselves upstairs to bed, and Dan Mackenzie had taken Bruce McKim and his two ungainly dogs across the square to share the sleeping quarters at the front of the empty jail. Ordinarily Sim would have gone along, but he didn't care for McKim or his dogs, and tonight he held back so that the sheriff and his other deputy would be asleep before he turned in. He protested mildly against the significant action of Uncle Jimmy Drew, the proprietor, who rather pointedly switched off the lights of the front porch and the hall and slammed the cover of the cigar case with needless emphasis.

"Hadn't ought to shet up shop so early, Uncle Jimmy. Must lose a sight of business thataway—heap of folks travels later'n this here."

Uncle Jimmy yawned.

"Ain't lookin' f'r no all-night trade," he said. "Aim to git me a decent night's sleep even if I am in the hotel business."

His manner, as he wound the cheap alarm clock on the desk, displayed so much determination that Sim got to his feet and the other idlers embarked upon the yawns and shuffles preliminary to reluctant departure. The noise of an approaching car drew them to the windows in time to receive the brief glare of its lamps as it turned into the alley that led back to the hotel sheds. Sim recognized that long hood.

"Guess that shows!" he cried. "If you'd got shet up a minute quicker Beard 'd 've went right on home 'stead of stayin' here in the best room you got."

Uncle Jimmy grunted without enthusiasm.

"Reckon I c'd make out to stand it if he had," he said gloomily. "Best ain't never good enough f'r Beard."

"Reckon he's fetchin' home a sight of money again," said one of the loungers. "Must 've went clean up to Raleigh after it. Heard 't three-four times they wasn't enough cash in the bank over to Rayford to suit him. Lish Rannett's boy 't works to the bank let on 't Beard 'd come in after ten thousand like it was dirt."

"Heard tell they's times when that there gamblin' house over to Summerhills loses that much all on one deal," said another.

They fell silent as Jonathan Beard came in, aggressive and dominant in the big fur coat; their eyes watched him attentively, but their faces were blank of expression.

"Got my room for me, Drew?"

He spoke abruptly. Sim noticed that he carried a small black-leather bag in his left hand as he signed the cheap copy book that served Uncle Jimmy for register; and although the loose sleeve concealed the hand, there was a glint of light and a faint clink of metal that Sim's reading enabled him to interpret. The satchel was chained to Beard's wrist, just as it was done up North, where bank messengers carried millions about the streets. The precaution, in the sleepy backwoods of Hewitt County, amused Cole, stirred his contemptuous dislike for Beard, an antipathy that had been deepened and embittered by Beard's successful championing of Dishek after what, after all these months, Sim still considered and declared a murder. The deputy yielded to an impulse that nudged him to sarcastic speech.

"Reckon you won't sleep right good with all that there money hitched to your wrist, Mr. Beard." He chuckled as Beard whirled belligerently from the desk. "Looks like you was scared of bein' robbed. Uncle Jimmy ain't got no safe in the hotel, but the sheriff'd admire to lock that there valise in ourn so's to keep you from frettin' in your sleep."

"Been drinking some of your cheap moonshine?" Beard snarled. "Where'd you get the idea that I'd carry money through a county where the sheriff can't even keep niggers from stealing anything they want?"

Sim's anger rose.

"Reckon I'm sober enough to know what everybody in the county knows. Figure folks in Hewitt's so dog-gone simple 't they can't see when you drive up to Raleigh and sleep here in Tyre 'stead of carryin' that there valise over yonder to Summerhills at night? Figure we don't know 't when you only want a mite of cash you go to Rayford after it? Made out to keep our nigras from robbin' it off you so far too."

Beard controlled his temper with a visible effort. He spoke in a fair counterfeit of careless amusement:

"Never had any great opinion of you as a sheriff's deputy, Cole, but I didn't think you were such an absolute fool as this. Suppose I did happen to be carrying some cash, it's a grand, sensible thing for you to advertise it, isn't it, so that it'll be nice and convenient for anybody who'd rather cut a throat than work? Some sheriff!"

He laughed and followed Uncle Jimmy toward the stairway. There was a little silence before one of the idlers spoke in the thin, gentle drawl of the country:

"Don't reckon it'd be fittin' f'r a dep'ty to go cuttin' no throats, Sim, but any time you got a notion to git you a stub an' wear this here Beard down you got my lief."

The approving nods of the others comforted Cole against a reluctant conviction that Beard had been right. It would have been better to keep his mouth shut about that satchel; not that it mattered, of course—all the men in the room had known about it—but it hadn't been wise, all the same. Mackenzie wouldn't have done it. He moved out to the porch, puzzled and vaguely displeased by the discovery that this reflection seemed to carry an added reproach for that thoughtless talk, as if, after all, even a smart young fellow from Cray County could afford to pattern himself in some matters on an old hillbilly in Hewitt.

Glancing over his shoulder as he crossed the square, he frowned at the three lighted windows that opened on the rickety gallery along the second floor of the hotel. It was showing off, he told himself sourly; Beard wasn't satisfied with paying extra for the biggest room in the hotel, as if he was such a great man that he needed two double beds to sleep in; he always insisted on having the bathroom to himself, besides.

Cole carried an envious contempt into the dark bedroom at the jail, where, as he threw off his clothes, he was remotely aware of rather more snoring than was to be expected even from Bruce McKim. The matter was explained, when he fumbled with his blanket, by the discovery that the two dogs had curled themselves on his bed. He woke McKim rather than attempt their removal unaided. The other deputy grumbled sleepily as he pulled the dogs from the cot.

"Ought to know by now 't they's no harm in a good-bred dawg."

Sim lay awake listening to chorusing snores, troubled by the accusing memory of that needless scene at the hotel. He seemed hardly to have shut his eyes when a hand tugged at his shoulder and Bruce's voice came unpleasantly across the border of sleep.

"Git up, Cole. Sheriff wants you should come down to the hotel soon's you kin."

Cole saw that the sky was faintly brightening beyond the eastward window. He pulled himself wearily out of bed.

"What is it—a fire?"

"Reckon it's 'most as bad. Uncle Jimmy he come up to git the sheriff. Claims somebody taken an' busted in Beard's room last night an' robbed a sight of money offen him. Kind of wore him down, too, Uncle Jimmy says."

Cole fumbled with his clothes. Bruce, almost dressed, regarded him gravely.

"Reckon Beard's haid's kind of addled, Uncle Jimmy says he claims it was you 't done it."

"Me?"

Cole stared helplessly, facing the realization that Beard could make a plausible case of it after last night's affair. He snatched up his coat and stumbled toward the door, fastening buttons as he ran, his shoe laces whisking about his ankles. A frame-up, a put-up job of Beard's to get even with him for charging Dishek with murder that time last fall! Pretend that he'd been robbed and claim that Sim Cole must have had a hand in it!

He found the front door of the hotel open, and led by voices, took the stairs at a run. Beard's door was ajar and Uncle Jimmy Drew stood in the opening. Shouldering past him, Cole saw Mackenzie standing beside a disordered bed on which Beard was propped up on rumpled pillows, a blood-stained towel held against his bald scalp. Strips of torn sheets littered the bare pine floor. The black satchel was still fastened to Beard's left wrist and, as Sim noted it, he was displaying the long knife slit in one side of it.

"There he is now!" The angry voice rose and a stubby finger pointed at Cole. "Grab him, Mackenzie! I'll swear to the charge!"

Mackenzie's glance met Cole's gravely and one eyelid drooped, invisible to the man on the bed.

"Reckon Sim'll stand without hitchin'," he said. "Don't act like he was aimin' to run off."

The wink and the tone reassured Sim unreasonably. The fact that Mackenzie believed in him seemed for the moment an adequate denial of Beard's charge. He even managed a brief laugh.

"Figured you could frame me, did you, Beard? Figured you could fake up a robb'ry an' claim it was me 't done it? Reckon it won't work. I c'n prove where I been all night."

(Continued on Page 73)

Lo! There is Wellville gleaming in the sun!

WELLVILLE is a glorious town in which to live—the county seat of Health in the state of Happiness.

Its men and women awaken in the morning rested and refreshed by peaceful sleep to feel the clean blood coursing through their veins, with keen minds and steady hands ready for the day's affairs

Remember Nature's simple teachings if you would live in Wellville. Eat more sparingly of civilization's heavy foods. Drink more milk. Eat more vegetables and fruits and golden grain

Post Health Products of Battle Creek are made from nutritious grain. They are plain, healthful, delicious foods that build bone, brain and brawn

Eat of these good, honest foods and journey down the shining road to Wellville.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan

Makers of Post Health Products

Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes) *Post's Bran Flakes* • • *Grape-Nuts*

Postum Cereal and *Instant Postum*

P. C. Co., 1925

Extracts from the

LIFE *and* LETTERS *of* IVORY SOAP

Being the authorized biography of AMERICA'S *best known product*

IN 1890, when Ivory Soap was just eleven years old, a soirée was held in a fashionable Fifth Avenue mansion, in New York, at which the chief form of entertainment was bubble-blowing. The ladies

and gentlemen who participated in this stimulating sport (prizes being given for the largest bubbles) became entranced with its fascinating possibilities, and the "soap-bubble party" became the vogue of the Social Season.

Ivory was, of course, the chosen soap, because a burst Ivory bubble did not spoil the ladies' clothes, and the pure Ivory suds protected their dainty finger-tips from harm.

That was 35 years ago, long before Ivory Flakes and Guest Ivory, now such important members of the Ivory Family, had even been thought of. Just the other day, while a Procter & Gamble representative was waiting, a chauffeur from one of those very same Fifth Avenue mansions hurried into a fashionable grocery store on Madison Avenue with a message from his employer.

"You left out a carton of Guest Ivory when you delivered our order this morning, and my mistress wants it right away," he said.

Later the representative asked the grocer whether Ivory was as popular with his wealthy customers today as it had been in the past. "Yes, more so," he said. "They often buy it by the case of 100 cakes. There is scarcely a wealthy home on our list that doesn't get Ivory regularly."

FIVE GENERATIONS *and an* IVORY *Poem*

AT just about the same time the chauffeur was delivering his message in New York, the makers of Ivory received the following letter from a woman in Colorado:

"Five generations of my family have been raised with Ivory Soap. My own first recollection of soap was

of Ivory, and the first poem I remember reciting was an Ivory Soap poem published in the Youth's Companion forty years ago.

"I have been married twenty years, and as a mother I can vouch for Ivory's excellence. All good housewives appreciate such products, but seldom take the time to say so. So here is my compliment to you, unsolicited and from the heart."

And not long afterwards came this note from a matron of Texas:

"I don't just *like* Ivory—I *love* it!

"I've been keeping house for sixteen years, and during all that time

Guest IVORY

THE dainty new cake of Guest Ivory, made especially for the face and hands, just fits feminine fingers and the toilet soap holder. It costs 5 cents.

Bath IVORY

FOR the bath, most people prefer the medium-size cake of Ivory. "It floats," of course, so you never have to hunt for your soap at the bottom of the tub.

I've used Ivory for everything soap can be used for. I bathed my baby fourteen years ago with Ivory, and kept her dear little head sweet and clean with it. She and I use it exclusively for our baths today. We both use it to shampoo our hair. We use it on our faces, too, always coming back to it every time after trying other soaps. All these years I've been *using* it, not *having* it used, and my hands are the source of constant envy to my friends. I am so happy that we now have Guest Ivory."

The experience of trying other soaps—because they cost more, or are colored or perfumed, or make wonderful promises—and then finally coming back to Ivory, seems to be a national habit, and everyone knows Ivory purity.

"I guess I'll try Ivory"

When the present biographer of Ivory was preparing this history, he became convinced that the users of Ivory must be the most ingenious people in the world. They have found uses for Ivory which even its own makers had never thought of.

As the result of an inquiry made a few years ago, more than 50,000 recipes for the use of Ivory were received—recipes for making insecticides, cleaning rubber plants, making furniture polish and leather dressing, taking out iodine stains, making foot powder, curing bee and mosquito stings. Apparently when Ivory users don't know exactly what to do about some problem they say, "Well, I guess I'll try Ivory," and lo! another recipe! (The best of the Ivory recipes have been collected in a booklet called "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap"—we shall be glad to send you a copy.)

Ivory has traveled all over the globe, carrying its message of cleanliness and good cheer.

A letter from Foochow, China, tells of a Christmas celebration in the missionary hospital at which gifts from home were distributed, and in every package there was a cake of Ivory—for the patients, the doctors, the nurses, the teachers, the helpers in the leper colony, the laundresses, gardeners and the scrubwomen.

Ivory *works hard at* College

Of the stupendous number of Ivory cakes made in the last 46 years, some have helped a good many thousands of students through college (the present scribe is one, and *knows*). But apparently it is in the girls' colleges that Ivory does its most diversified job. From Boston came this letter recently:

"Perhaps it has never occurred to you that the college girl of today cannot get along without Ivory Soap. Here are a few of the things she uses it for in one week:

Shampoo
Laundry *(mostly blouses and lingerie)*
Daily bath
Dishwashing after bridge or tea

"Did you know that most girls carry a cake of Guest Ivory in their week-end bags, and always pack one in their trunks for emergencies?"

How Johnny Pine *became* Johnny Soap

Ivory has always been a great adventurer, and has been the center of many a romantic and exciting incident.

Mr. Harry Sinclair Drago, the author of a number of novels and many short stories, tells a true Ivory yarn that deserves a place in any Ivory biography.

Mr. Drago and his wife were on a camping trip in Nevada, far from any settlement. They had one cake of Ivory which they prized most highly because if it should be lost they would have to go bathless.

Well, it *was* lost. It slipped out of the pack into the river, and, because of the current, could not be recovered. You may be sure they were troubled. Next day they started downstream, and suddenly came upon a camp of Piute Indians. What specially drew their attention was a group of squaws clustered around an ancient brave known as Johnny Pine, who was immersed to the elbows in an old bucket "so brimful of soapsuds that it looked like a giant ice-cream soda."

The cause of the suds was, of course, the precious cake of Ivory, which Johnny had found floating in the water. But, because it was white, and floated, Johnny was convinced that it wasn't soap, and when Mr. Drago offered to buy it, Johnny refused to sell. Finally, however, after considerable dickering, Johnny parted with the Ivory in exchange for a silver dollar. But he was not through.

"You buy him if me catch him more?" he said with the gleam of a fortune-seeker in his eye.

"Sure, we buy," replied Mrs. Drago.

They heard afterwards that Johnny fished the river for weeks in search of another cake of Ivory to sell for a dollar. And the Indians named him Johnny Soap as the result.

The "Ivory Idea" *travels* 2,000 *miles*

A year or so ago, a Massachusetts woman moved to Montana. Recently she saw an Ivory advertisement in one of her favorite magazines, and wrote this letter about it:

"That advertisement brought to my mind a picture of my mother's linen closet back in Massachusetts. She has always used Ivory, both for toilet and household purposes, in bringing up her family of ten. But that had slipped my mind until your advertisement gave my memory a jog and made me resolve to get some Ivory right away.

"I'd been in the habit of buying two soaps for our household—one for toilet and one for general use—thinking that was a necessary economy. Briefly, that advertisement said to me, 'Why, you know your mother is the most efficient and economical housekeeper, and she has always had cakes of Ivory stacked in her linen closet for all purposes, so it must have been good, and economical, too.'

"Then there was the paragraph that recalled to my mind that Ivory is convenient because it does float.

"To make a long story short, I got in a good supply of Ivory and I certainly do think it was a good buy. It makes so much more lather than the washing soap I've been using that it makes my laundry work at least twice as easy, and my babies do have such fun chasing the cake around in their baths! I intend to stick to Ivory from now on, and I expect to do a kind act by passing the Ivory idea along to my neighbors."

Some time ago an inquiry was made among 11,000 families chosen at random throughout America, to discover what soaps they used. It was found that 175 kinds were used for washing faces and hands; 162 kinds for bathing—one family even used a scouring powder for this; 96 kinds for bathing the baby, and 132 kinds for washing dishes. But for every one of these purposes, far more families used Ivory than any other soap.

* * *

We wish there were space enough to quote from letters written by mothers of Ivory Soap babies (and *prize* babies, too); by women who do all their own housework, including the laundry, and give Ivory the credit for keeping their hands soft and white; by managers of hotels who say that their guests actually come and congratulate them upon placing Ivory in the bathroom; from doctors and hospitals; from men who insist that Ivory is the grandest shaving soap in the world; from both men and women who have discovered (either by themselves or at the suggestion of their dentist) that Ivory makes a fine tooth-cleanser; from travelers who can't find any other soap that works so well in so many kinds of water—but all these must be saved for another time. [*to be continued*]

Procter & Gamble

P. & G. Co., Cincinnati, 1925

Laundry Ivory

The big economical Laundry Ivory cake is for general laundry and household use—it costs very little more than the harsh laundry soaps and protects both hands and clothes.

Ivory *Flakes*

These beautiful, tissue-thin flakes of genuine Ivory are particularly for the safe, quick, cleansing of all delicate fabrics. But lots of women also use Ivory Flakes for dishwashing (to protect their hands), and for shampooing.

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

Dry "B" Batteries are an economical, dependable and convenient source of plate current!

EVEREADY Radio Batteries

EVEREADY "B" Batteries are made in several sizes and capacities—enabling you to select the proper "B" Battery for all types and makes of receivers, from the smallest portable to the largest multi-tube set. For your guidance we list below the most popular types of Eveready "B" Batteries with descriptions of each

No. 766—22½-volt Large—Horizontal

Because of its larger cells, this is the most economical 22½-volt "B" Battery. Equipped with six Fahnestock spring cup connectors, giving variable voltage from [illegible] volts to 22½ volts, this is the ideal "B" Battery for receiving sets using a soft detector tube, such as UV-200 or C-300. Two or more of these 22½ volt No. 766 "B" Batteries connected in series will provide higher voltages as required. This battery will furnish current to as many as three tubes operating at 90 volts without a "C" Battery or four tubes at 90 volts with a "C" Battery without being overloaded. Length [illegible] inches, width 4¼ inches, height 3 3/16 inches; weight 5 pounds. Price $2.

No. 767—45-volt Large—Horizontal

This battery has twice the number of the same large size cells as used in "B" Battery No. 766. Seven Fahnestock spring clip connectors make current available at [illegible], 18, 19½, 22½ and 45 volts. Recommended for use with sets requiring 45 or 67½ volts employing a UV-200 or C-300 detector. This battery will furnish current to as many as three tubes operating at 90 volts without a "C" Battery or four tubes at 90 volts with a "C" Battery without being overloaded. Length 8 inches, width [illegible] inches, height 3 3/16 inches, weight 9 pounds 12 ounces. Price $3.75.

Eveready Columbia Ignitor Dry Cell

Radio's greatest all-cell "A" Battery. Just as Eveready Columbia Ignitor Dry Cells have always been best for ignition and general purposes, they are likewise supreme for radio receiving tubes. They last during many hours of happy listening.

No. 764—22½-volt Medium—Vertical

This battery contains practically the same size cells as the smaller 22½ volt "B" Battery, but instead of larger cells, has over twice the service capacity. It gives many months of normal service from the small battery, and is specially suited for use in portable sets. Will supply current for as many as three tubes operating at not more than 45 volts without using overloaded. Provided with two Fahnestock spring cup terminals. Length [illegible] inches, width 2¾ inches, height 3¾ inches, weight 2½ pounds. Price $1.75.

No. 772—45-volt Large—Vertical

In number and size of cells this battery is the same as the 45-volt "B" Battery No. [illegible], and has the same capacity. It is arranged to stand on end, thus making it more suitable for use where table space is limited, also it contains it self-contained receiving sets. This battery is recommended for use [illegible] tubes operating at 90 volts without a "C" Battery or four tubes with a "C" Battery. It is also recommended for the Radiola Super-Het radiophone receiver and has [illegible] Large Fahnestock spring clip connectors provide voltages at 22½ and 45 volts. It is not overloaded for use with sets employing soft detector tubes UV-200 C-300. Length 8 [illegible] inches, width 3¾ inches, height 3¾ inches, weight 4 pounds. Price $3.75.

No. 770—45-volt Extra Large—Vertical

This heavy-duty "B" Battery contains extra large cells, making it especially suitable for use on multi-tube sets and power amplifiers. On such service it will greatly outlast and give much more economical service than "B" Batteries made of smaller cells. Provided with three Fahnestock spring clip connectors giving voltages at 22½ and 45 volts. Length 8 3/16 inches, width 4 [illegible] inches, height 7 3/16 inches, weight 14¼ pounds. Price $4.[illegible].

[illegible] are guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
New York San Francisco

[illegible]

EVEREADY HOUR EVERY TUESDAY AT 9 P. M.

[illegible] Group." Broadcast through stations

WEAF [illegible] WEEI [illegible] WCAE [illegible]
WJAR [illegible] WFI [illegible] WGR [illegible]

(Continued from Page 68

"Frame you?" Beard's voice was almost a scream. "I suppose there's fifteen thousand hidden somewhere in the room! I suppose I broke into my own room and smashed myself on the head and tied myself up in my own sheets, and gagged myself so that my head was about cut off when Drew heard me kicking against the wall and came in to ——"

"Sim don't know nothing about that, Beard," Mackenzie interrupted gently. "Reckon he's kind of guessin' in the dark, same as you -hittin' out at the first haid he sees." He turned to Sim. "Somebody done it sure enough, Sim. Man might take and tie himself up f'r a joke, maybe, but he wouldn't go cuttin' his haid open like Beard's is."

His glance moved back to Beard, who moved the towel that he held against his head and revealed an ugly discolored swelling, a jagged gash, in the midst of the shining strip of scalp. Sim gave over his theory at the sight of it; Beard certainly wouldn't have wounded himself like this to gratify a spite.

"Reckon you better swap them two notions," said Mackenzie. "Neither of you done this here thing. Get to the bottom quicker if you quit guessin' and go after facts."

"I've got all the facts I need right now," said Beard. "This man knew I was carrying money. Told me so when I came in, loud enough for all the gang of loafers in the office to hear it. Tried to get me to let him lock it up in his safe, where he could help himself without any risk at all. Nobody else knew I had a penny on me."

"Wrong there, Beard. I knowed it, for one. Reckon most folks knows why you drive clean up to Raleigh, 'stead of dealin' with the Rayford bank. Things sort of travels in this here country. It ain't like what you been used to, where a man don't hardly know his neighbors by sight."

"All right. I expected you'd back him," Beard snapped. "Backed up every nigger that stole my wood; be likely to do as much for your own deputy, especially when he's got fifteen thousand in cold cash to split up among his friends. I don't expect any help from you; but if you think I'm going to let it go at that, you're kidding yourself to death. I'll take this case straight to the governor if I have to; I'll bring in the best detectives that money can hire."

"Reckon I wouldn't do that, anyhow," said Mackenzie. Sim would have heeded the grave courtesy of his look and tone more cannily than rage. "No use hirin' city folks to do a job 'f sheriffin' out in the woods. Wouldn't wonder could Sim and me handle this here bus'ness so's to satisfy you. Don't set up to be no great detectives, but we kind of know the country and the way folks acts."

A sleepy doctor entered and distracted Beard's attention as he ministered to the broken head. Mackenzie beckoned Sim to the door of the bathroom and pointed at the sill of the open window.

"Prized it up from outside on the gall'ry," he said. "You c'n see the mark." He lowered the sash a little. "Reckon them screws pulled loose without much noise, and Beard he says the door was shet, anyhow. Clim' up the post and went down the same way. Must 've knowed consid'ble about the hotel, looks like. Knowed where Beard 'd be sleepin', anyhow, and 't he'd be rentin' him this here bathroom."

He gestured toward the road. "Didn't nobody drive through here, neither, not since Beard turned offen the highway. Tire-tracks shows up right plain in that there dust."

Sim meditated.

"You figure it was one of the boys 't was here last night when I got to talkin' with my mouth? Wasn't only McDow an' Bill Fraser an' Neil Barton ——"

"Don't reckon any of them boys done it." Mackenzie shook his head. "Don't you go frettin' about that there talkin' you done, Sim. Ain't claimin' it was smart, but I reckon whoever done this here robb'ry didn't find out nothin' offen you."

He turned away. Beard called out fretfully under the doctor's hands:

"Well, aren't you even going to make a bluff at getting on the job? Going to hang around here while somebody gets away with ——"

"Thought you figured you knowed who done it," said Mackenzie. "Ain't no special hurry, is they, if it was Sim?"

"Might be somebody else," snapped Beard. "Might be mistaken, mightn't I? If it was, he's burning up the road while you dawdle around here instead of getting the wires busy."

"Reckon he ain't got over two-three hours head start on us." Mackenzie rubbed his chin. "Might be more, of course. You can't be sure how long it was 'fore you come to and found yourself tied up."

"Know I was kicking at the wall all night before I could get Drew awake."

"Right liable to seem longer 'n it was, tied up thataway. It don't matter, anyhow. If he was in a car, he's a long ways off by now; and if he was afoot, we c'n ketch up with him quick an' easy. Sim's goin' after the car right now, while I go hunt f'r tracks. Time you get dressed we'll be ready to start, I wouldn't wonder. Kind of admire to have you ride along, if you're fit to travel."

He did not wait for an answer. Sim, moving across the square to the shed behind the jail where he kept his car, saw him shambling down the road toward Summerhills, little puffs of dust lifting before his feet, his head slanted forward so that he seemed older and wearier than ever.

Bruce McKim and his dogs followed Cole to the shed. The shabby old fellow always irritated Sim; it seemed a reflection on himself, as a deputy, that this hill billy should have an equal right to badge and title just because he had a knack of training bloodhounds. Always, too, Sim had resented the dogs themselves as a token that Hewitt County was hopelessly behind the times; no modern community would have wasted money feeding bloodhounds in these days when even a cheap thief wouldn't travel on foot. Now, however, there was a dim reassurance in the presence of McKim and his young hounds; maybe, if they couldn't do anything else, they could prove that it hadn't been Sim Cole who had clambered up that gallery pillar last night. He explained the case to McKim almost pleasantly, and suggested his idea of proving an alibi by means of the dogs.

"Reckon they'd ought to be a sight more use 'n that," said Bruce. "If the feller 't done it was afoot, we'd ought to track him easy. Scent 'd lay right good last night."

They crossed the square in Sim's car, with the two hounds loping along behind, and overtook Mackenzie on the edge of the town.

"Nobody turned in the road so far," he announced. "Reckon we better run out a ways further and make sure." He glanced at the dogs. "Right glad you was in town with them there dawgs, Bruce. Might come in kind of handy on this here case."

"Track a man clean to Jericho an' back if you give 'em the scent," said McKim. "Never raised no better-nosed hounds, I didn't."

"Reckon we c'n maybe make out to give 'em a start, too," said Mackenzie.

Sim took his eye from the road for a quick side glance at the lean old face. There was a quality in the voice that reminded him of other adventures in Mackenzie's company, adventures in which Sim had heard that tone without giving it the attention he paid it now. Somehow it made him imagine some common attribute between the great hounds that kept abreast of the car and the thin, weathered old man beside him, as if Mackenzie had caught a scent that he could follow, like the dogs, to Jericho and back.

"Reckon you better turn, Sim. No use goin' no further." Mackenzie touched his sleeve. "Figure 't the man we want was on foot 'r he'd have druv in closer 'n this."

Sim turned skillfully and stepped on the gas as he straightened out toward town. The hounds kept pace as easily, he thought, as on the deliberate outward run. It wouldn't take them long to run down a man on foot, even if he had miles of head start on them. Cole's spirits rose; unless the thief had found somebody to give him a lift in a car or had reached a railroad in time to catch a train, those dogs would get him and settle Beard's story once for all.

He stopped the car at the hotel steps and Mackenzie climbed down on the far side as Beard came out on the porch. The proprietor of Summerhills had regained a measure of his importance with his clothes; except for his pallor and the hollows under his eyes and the red wale where the gag had bitten into his cheeks, he was almost himself.

"Hold on there!" He shouted peremptorily as Mackenzie started across the square toward the jail. "Come back here and tell me ——"

"Aim to"—Mackenzie turned—"soon 's I saddle me a hoss."

Beard made a rasping sound in his throat.

"A horse? When there's a car right here that can do sixty an hour even on your cattle-track roads! What's the matter? Isn't it legal in this county to go after a crook unless you ride a horse?"

Mackenzie did not answer; he shambled on across the road and Cole saw him go into the jail, instead of keeping straight on to the shed where he stabled his horses. Beard wagged his head and repeated the rasping noise. Cole turned to him.

"Reckon they c'n chase a man through the woods in a car where you was raised," he said. He realized that he had spoken almost in Mackenzie's manner, and its effect on Beard inclined him to continue in the same mild key. "Ain't got our woods so civilized down thisaway."

Mackenzie rounded the jail and vanished in the direction of the sheds; he reappeared presently, leading a saddled horse, and crossed the square to the waiting group at the hotel steps.

"Aim to give Bruce's dawgs a chance to track this here thief, Beard. Reckon you ain't never seen no bloodhounds work. Admire to have you ride along with Sim."

Beard stared, broke into a short laugh.

"Bloodhounds! Those flop-eared mongrels! Say, what do you think I am?"

"Done heard they use bigger dawgs in Uncle Tom's Cabin shows up No'th," said Mackenzie. "These here ain't so much to look at, but Bruce here c'n tell you they got right good bloodhound noses. Here, Bruce, leave 'em smell this here mitten."

He pulled a glove from his coat pocket. As McKim whistled for his dogs Mackenzie spoke again to Beard.

"Of course they ain't no way to be sure 't whoever lost this here mitten is the one 't got your money, but it's a chance wuth takin', I reckon. Wouldn't wonder if the man 't prized up that there window had on mittens—wasn't no finger marks on the glass." He smiled. "You'd think 't anyone 't was smart enough to think about finger marks 'd be too smart to leave a mitten behind f'r the dawgs to track him. Reckon, maybe, he didn't figure on them dawgs no more 'n you, sir."

Bruce McKim held the glove to the eager muzzles of the hounds. They sniffed at it attentively, manifestly delighted at the prospect of a hunt, their tails furiously active, their whole bodies visibly nerved and alert. McKim incited them in a language of his own, queer, wordless sounds that seemed intelligible to them. They moved in swift, short circuits, their noses close to the trodden sand before the porch. One of them reared to his hind legs, a forepaw braced against the pillar that supported one end of the upper gallery. His throat straightened and swelled; a mournful, wailing note sent a shiver along Cole's spine. The other dog joined him, adding his voice in confirmation. McKim nodded.

"Mitten belonged to somebody 't shinned up that there post," he said.

Again he addressed the dogs in their secret language and, noses to ground, they raced down the Summerhills road. He called after them and they wheeled about as if a cord had checked them; a whistle brought them bounding back.

"Broke pretty good," said McKim. "Don't need no leash on them there dawgs. Work 'em by voice."

Mackenzie swung into his saddle.

"Reckon we better get started. Sim, you fetch Bruce and Mr. Beard in the car. Reckon we c'n keep to the road a ways, anyhow."

He cantered off as McKim's command returned the hounds to their task. Beard scrambled into the back seat, Sim started his engine and the car gathered speed in pursuit

Presently one of the hounds paused, turned and sped back toward the town; the other, after a yelp in which Sim fancied there was a quality of rebuke, held forward as before.

"Two-way trail," said McKim. "'Poleon he knows he's on the freshest scent, but Jerry's got fooled by the track tow'ds town. Looks like the feller walked in an' back on the same side of the road."

Evidently persuaded of error, Jerry whirled again and raced after the leader. Still keeping to the weedy grass beside the road, the pair ran on, Mackenzie's unkempt colt almost abreast of them, the car only a little in the rear. After perhaps a mile, both dogs paused at a break in the low tangle of scrub oaks where an overgrown wood road joined the highway. After a moment the impulsive Jerry gave tongue and dashed into the gap. 'Poleon delayed, seemingly in doubt. Mackenzie slid down from the saddle and as Cole stopped the car McKim joined him. Both bent over the brown tufts of bunch grass that scantily covered the sand.

"Car went up that there road not a great ways back," said McKim, straightening. "Ain't come back, neither—not here, anyhow. Way the dawgs acts, I wouldn't wonder if the feller walked out this here road. If the scent laid the other way, 'Poleon he'd be in yonder sooner 'n Jerry."

Mackenzie reflected.

"Reckon we'll go see, anyhow." He climbed back to the saddle and Sim turned the car neatly into the lane after him. Beard grumbled in the back seat.

"That's right, give him all the chance you can to get away. Go poking up every wood road you find ——"

He stopped as the car topped a low rise and he saw the little tin runabout that stood in the scrub, invisible from the highway only a few rods behind. Jerry, erect on his hind legs, sniffed at the door. Behind, at the highway, 'Poleon's deep throat note seemed once more to express impatience. At McKim's whistle, however, the older dog approached and joined in a perfunctory examination of the running board and door.

"Right funny." Mackenzie inspected the runabout, a line between his white brows. "Whose car is it and what's it hid up thisaway for? Make anything outen it, Bruce?"

McKim scratched his straggling beard.

"Looks like the feller we're trailin' was into it," he said. "Druv in here an' hid it an' then walked up to town. Reckon he ain't be'n back, not the way 'Poleon acts."

"Fix it so it won't run, Sim." Mackenzie spoke abruptly. "Ain't aimin' to give him no chance to use it till we know a sight more about this here case."

Cole let the gas drain from the tank and resumed his place. McKim's word sent the two dogs bounding back as they had come. At the main road they paused, and 'Poleon, after a brief reconnoiter in each direction, lifted his voice and ran on down the road, away from Tyre.

"Walked spang past it!" said McKim, with conviction. "Looks like we was trackin' a crazy man, sure enough! What 'd he walk for, when he had a car right handy? Looks like he aimed to make it easy f'r the dawgs to track him."

Sim shook his head. He had learned a little of backwoods ways during his stay in Hewitt County, and knew that even simple-minded people like McKim could make remarkably accurate guesses from signs that were invisible or meaningless to his eye; but his mind had not acquired any knack of reasoning from these observations, even when they were pointed out to him. Always, till now, he had been inclined to grin at such out-of-date police methods, even to resent them as a reflection on himself; but as he frowned at the problem a certain envious respect woke in him for old Bruce McKim, who could not only use his dogs to follow an invisible foot track through the scrub but could make their behavior tell him something about what had been in the mind of the man he was following. Perhaps, as McKim suggested, whoever had left these tracks meant them to lead the dogs on a false trail. There were plenty of people in Hewitt who knew almost as much about hounds as Bruce did; perhaps ——

"Look at that there!"

McKim's touch on his sleeve told Sim to check his speed. As the car slowed he saw both dogs turn and speed back toward him, pass the car, and, fifty yards behind it, turn again and hesitate. Then suddenly they seemed to find a fresher scent and both sped past the car once more and raced on ahead.

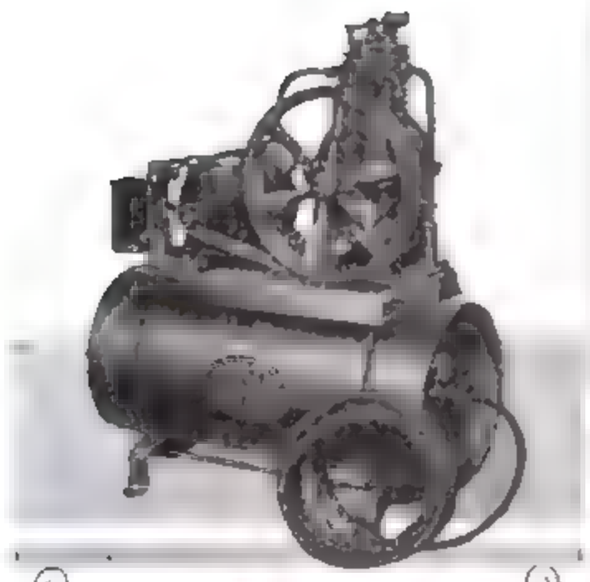
"Tryin' to throw 'em off the scent," said McKim. "Doubled back and went ahead again. Takes a right good dawg to ontangle a mix-up thataway. Look at 'em go! Ain't foolin' them there noses! Prettiest dawgs ever I raised!"

Twice more in the next mile the dogs repeated the maneuver. The second time they had difficulty in picking up the scent, and Mackenzie drew his colt close to the car

"You c'n quit worryin' about that there money, Beard. Liable to get it back f'r you 'most any minute now. Wasn't only f'r them dawgs, I'd leave Sim drive ahead without waitin' f'r them to make up their minds."

Beard grunted.

"No extra charge for wise talk like that, is there? I'll just call your bluff. We'll



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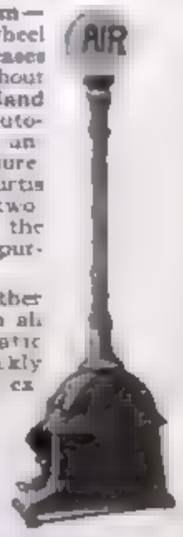

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drive on and if we overtake the man that's got my money I'll listen to a reward proposition. Go on, Cole, let her out!"

"Reckon you better wait, Sim." Mackenzie spoke gently. "Sort of figure we might need them there dawgs f'r witnesses, you might say. You an' me couldn't tell if we'd ketched up with the man't made them tracks, but the dawgs'll know, sure enough." He paused. "Don't need to fret about that there reward neither. Wouldn't wonder if Sim an' me'd be right glad to do this here job 'f sheriffin' free."

"Mystery stuff, eh?" Beard chuckled harshly. "Know all about it, don't you? Regular Sherlock Holmes brain ——"

"Reckon it don't need much brains to figure it out now," said Mackenzie. "Right easy to see 't the man 't got your money hid up his car back yonder and then, when he come walkin' back, couldn't find where he'd left it. Right hard to find a wood road in the dark, Beard. Reckon it'd bother even folks 't knowed the country a sight better 'n this here man we're after. See that there break in the scrub easy enough with the headlights shinin' on it, but it'd need right good eyesight to find it when they was out. Walked right past it, this feller did; been huntin' f'r it 'most all night—walkin' back and goin' ahead again every little ways and gettin' farther off all the time. Wouldn't wonder if he was a-runnin' by now; must worry him, knowin' 't somebody's liable to find that there car any minute an' trace him by it, maybe. If it was me, I'd be makin' tracks all I knowed to get home, so's I could claim the car'd been stole, but maybe this feller stole it hisself, so he don't need to worry so much. Find out pretty soon anyhow."

McKim slapped his thigh.

"Reckon you got the rights of it, sheriff. Had me plumb fooled, all that there doublin' back. Figured he was tryin' to throw the dawgs off."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Ain't figurin' on no dawgs, this feller ain't. Made f'r a branch, if he was, so's he could wade a ways. Yonder they go. Reckon we'll ketch up, this time. Must 've be'n walkin' three-four hours, anyhow, by my guess."

He sent the colt on after the racing dogs. They gave tongue now as if they knew they were within earshot of their quarry and sought to take the fight out of him before they overtook him. Cole wondered whether the man they followed was hearing those long-drawn-out sounds, whether he was afraid, as Sim would have been afraid in his place. He was taken by surprise when, twisting about a sharp angle in the road, he nearly overran Mackenzie, sitting motionless on his colt, his old gun covering a man who stood with his back against a tree, the two hounds capering at his feet.

"Dishek!" It was Beard who spoke, before Cole had recognized the face. "This is better than I thought! The whole county police force turns out to catch a crook and the dragnet gathers in the only real policeman in the state! Good work, Mackenzie! I didn't think anything could make me laugh today, but you win! This is better than the movies!"

"Reckon you could afford to laugh f'r fifteen thousand dollars, Beard?" Mackenzie did not move his eyes from Dishek. "Keep them hands right where they are, Dishek. Sim, see can you find any money in them pockets. Don't get in front of this here gun. That's right. Figured it'd be on him."

Sim stared unbelievingly at the thick taped sheaves of bills in his hand as it came away from Dishek's pocket. Mechanically he emptied the other, dropping the money to take the flat gun from the hip and to snap his handcuffs, for the second time, about the soft flesh above the neat gloves.

"Well, I'll be ——" Words manifestly failed Jonathan Beard. He fingered the bills, counted the packets, thrust them into the pockets of his great fur coat. "You dirty, double-crossing yellow-belly! I'll send you up for this if I spend the rest of my life doing it! I'll ——"

"Go on and squawk!" Dishek regained a measure of assurance. "You haven't lost a jitney. Squeal your head off."

"Better get started back." Mackenzie spared Beard the need of answer. "Reckon I'll go back with you-all and leave Bruce bring the colt in with the dawgs. Done earned an easy trip home, they have. Right obliged to you, Bruce. Come in handy, sure enough—right pretty-nosed dawgs. Handle pretty too."

He touched Dishek's arm and led him to the car, where the prisoner was given the seat beside Sim, with Beard and Mackenzie behind. Sim turned and stepped happily on the gas, waving his hand to Bruce McKim already jogging homeward with the hounds. He could hear Mackenzie's voice clearly enough.

"Don't need to go thankin' me, Beard. Wasn't aimin' to do you no favors, Sim an' me wasn't. Reckon the both of us was right pleased to do this here piece of sheriffin'. Kind of hated to turn this here Dishek loose last time we had him locked up back yonder to the jail."

"Wish I'd let him stay there," snapped Beard. "Got to own up that you were right. My hat's off to you for the way you handled this job too. Never saw anything so ——"

"Wasn't only f'r some pretty luck we couldn't 've made out to do it so quick." Mackenzie's tone caught Sim's ear; when the old man spoke in that key, he knew, it was just as well to listen closely. "Might 've had to send out after Bruce an' them dawgs if Bruce hadn't be'n stayin' over to the jail, f'r one thing. And they wouldn't 've be'n much good, neither, if Dishek hadn't taken an' left us that there glove so's we could give 'em his scent."

Cole felt Dishek move in the seat, and his glance shifted from the road to the manacled wrists.

"Why, say, sheriff," he called back excitedly, "he's got gloves on both hands! You reckon he ——"

"One I used was left behind that other time we had him locked up, Sim. Found it in his cell after we turned him loose and sort of kep' it. Couldn't make out to try him that time, but I took a kind of notion 't we'd maybe get another chance. Seen killers before him. Most always keeps on, I notice."

Beard's voice rose to shrillness.

"You mean to say that you didn't find that glove in the road? You mean you just guessed that it was Dishek?"

"Kind of figured it might be him," said Mackenzie. "Didn't do no harm to try that there glove on the dawgs—knowed that if it wasn't him they'd tell us so right to the start. Soon's they picked up the scent of course I knowed it was him. Likely stole that car and figured on leavin' it in the road soon's he was back yonder to Summerhills."

"But what made you even guess that it might be him?" Beard spoke almost plaintively.

"Wasn't so much guessin' as it looks. Whoever done it must 've knowed what you was carryin' home from Raleigh an' knowed you'd stay overnight to the hotel yonder. Had to be a feller 't knowed you'd hire that there bathroom, so's he could break in through the window without wakin' you. Figured they wasn't so many strangers around here 't knowed all them things. Looked over Uncle Jimmy's book and see you had this here Dishek along with you one time you stayed to the hotel. Kind of looked like it'd be him, long as it was bound to be a stranger."

"Oh, come!" Beard protested. "You can't tell me that no native ever does anything crooked in your county, Mackenzie! I'll admit you guessed right this time, but ——"

"Might maybe remember how we got to talkin' about that there old sayin' time you wanted Sim an' me should jail El. Coomber f'r stealin' your wood? How a feller 't was a stranger up to Rome County 'd ought to do like the Romans done?"

"I don't see what that's got to do with——"

"Aim to show you. Reckon Hewitt County folks act about like folks anywheres else, most ways; but they's some diff'rence, all the same. Sight 'f still-runnin' goes on in Hewitt, an' Sat'd'y nights they's apt to be fights; but I ain't never had to handle a bu'glary case till this here one; not a first-degree case, I mean. Figured 't it wasn't apt to be nobody from Hewitt, n'r the whole state of No'th C'lina, neither, 't 'd take an' commit him a first-degree bu'glary—breakin' an' enterin' by night an occupied room customar'ly occupied as a sleepin' place an' there doin' robb'ry with violence. No, sir, knowed it was 'most certain to be some stranger 't was too smart to do like the Romans an' wasn't smart enough to take an' study him up some Roman law."

"I don't get you. I don't see ——"

"You'd ought to. Stopped the nigras from he'pin' the'selfs to your wood by takin' an' killin' one f'r a kind of example. Kind of old-fashioned notion, but it worked as good f'r you as it works f'r the state about this here bu'glary bus'ness.

"Maybe one reason No'th C'lina's a mean state f'r to commit you a bu'glary in is because we ain't never had much 't it'd pay to steal; but they's another reason too. State law says 't whoever gets convicted by due process of law of bu'glary in the first degree shall suffer"—he paused a moment, and Sim's eye twisted to the side in time to see Dishek's face bleach to a dirty gray—"shall suffer death."

There was a silence, and then Mackenzie spoke again.

"Right old-fashioned law, these days. Done heard tell we taken an' copied it offen them there old Romans."

Cowpuncher (to Pardner Caught in Stampede): "Good Lord, Bill! You'll be Squeezed to Death!"
Pardner. "Huh! This is Nothin'! I Used to be a New York Subway Rider"

These are the Crisp Corn Flakes

When you put down your book for the night, go out to the kitchen and fix a heaping bowl of Post Toasties, Double-Thick Corn Flakes, and cream. These Double-Thick Corn Flakes are crisper, better flavored. Seasoned expertly and toasted by special process to crisp, golden brown, Post Toasties are the most delicious Corn Flakes you ever tasted. Ask your grocer for Post Toasties. Insist on the genuine. The original Double-Thick Corn Flakes come only in the red and wax-wrapped package.

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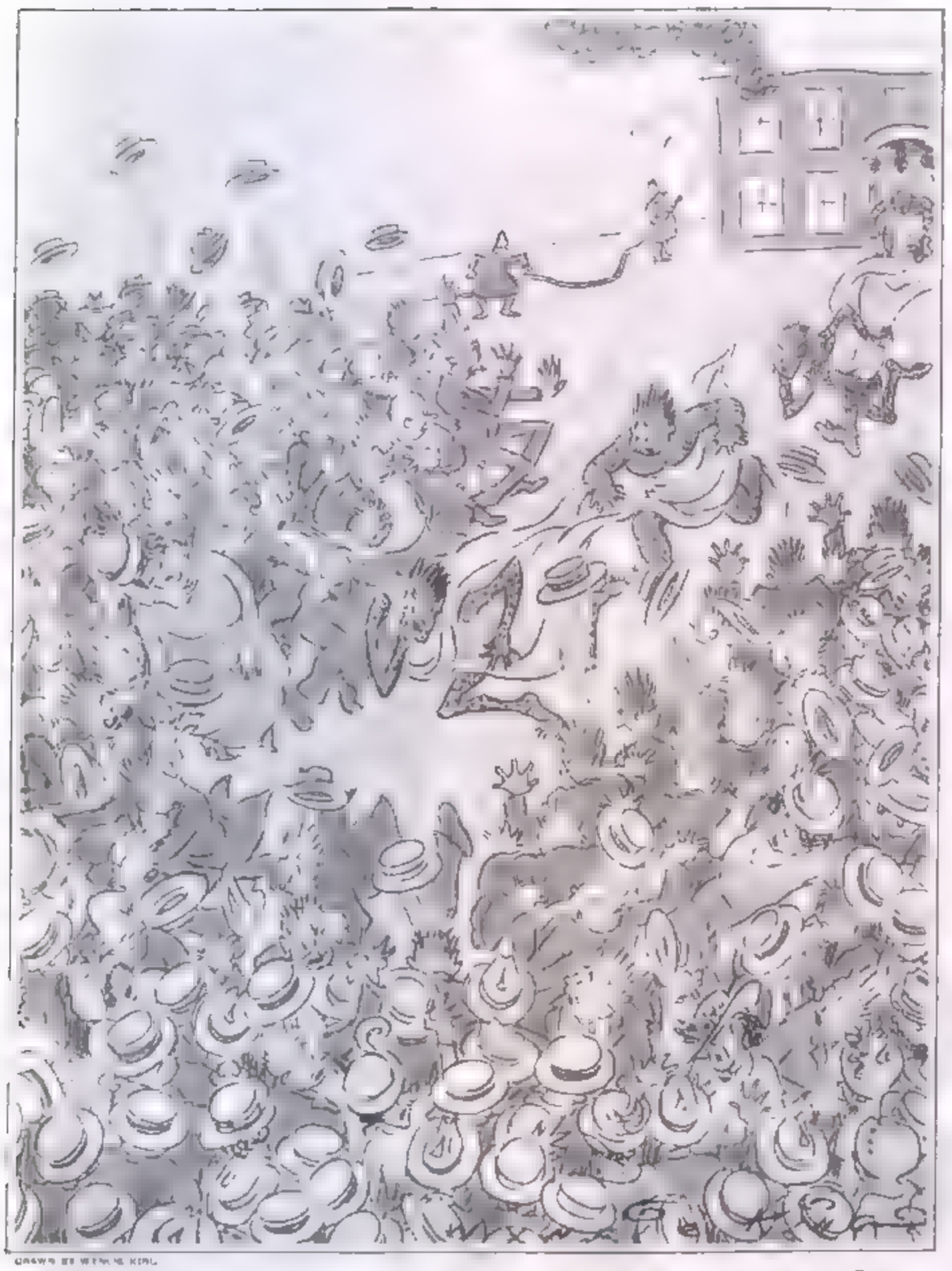
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)



The Crowd Wasn't Looking for the Patients to Get So Excited When a Little Fire Broke Out in the Pest House

Deep-Sea Etiquette

ONE day when Father Neptune swam
about his salty realm,
He saw a little battleship not answering her
helm.
She dallied on the crests of waves, her
anchor had its weigh.
Coquettish was her course despite her garb
of Quaker gray.
She whistled most seductively and dropped
a signal flag
And manifested willingness to answer hail
or tag.
Said Neptune, "It is certain that a battle-
ship's a she,
And it follows from her actions that she's
out to flirt with me."

So Neptune spoke her softly, and the battle-
ship without
Any needless coy maneuvering came prettily
about
Enamored with her modern lines, the old
sea god besought,
"Pray elevate your downcast guns. Increase
your range. You ought."
At that the little battleship beneath her gray-
ness paled,
And wirelessing these words of last farewell
away she sailed:
"I cannot raise my downcast guns. It may
be 5-5-3,
But my papa, Mr. Coolidge, doubts the
move's propriety."

—Fairfax Downey.

All Right if You Don't Weaken

"IF WE start at 6:30 we should get parked and be in line by 7:15," Mrs. Dewey Smith explained to her house guest from Peoria. "Dewey and I have timed ourselves, and we usually get into the lobby of any of the leading picture theaters twenty minutes after joining the line.

"The New Paradise seats four thousand. It's farther from the back row of the second ramp to the screen than in any other theater between Cleveland and Omaha. At least, that's what the secretary of the chamber of commerce says. Dewey knows him well.

"If you're lucky getting parked—say within twelve blocks of the theater—you can usually see the news reel, the comedy, the animated cartoon and the feature film and be in bed by 1:30.

"But a person enjoys the New Paradise, even if unable to get in far enough to see the screen.

"The Florentine Gardens are just grand, and they've got a goldfish pool with more than a thousand fish in it. The manager made a speech at the Kiwanis Club and Dewey heard all about it.

"We were the first city in Indiana to have usherettes in fancy-dress costumes. You'll enjoy it if you can stay awake long enough and don't tire standing."

—McCready Huston.

Nature Study

(D'Après Henri Fabre)

THERE dwelt within a silken web
A maiden-lady spider.
Her Christian name was Juliet,
Her surname Arachnider.
Her heart as yet was fancy-free,
Her hand was still unsought,
Her gentle thoughts were on no gent,
But on the flies she caught
Now when she'd lived in solitude
About a month or so,
There came within her canny ken
A burning Romeo.
This spider suitor on her ears
Torrential love he lavished;
So eloquent the words he spoke
Her maiden heart was ravished.
"Be mine! Be mine!" he fondly breathed.
"Your love I'd die to win!"
The lady looked and coyly smiled
And said, "Pray, sir, come in."
He came, nor knew how true he spoke,
For without hem or haw,
Fair Juliet she leapt at him
And hooked him in the jaw.
And while he struggled in amaze
Her purpose she pursued;
With deadly calm upon his met-
Atarsal bones she chewed.
She crunched his floating ribs; she ate
His heart (a fiery crater)
She gobbled up his trachea and
Meduller oblongater;
She munched upon his pancreas
Voraciously a-tremble,
And, recking not the ruin wrought,
She wrecked his tout ensemble.
In point of fact, in quicker time
Than it can be narrated,
Poor Romeo's interior
She left undecorated.
She started at his toes, nor ceased
Until she reached his head,
And when she finished there remained
Of Romy not a shred.

—Blanche Goodman.

Drab Ballads

XI

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, WHALEN JONAH (SEVEN JUGGLING JONAHS IN FEATS OF HANDS) sang with great success the sensational sob-song entitled:

I SHALL TELL ALL!

Aboard the liner was a great French actress,
Who'd led a life of intrigue and of spice.
'Twas she who stabbed her royal benefac-
tress,
And broke the Bank at Monte Carlo
twice.
The Archduke of Ænemia was her lover;
The Prince of Pilsen perished for her
sake;
The throne of Burgundy, it toppled over—
Revolt and Romance followed in her
wake.
She sat upon a steamer trunk and showed
her silken knees,
And gave this interview in answer to re-
porters' pleas:

REFRAIN

"I shall tell all. . . . I shall tell all!
I'll ease my mind though the tale will appall.
Call me accurst! I'll tell the worst!
Blame if you must, but oh, pity me first!"
Tense the excitement that held them in sway—
Three newspapermen in the crowd swooned
away
With breathing bated, they anticipated
A story of scandal compiled.
With a sob that awoke
All their pity, she spoke:
(Close harmony)
"OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"

—Harry G. Smith.

"The song that made me a better man,"
A chorus girl's testimonial ran:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

To a Bit of March Weather

YOU can bluster all you want to,
and be blowy, blowy, blowy,
With your stinging gales and blizzards
that are snowy, snowy, snowy;
For my grate is blazing brightly
and it's glowy, glowy, glowy,
And I ain't a-going out in you a-tall!

Though you're slushy, though you're sloppy,
though you're sleety, sleety, sleety,
Though your torrents flood the gutters
of the streety, streety, streety,
I will wear no crude galoshes
on my feety, feety, feety,
For I ain't a-going out in you a-tall!

In my cozy chimney corner
with its crackle, crackle, crackle,
I will put my rod in order
and my tackle, tackle, tackle,
And I'll watch you through the window
while I cackle, cackle, cackle
That I ain't a-going out in you a-tall!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Excited Traveler (to Baggage Master): "Quick! I've Got to Get Into My Trunk! I Packed My Ticket and the Train's Due Now!"

The latest development of radio—panels of beautiful Pyradiolin

THE du Pont Industrial Research Laboratories have now perfected semi-flexible panels for radio cabinets which do away with the drawbacks in panels of uncompromising rigidity. Made of the wonderful new material called Pyradiolin, these panels are beautiful, economical, high in radio properties, and easier to sell to discriminating users.

This swift adaptation of Pyralin to the needs of an industry is characteristic. The du Pont Development Laboratories are maintained for the purpose of coping with just such problems. They are doing it daily.

For this wonderful material, called Pyralin, can so easily and so economically be fashioned into well-nigh any shape, color or form, that manufacturers turn eagerly to it when they desire greater beauty or usefulness for their products.

Thousands of different articles are now made from the sheets, rods, and tubes of Pyralin—from hair-ornaments and toiletware to automobile and aëroplane accessories.

"*What next?*" men ask.

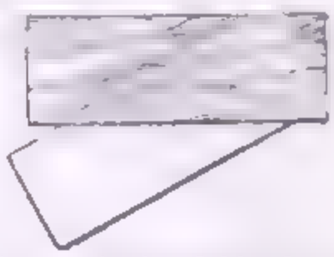
The application of Pyralin seems limitless. Manufacturers continually find new uses for it through the cooperation of the du Pont Industrial Research Laboratories.

Simply write to us, describing your product and asking for the booklet "What next will be made of Pyralin?" Without obligation, we will make a study of the adaptability of Pyralin and try to make your product more salable. Just write.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. ▾ *Pyralin Department* ▾ ARLINGTON, NEW JERSEY

DU PONT *Pyralin*

EVEN the radio industry, in its rapid development, did not outstrip Pyralin. Du Pont engineers kept pace with it—beautiful semi-flexible panels were made with the wonderful material called PyRADIOlin; panels which can be drilled or cut as easily as a piece of soft pine; panels through which one can drive a wood-screw without splitting; panels, therefore, which are easy on tools and are economical to work.

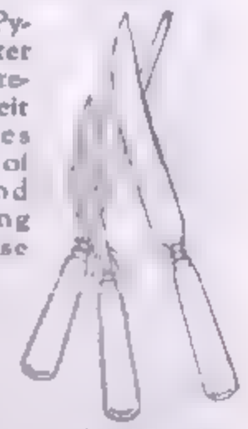


A thousand other fields of industry benefit equally. Pyralin may be blown as easily as glass; it may be sawed or turned or tooled, like wood and metal; articles may be stamped from it at one drop of a die.

The beauty of pearl and amber and jade are equalled in Pyralin. The beautiful toiletware which every woman loves is one example.

Many properties of wood and metal are found in it. The sanitary qualities of tiling can be engendered in its glass-like finish.

Women use Pyralin, day after day, without realizing it—their table-knives have handles of Pyralin—and their carving sets; men use pocket-knives and razors which they think have handles of ivory but which, really, are made of Pyralin.



In your automobile, the sun-visor, the tail and stop lights, the windows in your side-curtains, and the knob on your gear-shift handle are probably made of durable Pyralin.

Thousands of other things that you use every day are made from Pyralin sheets, rods, and tubes. There are still thousands of products which could have greater beauty, greater serviceability, greater salability—if they were made of Pyralin. Inquire today—

What next will be made of Pyralin?

How about Balloons?

If you want an accurate first-hand picture of the everyday serviceability of Goodyear balloon tires, read these experiences of Goodyear users and dealers, as given in their own words:

• • •

How about Wear?

"Concerning the service given by my Goodyear balloon tires on my Packard Single Six, I wish to tell you that I consider they are the best tires I have ever driven. Besides the superior cushion, which is their great feature, I believe they are going to prove an economical tire to use. So far they have gone over 8000 miles and they look to be good for as much more. They are also a sure-footed tire on the road and they sure do improve the appearance of the car. You can put me down as for Goodyear balloon tires."—Edward Jackson, Paul de Lima Co., *Syracuse, N. Y.*

• • •

"I equipped my Buick touring car with balloons in early June. So far I have driven it over 7,000 miles and the tires do not show wear at all. And this car has been through practically the worst road conditions. I happen to be actively interested in fishing and hunting—and I go to a section that few cars are ever driven in that I drive. I have had ride through mud—trips up creeks where the rocks stick up at every point—and I am generally rough. The Balloon to be one of the best automobiles ever devised."—Osgood Robinson, *Tampa, Fla.*

•

"You will, no doubt, be interested in the results that I have had with a set of Goodyear balloons on my Coupe in April, 1917. I have driven it about 13,000 miles and have had no trouble whatever with them. I have had but one slight puncture. I thoroughly sold on the Goodyear balloon tires for pleasure car and commercial purposes, being a salesman for the New York territory."—Standard Oil Company, *Ogdensburg, N. Y.*

•

"I have a set of Goodyear balloons on my 7-passenger Buick, in the taxicab service operating between San Francisco and Oakland, which have, up to date, covered 30,000 miles. There is every indication that they will go 40,000 miles. This is about twice the mileage we have been getting on the same car operating over the same roads with high pressure tires. A large part of this time road conditions have been pretty bad."—W. E. Ruos, *Bandera, Texas.*

• • •

"Of the hundreds of Goodyear balloons we have sold, we have yet to have a complaint or a dissatisfied customer. Everyone is delighted with their cushioning and road-holding qualities, and in every case they add considerably to the appearance of the car. The first balloons we applied were put on the rear wheels of an Essex Coach. These tires have traveled over 12,000 miles and look good for many more. The second set was put on a Franklin Sedan. They have gone over 8,000 miles to date and show very little wear. These and other instances have convinced us that, in addition to their other outstanding advantages, the wearing qualities of Goodyear balloons are there as well."—R. A. McDonough, R. A. McDonough & Co., *Newark, N. J.*

• •

How about Comfort?

"After driving 6,000 miles I find my Goodyear balloon tires in very good shape, showing hardly any wear. They look good for an additional 10,000 miles of service. The biggest advantage is in increased resiliency. Balloon tires on a light car will make it ride as comfortably as [illegible]"—David Goldish, *[illegible]*

How about Traction?

"The practicability of Goodyear balloon tires was very forcibly impressed upon me last winter when we took a car out in a very hilly section over roads covered with ice and snow, and without chains we covered our route without any perceptible skidding. At one point we came to where another car with ordinary tires and chains had skidded off the road and through a fence, and on our return we had no difficulty in passing [illegible] cars going in the same [illegible] these cars were [illegible] rio[illegible]

[illegible] my C[illegible] hev set[illegible] eased co[illegible] —Natha[illegible]

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balloon tires [illegible] have traveled [illegible] now and ice, [illegible] and paved r[illegible] and miles w[illegible] ncture. The r[illegible] ly improved [illegible] that the l[illegible] use, as it al[illegible] rwise be tr[illegible] ."—H. V. [illegible] luth, Min[illegible]

• [illegible] ccess[illegible] on

[illegible] ures, [illegible] e get the full amount o[illegible] from motoring, you must ride on Goodyear balloon tires."—Harry V. Walker, Morand Cushion Wheel Co., *Long Island City, N. Y.*

[illegible] er [illegible] pen- [illegible] pproxi- mate[illegible] trouble, even so much as a puncture. It seems to me that if everyone knew of all the advantages they get from driving Goodyear balloon tires, there would be none left to buy any other type."—Floyd P. Duffany, Perl W. Devendorf Corp., *Watertown, New York.*

"I have at last found a solution to the sand-bed troubles that I have been having. Those Goodyear balloon tires that you sold me go through deep sand with ease, whereas I was having considerable trouble with ordinary tires."—J. D. White, *Jena, Louisiana.*

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How about Punctures?

"I purchased a set of Goodyear balloon tires in May, 1924, and up to November have had excellent service, no punctures or other trouble. I like the riding comfort a great deal and feel I will get great mileage. I don't think I shall ever use any other tire than a Goodyear balloon tire myself."—C. M. Bennett, D C Ph. [illegible] *Springfield, Ill.*

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[illegible] interest you to know that I have now [illegible] Goodyear balloon tires 8,600 miles and [illegible] puncture today. I am more than [illegible] I would not think of going back [illegible] tires at any price."—W. E. Hunt, [illegible] *aska.*

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[illegible] experience, so far, that Good[illegible] Tires are amazingly good all [illegible] ave two of our own cars so [illegible] ese tires have been fearfully [illegible] stood up just the same. On [illegible] have yet to hear of any[illegible] nsfaction."—J. P. O'Day, [illegible] ervice, *Bridgeport, Conn.*

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[illegible] ed with the Goodyear Bal- [illegible] put on my Hudson Coach [illegible] ago that I feel that I must [illegible] "I have driven them close [illegible] s and have had absolutely [illegible] er and have thoroughly [illegible] hem over every kind of [illegible] them you would think [illegible] nly about a couple hun- [illegible] how hardly any wear."— [illegible] n, The Johnson Lumber

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[illegible] a great many Chevrolets [illegible] oon tires and we know of [illegible] the owner has been other [illegible] with their performance. As [illegible] written, our service depart- [illegible] the new tires from a Chevro- [illegible] ering today and it is being [illegible] the Goodyear balloon tires [illegible] ar traded in—although they [illegible] overed better than seven thou- [illegible] e owner insisted on this change [illegible] ld complete the sale. To more [illegible] our attitude toward Goodyear, [illegible] izy and myself are equipping our [illegible] rs with your All-Weather Tread [illegible] Linzy & Northway, *Auburn, N. Y.*

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[illegible] ve been selling Goodyear balloon tires [illegible] ey were first introduced and have had [illegible] n service now a sufficient length of time [illegible] ermit us to state without hesitation that [illegible] y will give uninterrupted service with no [illegible] ore trouble from punctures, stone bruises, and so on, than any tires which we have used in the past. Their performance in this respect has been somewhat of a surprise in view of the fact that our roads are on the average very rough, sandy and full of holes. The increased riding comfort of the car is really a revelation."—M. K. Johnson, Johnson Tire & Auto Company, *Montgomery, Ala.*

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"Regarding my experience with the set of Goodyear Balloon tires purchased from you

GOODYEAR

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—Here are the Facts!

last spring will say that I had one puncture a few days after I purchased the tires, caused by a heavy nail. Outside of this puncture I have never had a tire off the rim during the season. I have driven my Jewett Sedan approximately 3,000 miles with this set of tires over all classes of roads and they have given me excellent service."—F. A. Stutsman, *Divernon, Ill.*

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How about Rough Roads?

"In February, 1924, I put on a set of Goodyear balloon tires on a Ford Coupe, and these I used up until its sale in September. At the time of sale the tires were in a very good condition, and they are at the present writing. Ordinarily the regular fabric-equipped casing's life is only about six weeks with me, owing to the rough and rocky condition of the roads."—C. P. Jones, Jones Brothers, *Pocahontas, Ark.*

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"The claims you made for Goodyear balloon tires, although at first seemed to me too great, have proven themselves and now my tires have been driven between six and seven thousand miles without a single puncture and some of the original air which you placed in them is still there. I recently made a trip from Lufkin, Texas, to San Antonio over very rough and muddy, rutty roads. I was successful in passing sixty-four cars that were stuck due to heavy rains which I also was in, and I attribute a great deal of this success to the traction which is furnished by the broad contact area which the balloon tires furnish."—Lloyd Creasey, 702 S. Flores St., *San Antonio, Tex.*

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"You'll probably remember that I bought the first set of Goodyear balloons you received at the Syracuse Branch and that I put them on my Ford that day. Well, they are still going strong. Aside from a few tread cuts and wall scrubs, they look good as new and not one of them has been off the wheel for any reason whatever. I admit I am hard on a car and the tires do get severe punishment. Many roads around here are none too good. Galloping along rutted and muddy country roads isn't assisting a tire to break any mileage records. But, these Goodyear balloons have covered nearly 8,000 miles to date and they will have to blow soon—or bust a record for me."—Geo. C. Spraker, Spraker's Garage, *Scipio Center, N. Y.*

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"A short time ago I purchased a Hudson Sedan equipped with Goodyear balloon tires. These tires have been driven 4,300 miles and look as good as the day they were put on. Balloon tires increase riding qualities 100 per cent. We are able to negotiate rough roads at the same speed as concrete roads. Due to less vibration I believe the life of the car will be greatly prolonged."—Lee DuFour, *Lakeville, Conn.*

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How about Steering?

"Certainly appreciate you recommending the application of Goodyear balloon tires on my Franklin car, for my vacation trip this year was a real outing. I covered a territory of over twenty-six hundred miles to Winnipeg, Canada, and return. There were four in our party and we carried a complete camping outfit, which weighed approximately five hundred pounds. Nine days of our vacation was spent in driving. Have taken a number of cross country trips but not with so much enjoyment and comfort. I have often-heard that balloon tires steer harder than ordinary tires; this difficulty I do not find on my car, but find they steer more than 50% easier than ordinary tires when traveling through mud. I am positive that Goodyear balloon tires will double my tire mileage, as well as the life of my car and I have enjoyed a new record of having traveled over 2,500 miles without a single tire change, and I naturally am very enthusiastic."—L. B. Gloyne, M. D., *Kansas City, Kansas.*

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"It might interest you to know that my Goodyear balloon tires have been run more than 14,000 miles today over all kinds of roads, and although they show some wear, they still have a good tread on them. I do not have the least bit of trouble driving through heavy sand, and find that the balloon tire at all times holds the road well on all manner of turns. As to the difference in steering, I do not notice any great amount of difference. The future will always find me riding on Goodyear balloon tires."—P. T. Haddon, *Naborton, Louisiana.*

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How about Economy?

"The five Goodyear balloon tires you put on my sedan the first of April have now gone over 23,000 miles and look as though they would make five to ten thousand more. I have given them every variety of roads from the sand roads around Woodlake to the rocks and hills of eastern Pennsylvania. I go through sand roads in high where all others go in low or second. I consider the extra mileage I get and the saving on car upkeep will make them the cheapest tires I ever used. You must have been right when you told me the Supertwist Cords would give me many thousands of extra miles."—Rex M. Wilcox, *Norfolk, Nebraska.*

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"After driving a Ford Coupe about five thousand miles on the original tires, I decided to put on a set of Goodyear balloons. At the same time I put the Coupe in the shop for no other reason than to tighten up or take out every rattle. Have now driven the car close to five thousand miles on the Goodyear balloons and the car is as tight as it came out of the shop balloon equipped. I really think I get better mileage now than on high pressure tires, and, from all appearances, they are not one-third worn out. If the truth could be known, I believe a Ford car will run one-third more mileage, balloon equipped, than on high pressure tires.—M. F. Bosz, Battery and Tire Service, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

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"My Goodyear balloon tires to date have run 14,000 miles. They have been so much more comfortable, have saved so much on the wear and tear on the car and all without any apparent loss of power or decrease of operating economy that I feel that Goodyear balloons are by far the most all around satisfactory tires I have ever used."—O. A. Swenay, *New Richmond, Wis.*

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"When I first received my Ford Coupe I had the tires changed to Goodyear balloons with a spare tire. I have driven my car approximately seven thousand miles and my spare tire remains unused. The balloon tires improve the riding quality of a Ford fully one hundred per cent. Their advantages over the regular tires are certainly worth the price."—Rowland L. Hughey, *Waterloo, N. Y.*

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How about Satisfaction?

"After using Goodyear balloon tires on a Ford Sedan for better than 7,000 miles I find them better than is claimed for them as they give such excellent cushioning, making riding a real pleasure, saving at least 25% less wear on car, and skidding is almost a thing of the past. My tires show but little wear and I feel proud of them."—S. J. Burns, Burns Brothers, *Rome, N. Y.*

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"I bought the first Goodyear balloon tires in this vicinity, my Ford Coupe being equipped with them. I have driven them constantly since then under all conditions and today they show practically no wear to say nothing of the comfort they have given me. I think so well of Balloons that I have equipped my Buick Roadster with them also. The only difference I notice in driving Balloons is the comfort they give you and the way in which they hold the road. No more cars for me without Balloons."—Goodwin Greesling, M. D., *Greensboro, Georgia.*

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"On the first of May, 1924, I purchased a set of Goodyear Balloons, and I have been using them more than 1,000 miles a month, or a total of 7,000 miles; during that time I have had three punctures which is less than I averaged with the old style tires. I find that they add immeasurable comfort and that they have eliminated all of the ordinary squeaks that are so annoying, in fact, in every way they have surpassed my expectations."—Jerome Hirsch, J. C. Morris Company, *New Orleans.*

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"Everything that you claimed for Goodyear balloon tires is more than borne out in actual experience. What I am most surprised at is the fact that the tread as yet shows no signs of wear. I am looking forward to changing over my other car next spring unless we decide to buy a new one, in which case I shall insist on balloon equipment."—A. Haskell McMannis, *Erie, Pa.*

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"I am glad to report that the large number of Goodyear Balloon tires we have sold throughout the past season are giving without exception satisfaction to our customers, both in performance and in mileage. I was prepared for a lot of trouble as such a radical departure usually takes years to perfect, but the way these Goodyear balloons stand up is certainly a great revelation to me."—Louis C. Klein, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

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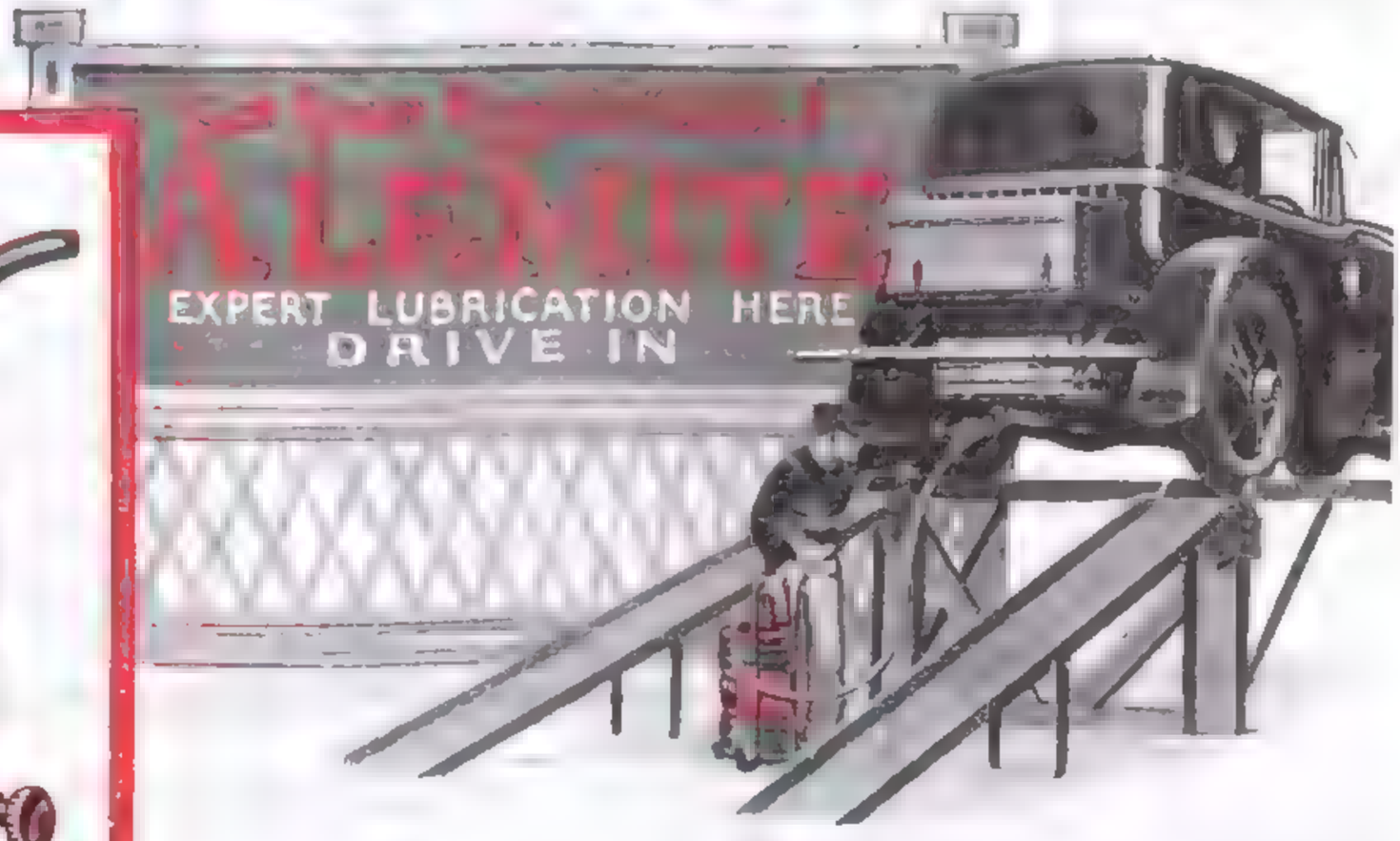
"During the past week I visited some of the automobile owners to whom I have sold Goodyear balloon tires. I found a general mental attitude of complete satisfaction. One man had five thousand miles and no punctures. Another had fifteen thousand and but three punctures. None have found it necessary to have any casing repairing done."—A. D. Coss, Coss Tire Service, *Uhrichsville, Ohio.*

YES, Goodyear balloon tires do give superior service! You can thank SUPERTWIST for this. Extra-elastic, extra-durable, this celebrated new cord fabric meets perfectly the balloon tire's special needs. Used only by Goodyear, SUPERTWIST is built into *all* Goodyear Tires—balloons and standard sizes. Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

ALEMITE *announces*—



a new *transmission lubricant*

—that saves repairs and cuts the cost of running your car

ALEMITE is now ready to offer you a new way to save repairs and cut the cost of running your car. We believe that this new Alemite product will do almost as much to keep down the actual cost of running your car as the famous Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System that protects the hidden chassis bearings. (Now in use on nearly 7,000,000 cars. Standard equipment on most leading cars.)

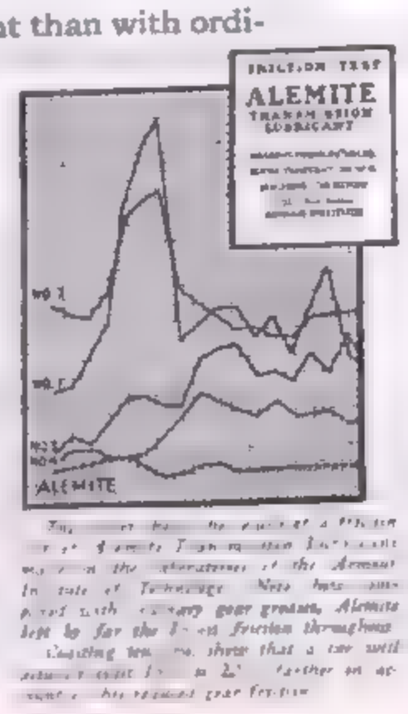
Now Alemite for Gears, Too

This new Alemite product is *not* just a gear compound—it is a new type *lubricant* for gears. Perfected by the same men who revolutionized bearing lubrication with the Alemite System. Tests (see chart at right) show that this new lubricant will do two things—heretofore thought impossible. First, actual heat tests show that it reduces gear friction to a point new in engineering experience. Second, coasting tests show that it does this *without* causing a drag on power. In fact, these tests show that *your car actually will coast farther* with this lubricant than with ordinary gear compounds. This means more gasoline mileage, more pep and power, in addition to longer life for gears.

See the Difference

Try this new Alemite product now. Note the difference it makes *in easy gear shifting—greater mileage—less repairs.*

Just drive in when you see the Alemite sign. Ask for the new Alemite Transmission Lubricant. The service man will drain and refill your gear housing while you watch. As convenient as having oil changed or chassis bearings lubricated.



When to Use

Here is a safe rule to follow. Have your gears drained and refilled with Alemite Transmission Lubricant every 2500 miles. And have the level checked every 1000 miles in between. Barring accidents or defects these costly parts of your car will far outlast the car itself.

Ask for the new Alemite Transmission lubricant. It's another Alemite product that cuts repairs and operating costs.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
3660 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

A Bassick-Alemite Product

ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

Transmission Lubricant

POWER

(Continued from Page 36)

She said it with a sort of fierceness that made me more than ever puzzled.

"What good will it do you?" I asked.

"You wouldn't understand," she retorted, after a moment of slightly contemptuous silence. And more than ever I realized the gulf that yawned between that amber-eyed daughter of the younger generation and her roughneck old dad, who seemed more and more to belong to the past.

I'd been having the same sort of feeling with regard to Newt. He, too, seemed to live and move in a world strangely his own. I'd seen disturbingly little of him since coming to the big city, and even during our casual contacts I was repeatedly teased by a feeling of frustration, a feeling that he was deliberately building an eight-rail fence between himself and the rest of his family. There were moods and moments when I even felt a dull ache to shut myself up with that boy of mine and have it out with him—have an honest and straight-from-the-shoulder talk with my own offspring that would break down a little of the ice wall that was growing up between us. But Newt had a way of nipping these impulses in the bud. He had a way of silently reminding people that he was a human being in his own right and that he wished his privacy of life respected. I've even seen him look at me with an eye that was as remote and speculative as the eye of a child studying a circus elephant.

So I was surprised when he appeared unannounced in my private office one afternoon when I was just finishing up giving the vice president of the United Trainmen a piece of my mind. I let that underling of Wat Hosmer know what I thought of him, in no uncertain language, and what I thought of his master, and what I thought of the new breed of hoggers who wanted to suck the lifeblood out of our system. I waited for a minute or two to cool down and get my bearings again. And when I looked up I saw Newt standing there with his narrow face rather colorless, studying me with an intent and plainly hostile eye, yet impressing me as something prematurely ripened, like windfall fruit that softens before it sweetens.

"Well, son, what can I do for you?" I asked; and I suppose I did it with the familiar old smile of condescension showing itself before I could hold it back.

But instead of answering my question, Newt asked me one of his own.

"Would you mind telling me why you hate the Pages?" he rather startled me by demanding.

"You make up for any failure there," I retorted, nettled by the absurd belligerency of his tone.

"I don't know whether I do or not," he said, with an unmistakable curl of the lip. "But there's one thing I do know," he went on with slowly mounting anger. "I know it's a contemptible trick of a contemptible mind to try to fight a man through an unscrupulous woman, to try to cheapen Lavinia Page and her father and her mother by tainting their name with a dirty scandal."

"I don't quite follow you, son," I said, doing the best I could to hold myself in.

"I mean that you deliberately set that Swickard woman after Javan Page," was his impassioned and unexpected retort. "That woman's been in this office three times in three weeks and she's been acting as a paid tool of yours to smirch a decent man's name."

"Isn't Javan Page man enough to take care of himself?" I inquired, still making an effort to keep up my parade of indifference.

"That's not the point," was Newt's answer. "It's the kind of man you are! You pose as a man of power and let them call you the Napoleon of the new age; but you're willing to hide behind a petticoat and hamstring a man whose family doesn't happen to cater to you. You preach about fair play in business and about the road to success being paved with cobblestones of consideration; but if a man stands in your way and you can't use him, you blow him up the same as you'd blow up rock."

That got my goat, and I let the unsteady-handed young man confronting me know it.

"I don't like your language," I thundered back at him.

"I didn't expect you to like it," cried Newt, apparently elated at that show of feeling from me. "And what's more, you're going to hear some more of the same language."

It was my own son, I remembered, who stood there talking to the man who had kept him fed and clothed from the hour he had first come wailing into the world, and I made a renewed effort to keep myself under control.

"I don't approve of this," I cried out as I swung back to my desk. But my own hand, I noticed, was shaking as I took up a paper columned with figures that wavered before my eyes.

"I don't give a damn whether you approve of it or not," said Newt, in a high-pitched voice which suddenly made me feel sorry for him. "But while I'm here I want to tell you that if you're the man of iron they like to call you, the iron's in just one place, and that's where your heart ought to be. You like to stand up and preach about the mere accumulation of money and power meaning nothing, when all the time it's the only game you can play and the only game you ever learned to play. Your own children are only shadows to you. You've shut mother out of your life and you don't even seem to know or care that she's a sick woman and that her only chance of keeping alive is to stay somewhere in a warmer climate. You don't even see that she's an invalid, that her body's breaking now as her spirit was broken before. All you think about is railroad. All you dream of is railroad. All you live for is railroad. You aren't even interested enough in your own children to see whether they're living decently or making fools of themselves. You haven't ——"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted, realizing that the whole thing had gone far enough. "This may sound pretty persuasive to your soured young soul, son, but who was sufficiently interested in you when you were tangled up with this same tainted and tainting lady yourself? Who got busy and lifted you out of her clutches when you hadn't the manhood to fight your own way out? And how is that going to sound to your precious Page family when the story gets out and your fair Lavinia finds she's only got a second mortgage on you?"

But that didn't hold him as I thought it would. He stood facing me with a forlorn sort of recklessness on his narrow face.

"I don't care how it sounds," he proclaimed, "for I'm going to Lavinia Page and I'm going to tell her the whole thing. Then her father will know what he's got to fight against. I fancy I owe them that much."

"And then what are you going to do?" I asked, with a quietness which seemed to take some of the wind out of Newt's sails. He looked tired and frail in the light that streamed in through the high window behind him.

"I'm going to get out of here," he said, after a moment of silence.

"Where?" I asked, with a coolness which I didn't feel. For the lad, after all, was the son of my loins, blood of my blood and flesh of my flesh.

"I want to go back to Europe," was his somewhat lackadaisical reply.

"What for?" I demanded.

"To work at my art," he said, with a return of his earlier hostility.

"Your art?" I barked, in spite of myself.

"It may not sound so big as running a railway," cried Newt, "but if I can express myself that way I'm the one to be satisfied. I want to get out of here, and I'm going to!"

I made a pretense of turning this over, impersonally and calmly. But my heart was heavy.

"That's just as well," I observed, "remembering your record for the last year or two."

"I can't say you've helped me much," was his unlooked-for retort.

"You haven't given me the chance," I reminded him. "I've waited to see you do something more than play around with the flabby wasters you've run with. I've watched you turn that play into work and busy yourself with puffing little pursuits that never got you anywhere and never could get you anywhere. I kept hoping that somewhere behind all the weakness I'd see a little strength. But I can't put my hand on it. I can't even dig out a promise of it. And you never seemed weaker to me than you do at this moment, standing there and snarling at the hand that fed you."

"That only shows," said Newt, with a heavy sort of quietness, "how far we are apart."

He looked oddly frail and friendless to me as he stood there in the paling light, with that isolating smile of contempt on his pallid face. Yet a faint touch of color came into his cheeks as I got slowly up from my chair. I thought at first that he had sensed some inkling of the love and sadness that lurked at the core of my unwieldy roughness, that he at last understood something of the strange hunger that was eating at my heart.

But he shrank back as I stepped over to him. And when I reached out and put a hand on his shoulder he drew away with a feminine sort of fierceness and twisted aside from my touch.

It was my turn, I imagine, to color up a little, for that hurt me more than I could have made clear to him. So, after a silent moment, I put my hands in my pockets and walked over to the window, where I stood looking down at the never-ending parade of North River shipping.

"I guess you're right, Newt," I said over my shoulder, for I didn't want him to see my face working. "We can't help each other. We've just got to muddle along in our own worlds and work our way out to our own ends. You seem to want to paint pictures or write things, and I want to run a railroad. Your game's not my game, and it calls for a different equipment. So if you think you're going to be happier over in the Old World, why, hop to it. If you want to express yourself through your art, as you put it, it's not for me to stand in your way."

It impressed me as one of life's little mockeries that my son should seem closest to me at the very moment I was delivering myself of that divorcing speech. I waited for him to say something. But he merely took out a cigarette, which he held in his fingers without lighting.

"And I want to make this Page situation a little clearer to you," I continued, as I went back to my desk. "You've taken the trouble to tell me more than once that Javan Page is a gentleman. I'm not quite sure what that means, but I'm willing to take your word for it. So, if he's a gentleman, I guess one of his first aims in life is to live clean and keep his own name unsullied. If he's weakling enough to make himself ridiculous with women of doubtful character, that's something for his family and not mine to correct. Like you yourself, he has his own salvation to work out—and it's a poor coot who tries to blame his failings on somebody else.

"Whether I approve of Page or whether I don't approve of him isn't very important in this. But there's one thing I want to tell you, since you feel your life's linked up with that particular family and since you traveled all the way over here to defend its line fences. From now on I'm not going to raise a hand against Javan Page. All I ask of him is that he function as an official ought to function. He's probably complained to you about his work being hard since we came East. Well, I'll see that it doesn't get any harder. In fact, whenever and wherever it is humanly possible, I'm going to try to make it easier for him. That's all I can do. This is a hard game, and if he's unfit he'll be eliminated from it. But it'll be his own hand that puts him out, remember, and not mine."

Newt stood studying me with cynically discerning eyes. His smile said clearly enough that he didn't quite believe me. He seemed about to say something. But when my chief clerk opened the door for the second time Newt apparently awakened to a suspicion that he was holding up the works. So he withdrew, with a hostile frown at the newcomer who could so deferentially place a sheaf of papers in front of me yet so curtly cut me off from the rest of the world. Time, in that office, was money. But I noticed that Newt, on his way out, stopped in the doorway to light his cigarette. That, of course, was to save his face. It was a gesture of unconcern, without much of an audience to give it thought.

I must have given considerable thought, though, to what had passed between us that afternoon. For when I got home in the evening I went straight up to Aggie's room, where she sat in a chaise longue watching the traffic on the Avenue, ghostlike in the gathering dusk. She never seemed to tire of watching that traffic.

"Aggie, let's go to a show tonight," I said, as I sat down beside her.

(Continued on Page 83)

Sealright

Pouring-Pull

Milk Bottle Caps

Health at last

At last your milkman can supply bottled milk with a sane bottle cap—the Sealright Pouring Pull Cap—three times more useful:

1—A safe, clean way of removing cap—just lift tab and pull.

2—A safe, clean way of pouring without spilling, through opening in cap.

3—A more healthful way of drinking milk by inserting straw through cap opening.

Clean — Safe — Quick

Ask your milkman to use Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc.
Dept C-3 Fulton, N. Y.
Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

She Gave 3 Sunbeams to Friends After Owning 3 Others

I had 3 different irons in a very short time, but now I have a Sunbeam, and I don't think I will ever have to buy another iron.

Already I have given Sunbeam Irons to three of my friends, and they are delighted.

I think there is nothing nicer for a gift—not only because the Sunbeam is such a fine iron itself, but because of the attractive fireproof case in which a woman can put away her iron without waiting for it to cool.

MRS. FRED W. BALL,
1115 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sunbeam supplies the Even Heat that saves Her the Arm-Aching Pressure

Heats Quickly and Stays Hot Because Its Heating Unit Extends All Over

And Hours of Over-Heating Will Not Harm It

NOW electrical engineering does through the Sunbeam Iron much of the work that woman has hitherto had to do with her ironing arm.

This creation relieves her of arm-aching pressure because it heats quickly to ironing temperature and holds its heat, even when she irons large damp linens and starched pieces. And does so even after it has been over-heated, as irons become if a woman forgets to turn off the current while she answers the telephone or entertains a caller.

When this accident happens to old-time electric irons they don't heat up as before nor hold the heat. That's the trouble with 70% of the ordinary irons that women take back for repair, according to the records of one large Public Service Company. What an iron fails to supply in heat a woman must furnish in pressure. Either that, or have a new heating unit installed for $2 or $2.50.

In the Sunbeam Iron, electrical engineers have built a heating unit that hours of over-heating will not harm. The nickel may discolor but the iron will heat as before.

Avoids Scorching

It's a unit that covers practically the whole ironing surface. That's why it heats quickly and heats the sole-plate all over—not in certain spots alone. Thus there is more heating area—more heated mass. And thus too the Sunbeam stays hot longer.

Yet the engineers regulate its heating capacity to prevent a rush of violent heat. For that's what causes irons to scorch your clothes.

It cost us double to produce an All-Over Heating Unit like this. For no machine can make it. It must be built by hand.

But isn't that better than taking all day for a half-day's ironing? Or having to have new units installed at $2 or $2.50?

Tapered to Iron Into Gathers

Not only easy ironing but beautifully ironed pieces! For this Sunbeam is gracefully tapered to nose into gathers and pleats, and between embroidery.

An iron that glides with equal ease *in any direction* because its sole-plate is of double-nickeled and double-polished smoothness. And because this iron is balanced precisely in the middle, notwithstanding its tapered shape.

Sold on Approval—Guaranteed

No iron but Sunbeam has these engineering advancements. So accept nothing else, if your dealer's Sunbeams have all been sold. Hand him this coupon and he'll get it. Let nothing prevent you—for this new creation is sold on 30 days' approval and is guaranteed. Detach the coupon now and take it with you.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY

5542 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois • 35 *Years Making Quality Products* • 349 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Canada

All Over heating unit is here exposed to show how it extends over practically the whole sole-plate, provides more heating area—hence quick and even heat.

Delft-Blue All-Steel Fireproof Case, $1

To help introduce the Sunbeam Irons, this beautiful, practical case at less than cost. A $2.50 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the Sunbeam.

Enables you to put away iron hot—no waiting while it cools. Keeps iron, cord and stand clean and safe. And always ready, always together when you want them.

Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED IRON

IN ALL-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 EXTRA

COUPON—*Hand to dealer or mail to us*

THE CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.
5542 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

I should like to try the Sunbeam Iron, and will pay $7.50 on delivery provided my money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded if I give notice within 30 days and return the iron.

My Name _____

Address _____

My Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

NOTICE. If you also want the All-Steel Fireproof Case in Delft-Blue Enamel at $1 extra make a cross (x) in this square ☐

(Continued from Page 81)

I could feel her tired eyes swing slowly about and rest on me. But I pretended to be looking at a book in front of me. Its title, I noticed, was The Power of Prayer.

"I'm too tired, John," was Aggie's slightly delayed answer.

"Your cough seems better," I suggested, wondering why I should always feel like a bull in a china shop while in that room of Aggie's.

"Yes, it's better," she agreed; but she said it without enthusiasm.

"D' you know what you want, old girl?" I said, with all the blitheness I could muster up. "You want a winter down in Southern California. You want a climate where you can blacksnake out in the sun for ten hours of the day and pick oranges off the back porch. It'd make you into a new woman."

"Is that what I want?" she echoed.

"Sure it is," I maintained.

"That's what Nattie was saying a week or so ago," answered the woman for whom I'd once ridden a breakneck logging train down the Michigan hills, to snatch her from the arms of a less strenuous wooer; and it seemed a long, long time ago.

"I've a chance of picking up a peach of a place out in Pasadena," I went blithely on, making the wish father to the thought, so to speak. "And I'm going to have you out there bossing a flower garden and getting so plump your maid'll have to put your dress on with a shoehorn. That's what I'm going to do!"

"Can you come too, John?" asked Aggie, and the question was so childlike that I had to laugh a little.

"Not unless you want to see a brand-new railway system go to pot," was my answer. "But I can take you in the car with me as far as the San Francisco convention and we'll have the ride right across the continent together. And you'll have a private car waiting for you, of course, when you want to come back in the spring. And some day when you come back across this old continent of ours you may be able to do about all your riding along a John Rusk right of way."

But Aggie didn't seem to be listening to me. She stared out at the traffic and finally took up the book I'd tossed aside and placed it carefully on top of two others that lay on the mahogany table at her elbow.

"Well, how about Pasadena?" I jovially reminded her.

"It would be nice," she quietly acknowledged. Then, for the first time, she let her gaze meet mine. And in the depth of her tired eyes I saw a sort of inarticulate ache, like the look in a dog's eyes when he leans his nose across your knee. "I'm—I'm worried about Newt," she said, with a hesitating sort of quaver.

"Newt's all right," I assured her.

"But he says he wants to go abroad," she said, in little more than a whisper. I could see her under lip quivering.

"That's just what he needs," I maintained—"to get away from the home circle for a while and hump for himself. It'll make a man of him."

"He's my only boy," Newt's mother said in a voice thin with misery. I didn't answer her, for at the moment I happened to be thinking of my lost Kennie.

Aggie looked startled when I took her hand and held it. And instead of going up to my study that night to plow through my new Annual Report statistics and look over an article in The Railway Age on The Advantages of the Unit Office, I stayed down with Aggie and talked about old times and wrote a letter to Tassie and put in a check for a little extra pin money.

When Newt sailed, three weeks later, I went down to the steamer to see him off. I cut short a talk with the organization's delegates and skipped a directors' meeting in the new Bankers' Building, and nearly forgot about handing over Newt's letter of credit when I found him leaning on the rail side by side with Lavinia Page and as preoccupied as a penguin. He didn't look himself up in his cabin at the sight of me, it's true, but he was as coldly formal as though we were mere speaking acquaintances. The Page girl, I noticed, was the last to say good-by to him before we were all sent ashore.

I went back to the office feeling strangely alone in the world. There I took out the merry noted letter that Tassie had sent me about the unexpected pin-money check. I read it over for the third or fourth time. Then I sat down and wrote her another letter back, trying to make it as merry in tone as her own. But it seemed, when I got through, like the pirouetting of a homesick elephant. So I went to the window that overlooked the North River and stared down at the pageant between me and the smoke-crowned city. The river was a ruffled blue under a clear sky, and along that fretted waterway I could see a huge passenger ship with three funnels swinging out from her pier and heading on the heels of Newt's liner for the bay and the Atlantic and other lands and other climes. I could see the ferryboats threading their way back and forth, and tugs edging along the shore line, lashed to car floats, and a rusty American freighter, home-bound, forging high-nosed up out of the mists of the upper bay. I could see a coaster nosing down toward the Narrows, and a tanker with its engine room almost over its rudder forge past a weathered schooner laden to the very water line with lumber. I could see them come and go, touching the heart with a foolish sadness as they spoke of the far-off ends of man's activity, and yet warming the blood with a thought of man's power and man's daring. And some day, I decided as I looked down at them, the John Rusk system would have to have a fleet of its own ocean-going steamers to pick up the freight that the longer haul would turn into a longer purse.

And while the thought was still warm I sent for our confidential report on the C. P. R.'s operation of seagoing vessels and shut out my desolation by a close study of its pages.

XIV

I WAS a busy man during the ensuing months of struggle with a still balky board and an underequipped Eastern division, but I at least found time to keep an eye on Javan Page. I first cleared myself of Newt's accusation by calling Irma Swickard into my office and explaining that I had a new assignment for her on my Western division, where the news of Wat Hosmer's activities was anything but reassuring. Hosmer in an open meeting of his Red and I. W. W. adherents had publicly boasted that he was going to nail the hide of John Rusk to the roundhouse door, where I still ought to be the wiper I once was. He proclaimed me a bloodless climber who'd made myself a millionaire by denying my workers a living wage. He described me, according to Wambaugh's report, as a road builder who'd used the bodies of his opponents for crossties and oiled his engines with the blood of the unions. And I realized that Wat Hosmer, the one-time freight handler, had developed into quite a talker.

So I told the Swickard woman that I wanted her to go out and do a little quiet detective work for me. I instructed her to investigate Wat Hosmer. If she could get under his guard, and do her investigating from the inside, so much the better. But Hosmer, before long, was going to cause trouble to me and my road, and if there was a hole in his armor I wanted to find out about it before the hour of the final showdown.

Irma was an intelligent woman. I didn't need to go into any further explanations. Before the week-end she was on her way West, togged out in her quiet-toned Fifth Avenue clothes and as quietly determined to get Mr. Hosmer's number before the robins flew North again. She intended to get his number, she explained, in more ways than one; and as I looked her over, with that beguiling female softness of hers, with that misty red mouth that could speak so plaintively and could smile so provocatively, I felt that I had an ally who wasn't to be altogether despised.

So along with my other work I didn't fail to give due and proper attention to Javan Page's case. When he complained that because of the inadequacy of his help he found it hard to supervise the maintenance expenditures, I relieved him of that task and transferred the duty to a new track superintendent. When he, a little later, pointed out that he couldn't look after the building of our new Western bridges and at the same time oversee the reconstruction of our North River terminal, I eventually lightened his official burden by delegating Bradford, of the old D. & B., to look after the bridge work along his territory. And when Page quarreled with his new office assistants—which he'd never have done, I suppose, if he hadn't been smarting under a feeling of his own failing powers—he found so much trouble in getting a satisfactory new man that the board was compelled to shift a further section of his official duties to the third vice president and his staff.

For, jauntily indifferent as he may have appeared, Javan Page must have slowly awakened to what was happening to him. He seemed happy at first at the greater amount of time that was given to him for his motoring and golf and polo playing out at Westbury and yachting along the Sound. But he must eventually have understood what the curtailment of one prerogative after another meant to him. He may not have been a man of vision, but he must have had some vague inkling of what was finally to happen to him. He must have suspected that some day he was to wake up and find himself a mere time-server, a decorative figure with nothing to do, in a decorative office no longer essential to the system. It may have been pride on his part, or it may have been a knowledge of enmities better kept under cover; but Javan Page never openly discussed the situation with me. It was something that went too deep to be bandied about with words.

It was, in fact, Aurelia Page who came to my house one night when I was up in my study, busy at the wire getting the last of Wambaugh's reports on the labor reaction to our new wage-reduction edict. And those reports were anything but assuring. Wat Hosmer had called a second meeting of the Western Running Trades and had proclaimed that the bones of labor were no longer to be picked by the bloated capitalists who denied the workingman a right to breathe.

And the time had come, he proclaimed, for a show-down.

I heard Natalie's repeated knock on the door, but I didn't answer it. She had swung that door open and stepped into the room before I really knew she was there. I noticed, when I looked up, an odd glitter in her eyes, though she was quiet-voiced enough when she spoke to me.

"Mrs. Page is waiting downstairs to see you," she coolly announced as I switched off the key.

"Send her up," I said, after a moment of thought.

"Don't you think it would be nicer to go down to her?" suggested the girl, with the odd smile about her slightly hardened lips.

I stared around the room with its litter of papers and pamphlets, its charts and maps, its crowded table and its filing cabinet with the blue drift of cigar smoke floating about its glazed metal top.

"This ought to be good enough for her," I announced.

And Natalie, after another silent survey of my face, seemed to understand my mood. She turned and walked out of the room, with the same odd glint still in her amber-colored eyes.

I threw away my cigar end and brushed the ashes off my vest. I had an impulse to open the windows and let in a little fresh air and straighten up the disorderly chairs. But on second thought I checked that impulse.

It made me think of a prize fighter trying to scent himself up with an atomizer.

I was stooping over my old D. & B. train model when Aurelia Page came into the room. I proposed to make my first glance at her a preoccupied one, for I resented the thought, all things considered, of possibly having to shake hands with her.

But she saved me that trouble. She stopped just inside the door, which the footman closed noiselessly behind her, and stood regarding me with a coldly analytical eye. The half-puzzled and half-quizzical frown on her forehead made a small horseshoe just above her faintly arched eyebrows. She was in dark furs that came close up around her neck, giving her an air of luxury and making her face look paler than it really was. She stood there, pulling rather nervously at one of her gloves. I noticed, when she'd got it off, the sparkle of the rings on her thin fingers. They, too, added to the sense of luxury she seemed to carry about with her.

"Don't you think you've pounded us enough?" she startled me by suddenly yet quietly inquiring.

I motioned her into a chair as I sat down, but she preferred to remain standing.

"If I've been pounding you, ma'am," I said, as I reached for a match, "I've certainly got a short memory."

She shook her head at that, with what seemed to be both impatience and bitterness.

"On the contrary," she retorted, "your memory is tragically long. You are still refusing to forget things."

Spur Tie

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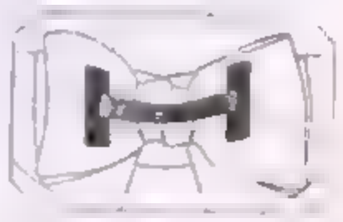
all tied for you

50¢ and up

This is the H shaped Innerform, patented and found only in the Spur Tie.



Here are three styles of Spur Ties—the square end, the butterfly bow, and the French pointed end. Each has the patented H shaped Innerform, which keeps the Spur Tie from curling, rolling, or wrinkling and makes it keep the shape you give it

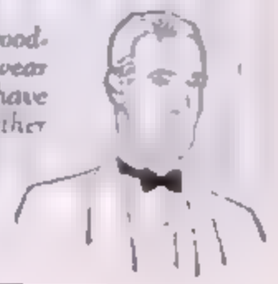
Stays put at putt or drive —golf or motor!

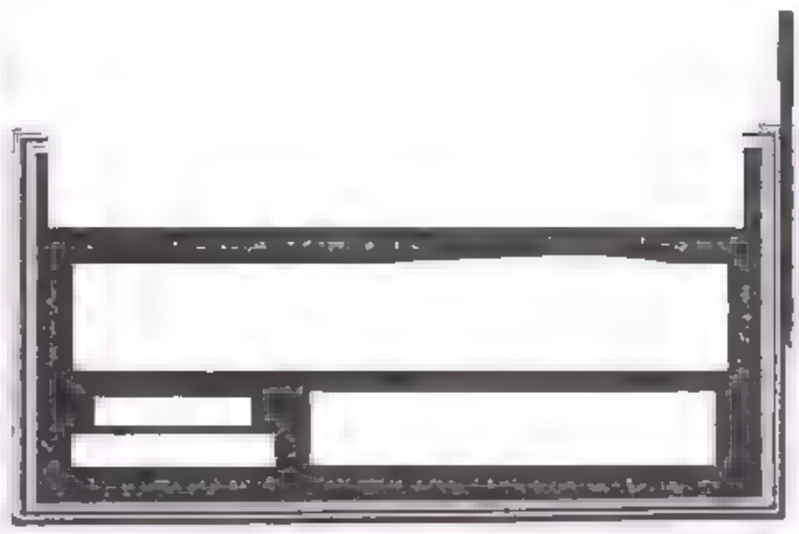
Sink a putt at sixty feet, or purr down the asphalt at sixty per—your Spur Tie stays put. The patented H-shaped Innerform, found only in the Spur Tie, makes it look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. Look for Spur Ties displayed on smart shop counters, and know them by the red Spur label on the back.

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.

Makers of Bull Dog suspenders, belts and garters, and of Spur Sport Stripes (for hat bands) and Spur Safety Signals

The smart, correct, good-looking tie for dress wear is the Spur. You may have it in black or white, either at 50c or $1





TO you this sign carries two definite guarantees—one of tire performance and one of tire service.

You can be sure of performance because the Federal name has meant the most complete kind of satisfaction for many years.

Service you will receive because the merchant selling Federals realizes that he makes new customers by keeping his present ones pleased.

"There's so much I can't afford to forget," I explained, "in this business of mine."

If that speech reached her, she gave no sign of it. She moved a little farther into the room and came to a stop. The look on her face seemed one of frustration, of annoyance almost, at the thought that we were merely trifling with side issues.

"You've pretty well got us with our back to the wall," she said, with her repeated wintry smile that would have been pathetic in a face less sophisticated than Aurelia Page's. But I had to acknowledge, as she stood there with her luminous gaze fixed on mine, that she was still a remarkably handsome woman.

"I'm afraid you're attributing more power to me than I could rightly lay claim to," I countered.

"But that's what you love—power!" she meditatively observed.

"Only when it can be translated into service," I promptly reminded her.

"That's not how you are using it with my husband," she cried, in a slightly sharpened voice.

"Did he send you here?" I demanded, in a voice equally sharp.

Her lip curled at that. She didn't even condescend to answer my question. It was so absurd, apparently, that it should never have been asked.

"Can't we at least be honest with each other?" she cried out, with a little hand movement that seemed as much helplessness as anything else. Then she took a deeper breath and faced me. "Is it going to do you any good—any good in the end—to go on like this?"

"How 'on like this'?" I parried.

"Crushing a man you don't happen to like," she protested, with a slight shake in her voice.

She wasn't, after all, so cool as she pretended to be; and realizing that, I felt the need of keeping doubly composed.

"I think, all things considered, that I've been remarkably patient with your husband," I reminded her, as I struck my match and lighted my cigar. "I've been doing for him about all that conditions here allowed me to do."

"That's not true," she cried, brushing aside the smoke cloud that eddied slowly before her eyes. She glanced at the nearest window, as though she wanted it opened. But I wasn't in the mood just then to run errands for her.

"Wasn't he kept on and brought East with the rest of us?" I demanded. "And in the board records you might possibly find my personal recommendation that he be retained."

She smiled at that, but there wasn't a trace of mirth in it.

"Oh, he was brought along all right," she admitted. "But you brought him along about the same as a head-hunter carries an enemy's skull home on his spear point."

"Your language may be picturesque," I objected, "but it isn't quite plain to me."

"Then I'll make it plainer," she said, with unexpected heat. "I mean that you're making a deliberate and coldly planned parade of my husband's incompetence. You're resorting to a sort of Chinese torture, by keeping him officially alive until you're in a mood for the final stroke, by prolonging the misery until you've had all the joy out of his failure that you can feed on. You've ——"

But I stopped her with a gesture.

"I'm afraid we're not on common ground here," I reminded her, speaking as evenly and impersonally as I was able to. "I'm trying to run a railway system that takes about all the time and brains I can give it. It's a big system, and that means it's a chaotic system, since they have to be chaotic, apparently, because of their very bigness. God knows, I'd like to have it as simple and clean as a chessboard. I'd like to see it as orderly and systematized as a cash register. But it's not that, ma'am. It's more like a frantic battlefield where we haven't much time to look after our wounded and can't always stop to bury our dead. We've got to go on—or go back, beaten."

"And you prefer to go on, at any price," Aurelia Page interrupted, as I paused for breath. But I disregarded that interruption.

"Right at this moment a labor agitator called Hosmer is after me," I continued, "and I've got to fight for my position here tooth and nail. I've got to guard my road from both its inside and its outside enemies. I've got to make good at my job or I'll soon see a better man in my place. And I can't make good at it unless every man working with me or working under me can be depended on to do his part. He's part of the big machine, and the big machine can't function unless each unit functions."

"I know all that," said the woman confronting me, almost curtly.

"Then you must also know," I went on, "that I'm a passive factor in any final judgment as to who makes good and who doesn't. A man's own record shows that. And if Javan Page's record shows that he hasn't been strong enough for his job, it's neither just nor reasonable to accuse me of bringing about what his own inefficiency has brought about; and that's the whole matter in a nutshell."

She made no reply to that. Instead, she stood regarding me with a ruminative eye.

"I wonder," she startled me by asking, "if you ever realize how you are being blackmailed?"

"Blackmailed?" I echoed, slightly resenting the look of commiseration that had crept into her face.

"Yes, blackmailed," she insisted. "You pride yourself on being a practical man, but every day and every hour of your life you're paying tribute to a sentimentalized idea of your own strength; you're making secret concessions to what in your pride you speak of as vision. But it isn't and can't be vision, for you haven't any more vision than one of your big locomotives has. You've made an idol of animal force, and you've sacrificed about everything in life for what you regard as success. But you're not succeeding, John Rusk, and you're not even happy."

"Are you?" I inquired, after a moment of silence.

"Oh, I've something to take its place," she said, with a shrug of one shoulder. "I haven't put all my eggs in one basket, you see. And that's what gives me the courage to stand here and talk to you in the way I have been talking. We, on our side, have backgrounds you'd scarcely understand. And if we have friends, it's really not so important as the further power to make and hold friends. And whatever we lose, thank God, we've still got that. For all failures aren't grubby and small-minded people. Sometimes they're so much a success in their own little secret way that I really wish old Mr. Barnum had put it the other way round; not 'Nothing succeeds like success' but 'Nothing can fail like success!'"

"It's nice to have your sympathy," I retorted, when the full intent of her words had filtered through to my small and grubby mind. "But some years ago I adopted a motto which came from a stronger man than me, Mrs. Page. Napoleon Bonaparte, I believe, once said, 'Never complain and never explain.' You are doing both. I intend to do neither. To do that would only be an advertisement of weakness. I'm too busy a man to philosophize about failure. If you can find consolation in the fact that your husband is of too fine a fiber for the position he tried to fill, that makes my next move considerably easier for me. So I can assure you ——"

Aurelia Page stepped forward with one hand raised, as though to interrupt me, but I permitted no interruptions.

"I can assure you, ma'am, that the head will not remain much longer on the spear point, as you have had the delicacy to put it."

She retreated again, with her hands down at her side. Her face was very white.

"I understood that from the first," she said, in a voice so small it seemed a mere whisper.

"Then that pretty well puts an end to this interview," I announced, as I got up on my feet.

I was a little tired of being bullyragged and bobwealed. I'd had about enough of being told what I was and what I wasn't. There were half a thousand men out on our line waiting to give me battle and I wanted to get back on the wire and find which way the wind blew.

Aurelia Page stiffened a little at that unmistakable sign of dismissal. But instead of taking her departure, as I'd expected, she stood there still studying me with a narrowed eye.

"Is there anything more you'd like to know?" I asked in my heaviest official voice; but she didn't seem to be giving much thought to my question.

"I was wondering about my girl Vinnie," she said, with a tired sort of abstraction.

(Continued on Page 88)

Showing the Packard in the Cascade Mountains of Canada

Pioneering a Path thru the Canadian Northwest

The medal was awarded to the Packard motor car company in recognition of the Packard's having the first car ever driven under its own power from Winnipeg to Victoria on Canadian soil. The award marks the completion of a journey that had been declared impossible by experts.

Last summer, for the first time, an automobile was driven under its own power from Winnipeg to Victoria over the mountains, without leaving Canadian soil.

The trip was made by Austin F. Bement and Edward S. Evans of Detroit in a Delco-equipped Packard car.

It was truly a pioneering trip, over ungraveled earth roads, black gumbo that any light shower would turn into a bog, over difficult mountain trails—and for miles over country where there were no roads at all.

To quote Mr. Bement, "Our original intention had been to find old logging trails or pack trails between outlying mining camps. But this was virgin country. There were no lumber trails. There were no mining camps connected with rough paths such as freighters follow.

"We were assured that no possible trail ran down the mighty Fraser Canyon. To get through we must run the rails of either the Canadian National or the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"To accomplish this trip over the rail bed the car was first equipped with steel wheels such as are used on hand cars. It was found, however, that it was impossible to use these and it became necessary to go back to standard wheels with rubber tires.

"Progress was very slow. The heavily loaded car was forced to climb each tie as a separate obstacle and drop with a racking thud between it and the next one. Culverts had to be bridged with pieces of board. Long trestles, over streams hundreds of feet below, had to be crossed—and on these many ties had been removed to permit the dropping of crushed rock to form fills. These spaces also had to be bridged over. Long tunnels had to be traversed."

But the trip was finally accomplished, with a perfect functioning of the motor and faithful performance of its Delco equipment—still another extreme test, added to many others that have proved Delco to be the world's finest automotive starting, lighting and ignition system.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO., DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Delco

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION

A SURPLUS of STRENGTH

A SURPLUS of assets is evidence of strength in a bank or in a business. A surplus of strength in a machine or in a structure is just as important evidence of soundness and value.

In American Steel Split Pulleys, that surplus of strength has been one of the several characteristics that have distinguished these pulleys for nearly thirty years and which have made "Americans" the most extensively used, the leaders in their line.

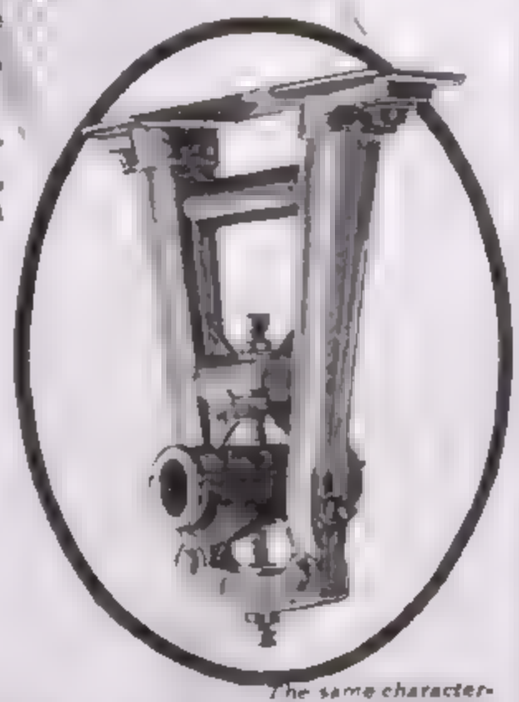
This and other important characteristics, found only in "American" Pulleys, are described in special literature which is yours for the asking.

To equip with "American" Pulleys is to make sure of the utmost in pulley efficiency. In MacRae's Blue Book, you will find the name and address of the nearest dealer carrying stock.

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, and Pressed Steel Shapes

4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia



The same characteristics of strength, efficiency in power transmission, and grace of outline are found in the American Pressed Steel Shaft Hanger.

AMERICAN

PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS

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(Continued from Page 84)

"She happens to be going abroad next week."

"That is interesting," I perfunctorily acknowledged.

"I knew it would be, to you," she agreed, as her gaze met mine again. "It will be hard, of course, if she has to go as a poor man's daughter. But it will be considerably harder if she has to go as a disgraced man's daughter."

"Harder for whom?" I asked, not getting her drift.

"For the man she's going to marry," she reminded me, and for the first time the thought of Newt came into my mind.

I even remembered that the things Aurelia Page had been telling me were strangely reminiscent of the things Newt himself had once told me. Neither of them had disturbed me much, it's true, but I wanted to understand them. I wanted to get an inkling of what they were driving at. I wondered why, since they could never know the poise of supremacy, they should be so ready to assume a pose of superiority. And in my dilemma my eye happened to wander onto one of my old wall mottoes, hanging above the model of the first engine I'd ever driven: Never Underrate Yourself—The World Will Do That For You!

That stiffened my spirit in some way. I felt surer of myself as I glanced at the eight-foot map of my road with its blood-red main line and its thin red fibers of feeders, with its cities and towns and ports and terminals.

That, I remembered, was my work, and work had a way of justifying itself. It loomed bigger than this petty intriguing for favor, this petticoat warfare of weaklings for rewards they'd done mighty little to earn.

"Newt's my son, of course," I said to the woman who seemed to be waiting for me to speak; "but I'm rather tired trying to keep him from making a fool of himself."

I could see the color go up above the dark line of her furs, but her voice was controlled enough when she spoke again.

"And you're not interested in his happiness?" she quietly inquired.

"That's something we've all got to work out for ourselves," was my answer, as I stepped over to the telegraph key at the far side of the room.

I didn't actually see her when she left the room. But when I knew I was alone I opened the key and called until I got Wambaugh again and asked him in code, "What does the Swickard woman report on Hosmer?" And in due time my key ticked out the somewhat enigmatic but not altogether unsatisfactory answer:

"The lady reports him as tub butter simply waiting to be worked."

XV

I FOUND it impossible to go West with Aggie, as I had counted on doing, for at the last moment I had to cut out the San Francisco convention and give all my time to marshaling our forces for the coming fight with Hosmer. She went off comfortably enough in a private car, however, though I was kept late at a conference at the Bankers' Club and arrived at the station eight minutes after Aggie's train had pulled out. Natalie was not home for dinner that night and the house seemed depressingly silent and empty. We were a family of five, I remembered. Yet not one of us, I also remembered, was within hailing distance of another.

So I was surprised when Natalie appeared early for breakfast the next morning. She looked tired and her face was thoughtful, but I had no idea of what was on her mind.

"I've a chance to go down to Palm Beach with the Lathrops," she suddenly announced.

"Why with the Lathrops?" I asked, arrested by the firm lines about her bony chin.

"Because they're not outsiders," she retorted. "And I don't think I ought to miss it."

I felt a foolish little tug of loneliness at my heart, a tug that I'd not often felt there before.

"We'll be pretty well scattered," I ventured.

"I don't seem to be doing much good here," she said, with her slightly embittered smile. "And I can get in down there where I couldn't get in up here."

"In what?" I demanded.

"In with the right sort of people," she said, as she reached over and lifted the spoon out of my coffee cup.

"What sort are they?" I demanded, fighting against my old tendency to be flippant in the face of Nattie's solemnities. But, as usual, it was a losing fight, and I guess my heavy laugh didn't add to her happiness.

"They're the sort who've had money long enough not to smell of it," she announced by way of revenge, and that gave me something to think about.

"You mean it's worth more if your grandfather made it than if you made it yourself?"

I was conscious of my daughter's glacial amber eye surveying my person.

"I suppose it sounds as foolish as Wagner to you," she observed. "And you'd probably find it about as hard to understand, even if they tried to explain it to you."

"You mean they don't even speak my language?"

"It amounts to that," admitted my offspring

"Well, look here, Nattie ——" I began, with a hot box developing on my think line.

"Please don't call me Nattie," interrupted the haughty young lady with the amber eyes.

"I'll call you what I like," I informed her; "and what's more, I'll point out there's two sides to that question. *They* don't speak *my* language—the language of honest workers who haul your cake-eating cinder snappers around the country in varnished cars. Just supposing I said something to them about 'taking her by the neck' and 'putting her over in the corner' and 'making her pop' and 'plugging her' and 'giving 'em the wind'? How much of that would get through to their triple-plated intelligence? Would they know that 'taking her by the neck' is perfectly good railroad language for making a locomotive pull a heavy drag of rattlers up a hill, or that 'making her pop' means that the diamond pusher beside the old throttle puller is keeping hot enough a fire in his engine so that the moment she stops she blows off? And would they understand that 'plugging her' is pretty good and graphic English for closing the engine throttle with a quick jerk of the left hand while the right hand throws back the reverse lever—which same doesn't do any more good to an engine frame and cylinders than getting mad at your own daughter? And when we talk about 'giving 'em the wind' we mean that air has been thrown into the train line—which same you've also heard often enough as you sat in your cinder buggy waiting to be pulled out.

"That's living language; language that means something, that paints a picture and keeps alive on lively tongues. That's good frontier American that makes the dictionary words wake up and wonder how all the dust got into the house. Why, girl, I remember the day a hungry tallow pot stepped up to a hash slinger in one of our old railroad chow houses and announced that he wanted a battleship covered with cinders, a pair of fogged switchlights and a string of flats smothered in Canada sweet! And what did that hasher do? Why, without a quaver he handed out a steak smothered in onions and two fried eggs with bacon fat poured over them and a string of wheat cakes swimming in maple sirup."

My Natalie inspected her father with a far-away eye.

"That's very interesting," she languidly acknowledged, "but I don't see that it has much connection with my proposed visit to Palm Beach."

"Perhaps it hasn't," I retorted; "but I merely mention it, my dear, to remind you that your father and your Palm Beach friends live in two entirely different worlds, and that their ideas are about as far apart as the language they use. I'm going out on the road myself, and I guess you'd be as happy down among the beach combers as you'd be in this empty house, so hop to it Tunnel in with the old-timers while the tunneling is good!"

She didn't even thank me. She studied me with the same sort of half-exasperated and half-pitying eye you turn on a small child who openly defies home and mother.

"There's one thing I'm beginning to learn about those old-timers you sneer at," she quietly reminded me. "And that is they've somehow acquired the art of being urbane. They don't face the world as though they'd been weaned on a dill pickle."

"Well, I'm going to face it as though I'd been hatched out of a cannon ball," I

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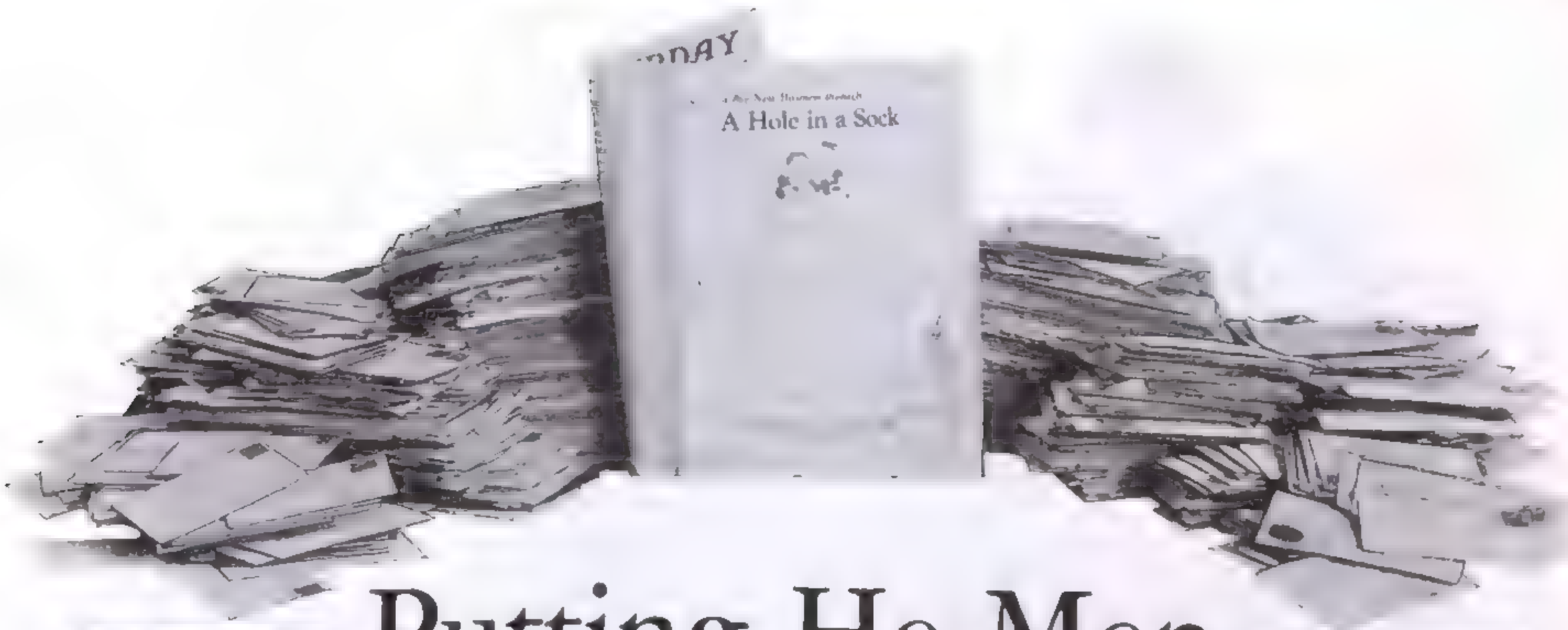

Putting He-Men On a Silk Footing

In the Nov. 29th issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, I told the story of the discovery of Real Silk Super-Service Socks—the first silk socks I ever saw that you didn't seem able to kick through at the toes and heels. The advertisement is reproduced in miniature above.

Since then I have been fairly swamped with letters—friendly, interested inquiries from regular fellows everywhere—eager to have us solve their silk sock problem. Here's one that put us on our mettle:

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Sirs:

I've just had the unexpected pleasure of reading about something I have often wondered and cussed about, but never dreamed would happen—namely, the advent of a silk sock that our toes won't crawl out of.

I feel like the farmer at the circus who saw for the first time a giraffe and remarked, "There ain't no such animal".

Although I am doing business in a small town—that's no sign I wear felt boots and red woolen underwear—and haven't ever seen anything but "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

To make a short story long, I'd like to get hold of some of these non-crackable socks of yours. How about it?

Very truly yours,
GLENN E. DENNIS, Bloomdale, Ohio.

When I saw how many men were interested in these Super-Service Silk Socks I determined to find out if these new users were as well satisfied as those we have been supplying for the last two years.

I was particularly interested in what the writer of the above letter would say after he had worn Real Silk Super-Service Socks. His experience typifies that of thousands of users. Here's his reply:

W. C. KOBIN,
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Hail, King of Sockland:

Your letter received, asking about the socks . . .

Usually I wear out a pair of ordinary silk socks in about three or four times afoot, but I've been doing a tremendous amount of kicking around in the Real Silk Super-Service ones and they are still defying my best efforts to knock the ends out of them.

They certainly have spoiled my pet illusion that there wasn't a silk sock that could keep my toes from having their fling at the world unclothed.

Count on me as a loyal supporter of Real Silk Super-Service Socks.

Yours for a super sock business,
GLENN E. DENNIS, Bloomdale, Ohio.

Socks of beautiful, soft, lustrous silk where the fetlocks show—but tough as a sow's nose where the rub comes—Real Silk Super-Service Socks have doubly reinforced soles and heels, extra durable lisle where the garter tugs, and the famous Real Silk friction-tested lisle toe.

They carry an unconditional guarantee and are obtained direct from our mills at mill prices.

Sooner or later you are sure to be numbered among the he-men we are putting on a sound silk footing; so why wait? Drop me a line and I'll have a representative come right around and see you.

Sincerely yours,
Wm. C. Kobin
Vice-President and General Sales Manager.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS · INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
There is a Branch Office in your City. Consult 'Phone Directory.

REAL SILK
Guaranteed
HOSIERY

This gold button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home or office

Obtainable Only Through Representatives Who Call at the Home and Office

Why coax children to eat what's "good for them"?

Here are the vital grain foods they need in a form that they love

THE modern mother considers her child's appetite, knows it is quite as easy to tempt the palate with a needed food as another. Coaxing children to eat what is good for them is unnecessary. Forcing them to eat foods that don't appeal now can be avoided.

* * * *

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are grain foods with the temptation of confections—with the flavor of nutmeats, steam exploded to eight times their normal size—every food cell broken to make digestion easy.

Served with milk or cream you have the body building elements children need, the minerals and vitamines in luscious combination—a food, a breakfast adventure in one!

Serve, too, as a night-time dish beyond compare. Serve with cooked or fresh fruits, as a garnishment with ice cream, as a between meal tid bit (with melted butter) to supplant sweets. The ways to serve are many, each one a new delight.

Today, order a package each of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice of your grocer, then alternate to avoid chance of monotony.

The Quaker Oats Company

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promptly proclaimed, remembering what lay ahead of me.

"It seems important to you, of course," conceded Natalie. "But I wonder if the world wouldn't go along about the same even if one of its railways stopped running."

"Would it now?" I flared back. "I'm going out this day to keep our line open, and if it's not kept open, it's going to mean considerable to you and the rest of your world. For that line carries in your food to you, your milk and meat and vegetables and flour and fruit, every night, rain or shine, when you're safely asleep in your downy. It feeds your city and keeps your country alive and carries men on machines of steel to serve you on their bigger machines of steel. And once it stops that life flow of steel on steel, everything stops. Remember that!

"What's more, if it stops for any length of time it puts us out of business, for you can check off a loss of about a thousand dollars a minute when a road like ours once gets blocked. But it's up to me and every loyal man under me to see that that road's kept open.

"And let me tell you something more about that, young lady, about the spirit that operates in this little world of ours. It was a rotten winter night up on our old D. & B. line and one of our signalmen was alone in his tower. His wife was in bed with double pneumonia, in a frame cottage not more than two hundred yards away from the tower. She'd been there for three or four days and the strain had nearly driven that signalman crazy. But he stuck to his job. He'd only a young girl, eight years old, so they'd had to call in a neighbor to help nurse the sick woman.

"When that sick woman died at eleven o'clock at night the eight-year-old girl was so terrified she broke away from the nurse and ran sobbing with the news to the man up in the tower. When it broke on him, that way, he wasn't strong enough to stand up under it. He keeled over in a dead faint. And two minutes later, when the dispatcher called him he got no answer. Five minutes later the tower on either side of his had received orders to stop all trains. And while the trainmen were climbing down from the crum boxes, and before that unconscious signalman came to, we'd another operator up in his tower working on the wires and letting those trains move on again through the driving sleet and snow. The line had to be kept open. Death and sickness and sorrow—those were accidents to the men who kept the traffic moving. And I've wasted twenty good minutes of my time talking shop to you when I ought to have been heading for the dog house!"

The flippancy had gone out of my Nattie's face as I stood up.

"Those are the things you ought to have told us more about," she said, as she followed me out to the hall and held my overcoat for me. A faint tinge of color came to her face as I turned on her, for it was the first time in all her life, I imagine, that the stately Natalie had held a coat for her father

"I'll tell 'em some day," I announced, as I clapped on my hat, "and then they'll all stand up and call me a windjammer!"

I headed west that day, with a none too soothing bunch of wires from the division where Hosmer had been doing his dirty work. I knew what was coming, in a way, but I never knew the soreheads were so well organized as Hosmer had them. I'd sniffed the trouble that was upwind, however, from the number of times the service brotherhoods had become deadlocked with the managers' committee, by the sharper note that had crept into disputes over rules and wages, and from the sullen opposition of our men to the rulings of the Railroad Labor Board. Our Central Managers' Conference Committee had the nominal backing of the Department of Justice, and I'd even been in touch with Washington, urging that the rail board assume jurisdiction without the further waste of time and dignity on self-defeating and futile negotiations. But you can't make workers work by legislation. You can't force twisters and throttle pullers and diamond pushers to stick to their job by law. If your yard men, from the big switch hog down to the youngest number grabber, are fed on red fire, they're not going to labor for the love of laboring; and Hosmer had been feeding them on the hot stuff, all right.

I was a little late in seeing the storm coming, but I got busy enough, once I knew it couldn't be escaped. For the best way to break a revolution, I've found, is to stop it before it starts. One of the sore points between our road operators and our employes had been my recent liberal use of gasoline cars both on the highways and on some of our feeder lines. This, of course, did away with the full train crew demanded by the rules and gave us a chance to run in non-union men and still move short-haul freight with a fighting chance of a profit.

So I at once ordered a double amount of auto trucks, for any roughneck, I knew, could run a gas car. Then I found the local organizers had their ropes so well laid that they already had a legal committee duly appointed and a press and lecture committee in the field and a relief committee all ready to handle strike benefits. Unmarried strikers, I found through Wambaugh and his workers, were to be served free meals, coöperative buying had already been arranged for, and children of strikers were to be billeted in the homes of workmen not affected by the walkout. The newly organized picketing corps, I found, were made up mostly of strong-arm squads who gave no promise of being easily handled.

So I got busy on my side of the fence. Every big city has agents or padrones whose function it is to supply strike breakers on short notice. And when our call went out for reserves these agents began marshaling their forces. They were, I must now acknowledge, a sorry lot. Hobos and lungers and ex-boomers from the West, coke snuffers from the flop joints of the Eastern slums, bandits and soldiers of fortune out of a job, anarchists and bumper-riding socialists and disgruntled union men who'd pulled the pin, ex-miners all the way from the bull pens of Cœur d'Alêne and ex-roustabouts from the Mississippi levees and ex-gangsters from the old Eighth Ward and wops who couldn't read the English lettering on a box car and East Side kikes who knew as little about railway signals as they did about honest labor—they were all gathered together in one piebald mass and drilled and tutored and lectured until they eventually began to realize that a highball wasn't something to drink, and finally understood that to "bend a rail" meant to throw a switch.

They were herded together and harangued and crowded into day coaches and hurried out to the firing line. Overnight, almost, they were turned into railroad men. I don't need to enlarge on the particular brand of railroad men they made, for, naturally, you can't plant a tree in the morning and expect to saw planks from it at night. And you can't afford to be too scrupulous when you're fighting an unscrupulous enemy. For in one of his circulars Hosmer, the ex-freight handler, had already openly declared:

"We aim to use any and all tactics that will get the results sought and get them in the quickest way, for we no longer live in the day of the long strike. The tactics used will be determined only by our power to make good by their use. No terms made with an employer are final, for nothing will be conceded by those employers except what we have the strength to take and hold."

Hosmer later denied that proclamation and claimed that it had been planted on him by his enemies. But the violence and sabotage that accompanied even the beginning of the strike seemed to discredit his claim. For it was not long before our first shipment of gas cars went through an open drawbridge. A train of supplies for our strike breakers was mysteriously missent and finally lost in the shuffle. Another string of reefers, which means refrigerator cars, were broken into and rifled, and good Chicago beef was left to rot along the right of way. Switches and engines were tampered with and the lives of our workers and passengers endangered.

But we kept the line open! The sabotage continued and the big talk went on, but skeleton trains bristling with armed guards still moved up and down the rails. Hosmer, in the meantime, brass-banded up and down the road accusing me of being the pet dog of the New York bankers' combine and charging me with accepting labor as only a commodity to be exploited and kicked aside when I was through with it. He called me the king pin of the union wreckers and the true obstructor of interstate commerce, just as he always stubbornly designated the state troopers stationed to guard our property as Cossacks. The cry of "Scab!" was hurled at our strike breakers. When a mob formed about our Nagisaw freight sheds

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The NEW MARMON

THE NEW MARMON
Standard Seven-Passenger Sedan

At practically open car price, the NEW MARMON Standard Seven-Passenger Sedan has attracted the motor car buyers of America with its extraordinary value just as it has captivated them with its stately beauty

Also, at practically open car price, the New Standard Five-Passenger Sedan with four (4) doors and the Four-Door Brougham Coupe. In addition, NEW MARMON De Luxe Models, permitting intimate expression of personal taste. All mounted on the famous Marmon 6-cylinder 136-in. chassis

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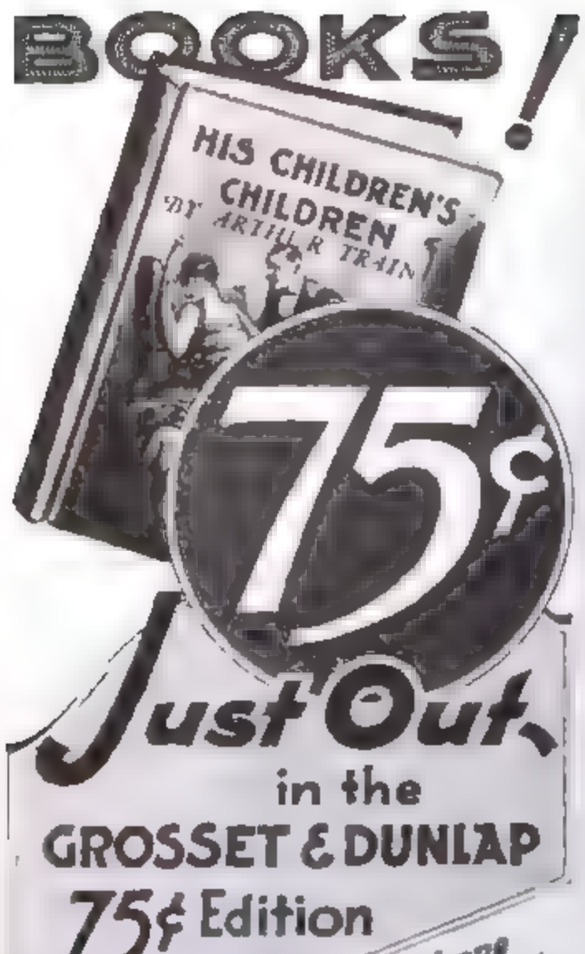

Spinster of this Parish
by W. B. Maxwell

The story of a great love which made a girl scorn conventions and follow her married lover to the heart of the Andes.

THE FOOL *by Channing Pollock*

This is the novel written from the sensational play which caused so much discussion. The story of a preacher torn by the conflict of love and duty.

Brass Commandments
by Charles A. Seltzer

A western story swift with action. How Steve Lannon wrote six commandments for a band of outlaws, and enforced them with his jumping six-shooter.

The Great Divide *by Tynan*

The original of all the "cave man" stories—a novel based on Moody's famous play, now seen in the movies everywhere.

The Voice at Johnnywater
by B. M. Bower

Can a movie hero be "red-blooded?" Patricia sent one to the Nevada Badlands and found out!

THE IRON HORSE by Edwin C. Hill
JANICE MEREDITH by Paul Leicester Ford
In the TENTH MOON by Sidney Williams
The Vehement Flame by Margaret Deland
MAIN STREET by Sinclair Lewis
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and began breaking windows I ordered the fire hose manned and had them swept out of the yards. When they began stoning our train crews I wired the governor for military protection—and instead of militia, we were finally given the promise of an official state investigation.

But in some way or another we kept the line open. We housed and fed those frightened rabbits of strike breakers, who had to get down and creep along the towpath on our box-car decks and sometimes hide in the gons and whale-bellies and reefers to avoid the shower of scrap that greeted them when they crawled through a station yard or stopped to freeze a hub where some languid-moving ex-gangster had overlooked putting a little oil in the journal box. They derailed my business car and burned a signal tower and won over the shopmen. But we didn't give up. We still kept the line open. We merely fought 'em a little harder, for all warfare, from Grant right back to old Joshua, had taught me that when once in the fight the harder you hit 'em the shorter the campaign.

It was in the midst of this fight that a telegram came to me over our crippled wires. It was from Aurelia Page and it said:

"Newt seriously ill of pneumonia in Paris. Someone should go."

It was a shock to me, that message, and it was a second shock to me to realize how helpless I stood, for I was needed there at the front. So I telegraphed at once to Natalie, and while I waited for an answer from her I arranged through Bassler, of our home office, to cable a couple of thousand dollars to Newt's Paris bankers.

The wire from Palm Beach was two days late in reaching me. It said, "Couldn't sail in time to do any good one way or other"—which was characteristically candid of Nattie. So I sent a second message down to her, "Go anyway!" And to that she as laconically responded, "Quite impossible!"

But while I stewed in the juice of that frank ingratitude I got a telegram from Bassler stating, "Mrs. Javan Page and her daughter sailed for Paris on Saturday."

I hadn't much time to meditate over that new turn to the situation. It brought me a sense of relief, in a way, but it was relief tinged with humiliation. And when, nine days later, I received a relayed cable stating that Newt had passed his crisis and was presumptively out of danger, I knew a still stronger sense of relief, which was, nevertheless, colored by a still stronger feeling of humiliation.

Wambaugh, in the meantime, was keeping in touch with the Swickard woman and in turn making his daily reports to me. They weren't very consoling reports. For, as the days strung along, we had to face the grim fact that our fight was a losing one. The strikers, on the other hand, weren't getting any too much fun out of the situation. The weather, by this time, had turned rough and wintry. There was hunger, I know, in many a home. But Hosmer, to give the devil his due, had his men well in hand. And he managed to hold his line by proclaiming that the next charge would surely break our morale and win the day.

Our last through freight had been wrecked and our roadbed strewn with smoked hams and flour and poultry, to say nothing of other equally precious edibles—all of which were promptly commandeered by the white-faced workers' wives from the nearest town. And a small per cent of our smaller salaried operating men, anæmic individuals with no love for their superiors except as we represented the source of their salaries, began to betray a certain oblique but disturbing fellow feeling for the walk-out heroes they were there to oppose.

So when the day still known along the line as Red Sunday arrived, we saw that it was expedient to have a couple of wrecking trains manned and ready for emergencies—wrecking trains with our best available engines hooked onto the front, and tool cars with everything in wrecking devices from replacers and differential blocks to spare parts for car trucks, and the Big Hooks folded down snug enough to clear bridges and tunnel tops, and cook cars rigged out with rough berths and kitchens to take care of the workers. The crazy charge that I had these cars crowded with carbineers and sharpshooters was merely a proof of the momentary scum boiling up on that huge pot of hate. Instead of rounding up snipers, I was sufficiently busy rounding up doctors and nurses for the hospital train I held at the lower divisional headquarters, for I could see that the bad blood which had been brewing was going to break out like a flood river breaking through its dikes.

And it came, all right. It came with that same Red Sunday, when they began the day by dynamiting our Weeks River bridge. They sent one span crashing down through the river ice, and in doing so they broke our line. The troopers fired and killed the man who had laid the charge, and a stray bullet brought down a boy who apparently had taken no part in it. But the damage was already done. The line was no longer open on our side, and the tales of Cossack murder that went down the road, growing as they went, were enough to unkennel the waiting dogs of hate.

Yet in all the excitement, when I knew the Weeks River bridge was down, I remained cool-headed enough to wire to our home office to have Javan Page, as chief engineer, sent out at once to the scene of the disaster. A message came back explaining that Mr. Page had left on Friday evening for a five-day rest at Pinehurst.

I sat down and reread that message for the third time. Then I realized it was time to put the lid on the coffin. I wired a message to headquarters requesting the resignation of Javan Page, to take effect immediately. Then I sent instructions to my chief clerk to prepare and issue the necessary circulars governing the situation. And in doing so I felt a good deal like a Big Hook lifting a battered and useless box car off our right of way. The man didn't even count any more. What counted was to get the débris out of the way and the wreckage off the tracks.

Then I went back to my field work. I threw twenty armed guards around the Weeks River position and put sixty men to work on the new span. And while they were hoisting and lashing and trussing a temporary bridge over the break, with the snow beating on them as they worked, I got word the strikers were burning the car barns where I'd been housing almost one-half my scabs. The strike breakers still inside those barns resented being burned out on a cold and frosty morning. Just where they got their firearms is one of those mysteries that never get satisfactorily answered. But a pitched battle began there beside the burning car barns and a good many splotches of red marked the trodden snow.

The mob spirit by this time had taken possession of the men and they decided, apparently, to make it a day.

When word got through to me at the broken drawbridge that they'd sent a string of flats down Nippon Hill slam-banging into two dozen loaded gondolas, and the line was blocked to Detroit, I mounted a track speeder and decided to fight my way through and do something to stop further wanton destruction of good equipment. I had two guards on the motor car with me, but I wasn't thinking of them there for police duty. I wanted them more to help get my car across breaks in case a rail was torn up and to shovel snow if we hit a drift we couldn't bunt through. For by this time the weather was thicker and the drifting was getting to be something to worry about.

We were sniped at twice as we went through the nearest town, but I ordered the huskies beside me not to fire back, for the simple reason that there was nothing to fire at. A little later, in fact, a bullet came splintering into the wet woodwork at my feet, without a sign of the coward taking that pot shot at us. But we sailed on, with the snow plastering against our faces and a cold wind cutting through to our bones and a heavy plume of black beginning to show over the nearing hills where they were letting God knows what go up in smoke.

My two guards tried to stop me from going into the yards, but they might as well have tried to stop a mother going into a burning house to get her baby. For I could see the men straggling about the freight shed and swarming about the equipment on the sidetrack. They saw me coming and they stepped to one side of the steel to let me through. It wasn't until I mounted the shed platform and faced them that they understood who and what they had in their midst, and then they hooted and shouted until I couldn't even make myself heard.

I wasn't afraid of them. I wanted to talk to those men. I wanted to bring them back to reason. I wanted to show them that they couldn't shoot and burn their way through to victory, not if they burned the last box culvert on the line and shot out the last signal lamp on the system.

But they wouldn't listen to me. Their minds had been poisoned against the one man who could have stepped to their help that morning. Thanks to Hosmer, they hated me, and they soon began to show it. They started off by slinging snowballs at me. That, of course, only hurt my dignity. But when I heard the vicious rattle of stones and scrap iron against the freight-shed door directly behind me I began to realize that I wasn't so popular with that band of excited hot-heads as I had hoped to be. And my two guards, whom I knew to be armed, had discreetly melted away in the excitement. Yet it wasn't until I heard a shriller cry of "Kill the dog!" and saw the blue barrel of a pistol in the hand of a man not twenty paces away from me that I woke up to what those human hyenas were capable of doing—probably intended to do.

Life is sweet, and I never did relish the thought of throwing it away. But men, for some absurd reason, will face a hearse plume before they'll show a white feather; that is, most men—the men worth reckoning with. And that's the spark of glory in the common clay of which we're made. I would never have backed away from that army of upturned faces with hate in every narrowed eye even if I'd been left a free agent. But I wasn't.

And this is the point where Mr. Wallie Enman first entered my long and troubled life. Wallie, who, of course, never did and never will amount to much, was a russet-headed young man from the fringe of the Michigan sand barrens, a young man with a remarkably blue eye and a will of his own. He happened to be station agent in that jerk-water town at the time, and he was one of the few in the neighborhood who had remained loyal to the administration; and he had the brains to know when the big boss was cornered.

It was at the precise moment that the man with the blue-barreled pistol sent a bullet pinging into the bruised slide door against which I'd instinctively backed that Wallie Enman put a finger in the pie. That bullet went within eight inches of my head, and went right through the door, and the wonder is that it never shot Wallie, who was behind that door and almost within hand reach of me. But instead of being shot, he ran the door back on its hang wheels, jerked me inside, and promptly shut and locked the sliding panel again. It seemed very simple, once it was done.

"Quick!" he said, without giving me time to get my breath. "They'll be through there in three minutes, and if they corner you in here they'll kill you!"

I didn't stop to argue with him. All the evidence in fact seemed to stand on his side, for by this time we could hear the bullets going through the woodwork and the blows on the door and the shouts of the crowd as we ran down the full length of the shadowy freight shed.

"There's a mikado and a rotary plow up the siding here," explained Wallie. "They took it away from a train crew trying to keep the Pittsdown branch open this morning. Can you run an engine?"

"I sure can!" I gasped, as we slipped out at the back of the station and cut around the cattle pen.

"Then we can fool 'em!" proclaimed Wallie. "There's still steam up in that mikado and we can buck their line and get through before they know their own men aren't aboard, and if they try to block us I'll give them the nozzle as we go!"

I knew what he meant even before I saw our mikado, carrying the white feather where a thin plume of dry steam escaped from the pop, showing the strikers had worked her hard coming down the branch line and hadn't even bothered to bank or draw her fires. And I thanked God for that negligence as we climbed aboard.

A rotary plow, I must explain, has a cutting wheel about the width of a single track in diameter. It's able to bore through a solid drift twice the height of a man, sucking in the snow and throwing it out through a swivel nozzle three feet in diameter. The man in the rotary lookout can direct this stream to the right or the left of the track, the same as a fireman can direct the stream from his hose nozzle, and with it he can bury a horse and sleigh fifty feet away.

So I thanked God for Wallie and that rotary as we got under way and rolled out on the main line, gathering speed as we went. They saw us coming as we bucked the accumulated drifts and a wild shout

(Continued on Page 93)

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No 7146/1
Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7103/8
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Belflor Inlaid transforms your kitchen

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As for durability, there are thousands of women who can tell you about the wonderful wear you'll get from Nairn Inlaid Linoleum. For nearly forty years Nairn goods have been winning firm friends among housewives and dealers. You'll find in the new *Belflor* the selfsame qualities for which the older types of Nairn Inlaid are famous.

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ALL PRICES F. O. B. DETROIT.

On Open Cars Starter and Demountable Rims Are $85 Extra.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

(Continued from Page 90)

went up from them as they surged toward the track. But Wallie gave them the nozzle. He swung from side to side with a blasting white shower of the beautiful that left them stunned and gasping and fighting for breath.

But we got through. We got through to the open without so much as a broken pane of glass. There was, of course, no triumph in it. It was a flight, a retreat. It wasn't even heroic, for it failed to achieve any good end except save the scalp of the big boss. But our road still had use for the brains under that same scalp. And when we got through to Weeks River and our own line I called the russet-headed young man down from the lookout and asked him his name, and he told me it was Wallie Enman. Then I asked him why he'd done just what he did do.

"For the good of the service, sir," he said without a flicker.

I looked him over, as he stood there in the snow, and liked his coolness and the look of that blazing blue eye of his.

"You're all right, Wallie," I said, as I shook hands with him.

"You say you're agent up there? Well, you strike me as the kind of man we're in need of down at headquarters. So from today forward consider yourself attached to my personal staff, and as soon as I get this mess cleared up I'll be able to make that more definite."

"Thank you, sir," said Wallie, as cool as a cucumber, casually inquiring if he could cut in on our wire and send a message back to his boarding-house mistress not to wait Sunday dinner for him but to pack his things in his old horsehide trunk and send them through as soon as the line was open.

And that's how Wallie and I first bumped together. It's some time back. But it's seldom that I'm mistaken in my man. I guess I've never greatly regretted having Wallie flung at my head that way. And if he's regretted the same, he's an ungrateful young hound, for step by step I've made it a point to push that boy ahead wherever and whenever it could be done without interfering with the good of the service. And the strange part of it is that Wallie seems satisfied to hang around. I'm a hard man to work for, but he's been with me ever since. And some day, before they shunt me into the roundhouse, I'm going to find out why. I've got a suspicion or two at the back of my cynical old bean, but to say it out in cold type wouldn't be fair to either party concerned.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SPIKED SHOES

(Continued from Page 21)

continent. It had been roughly explored, but he found temple after temple and city after city which had never been reported. He began to make maps and take measurements, spurred on by increasing interest in his incidental discoveries.

Then he ran across a member of a large scientific institute to whom he showed his treasures. The latter appreciated their value and realized that here was someone dominated by the true scientific spirit. He persuaded him to turn from oil to ruins and engaged him on the spot to give all his time to exploration. This man has just finished his report, and while in Cambridge took several courses toward the degree of A.M. Within another two months, however, he will be again in the jungle.

Instead of finding myself in a musty museum I was in contact with high adventure. Back of all those irregular-shaped bits of flints and the dry bones and the old inscriptions in the Peabody Museum there is always the story of a man.

But it was not possible for me to spend too much time here, because in the meanwhile lectures and reading were accumulating in the other courses. I was obliged to hurry back to the fifteenth century again, and then on to the nineteenth and to those books reserved in Widener. When I think of men who are carrying not three courses but five, all proceeding at this same pace, I stand aghast at the presumptuous folly of the enterprise.

It is a pity. Also it is an absurdity. The thing simply cannot be done intelligently. It isn't. Leaving out the exceptionally brilliant student, gifted with a rare memory so that he need read a page only once to retain it, this ground can be covered in only two ways—by hard continued plugging and by cramming. Neither method produces the result it should.

Plain Pothunters

For the plugger—men I have heard described as Grade A men with Grade D intellects—this work is a profession and they go at it in that spirit. High marks are a tangible asset leading to scholarships, which are quite as important as scholarship. They lead also to better jobs at graduation. With the exception of those few who are unusually endowed, these marks are acquired only after extraordinary effort tending to a narrowing of interests not altogether wholesome. Many of these students are plain pothunters, taking this method to get on in the world. Others are facing a requirement which shows them no mercy. For to win even a foothold in the teaching profession today they must secure an A.M. and then plod on two years more, the concentration growing all the while more and more narrow and intense, to a Ph.D.

The younger men are rebelling. They realize that in many cases this takes out of them something a great deal more valuable than scholarship, but the old guard is in control and so far has stood pat. Many a good man turns aside, unwilling to make the sacrifice unless forced by circumstance to do so; and many a good man sees it through only to come out less of a man. It is only fair to say, however, that a few emerge unscathed. Again it may be well to note that three of the most influential and important professors in Harvard today are the product of the older system which did not demand as a *sine qua non* this degree.

A fairly intelligent man can secure high marks and a degree of any sort he wishes by sheer perseverance and industry. It is possible for one in good health to study from eight to twelve hours a day with fair consistency, and upon such a schedule much is certain to be accomplished in the way of absorption of that detail which counts so much, necessarily, in an examination paper. But much, also, is certain to be lost in the way of all-round development. The faculty recognizes this and does not encourage any such system, although of course it cannot prevent it.

"We'd rather see one man like So-and-So than a dozen mark hunters," said a member of the staff.

He was referring to an extraordinary young chap who while at the head of many college interests maintained his scholarship standing. During his senior year, and in the course of routine work, he presented a thesis of such merit and originality that it was quite up to the standard demanded of a doctorate. I met him and was astonished at the vigor and maturity of his mind, although he looked to be of only average undergraduate age. But he was alive to his finger tips and had reached what the late Professor James called his "vital reserves."

"The plain fact remains," wrote Professor James, "that men the world over possess amounts of resource which only very few exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use. But the very same individual, pushing his energies to their extreme, may in a vast number of cases keep the pace up day after day, and find no 'reaction' of a bad sort, so long as decent hygienic conditions are preserved. His more active rate of energization does not wreck him; for the organism adapts itself, and as the rate of waste augments, augments correspondingly the rate of repair."

And again he says:

"Stating the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives usually far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his maximum and he behaves below his optimum. In elementary faculty, in coördination, in power of inhibition and control, in every conceivable way, his life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject—but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate habit—the habit of inferiority to our full self—that is bad."

The quality which carries the unusual young man over the dam is "excitements, ideas and efforts"—the quality, in other words, of being fully alive or of being, as we say commonly, on his toes. This particular fellow was decidedly of that type. To talk with him five minutes was to feel his alertness and his intense interest in every phase of life. There was nothing slouchy in his bearing; nothing cynical in his outlook.

If college were made up wholly of men of that class, it might be possible to acquire a genuine education even upon the present schedule. But that is not true, of course. With the exception of those stirred either by necessity or by some definite ambition, most undergraduates are, in their ordinary attitude toward their work, rather an indifferent lot. The bulk of their interests lie outside the classroom—in social or club life; on the athletic field; or often in some even more indefinite region. They are neither stupid nor lazy, nor altogether indifferent to their academic work; but their dominant interest, perhaps naturally enough, is elsewhere. Within certain limits they are eager to know, willing even to study, but with only these relatively few months at their disposal—a period the like of which they will never see again—they do not propose to sacrifice too much time to grinding. In this determination they have, often enough, the sympathy of their parents. The college office is receiving complaints all the time from anxious fathers and mothers who protest that their sons are not left with sufficient leisure in which to indulge in outside activities. But parents need not worry. This result does not check up.

If anything, outside activities have multiplied in the college world during the past few years faster than they have in the post-graduate social world. In addition to a multiplication of sports and the number participating in them, there is an increase in other undergraduate organizations. He is a pretty dead boy who cannot make something or other. But in addition to all these there are the automobile, the radio, the movie. It would be difficult to convince anyone in everyday contact with these young men that they are suffering from lack of entertainment or that they are breaking down under the strain of overwork. How then do they manage it?

Higher Standards of Honor

Trust youth to find a way out. Perhaps just that is youth. That they have met the enemy and conquered him is proved by the fact that they graduate, not knowing, when they choose, more than graduates of other days. They have been forced by the time element to develop a system of their own. The fact that their actual period of residence is not four years, as is popularly supposed, but only from twenty-one to twenty-eight months, has driven them to it. With life buzzing all around them and pressed by a stiffer schedule, they are left with no alternative but to devise short-cut methods and to use their wits.

And this is just what they do, although by honest means. On the whole, I think they are fairer in the way they meet the challenge than some of their fathers were. A Harvard graduate out some forty years told me frankly that in his day there was a regular traffic in examination papers. The printing then was done in another city, and the printer, so tradition runs, received one thousand dollars for supplying advance sheets to students. The only condition he made was that no man should pass a test with a higher mark than seventy. A graduate from another college added that in his time flagrant methods of cheating such as the time-worn ruse of cuff-writing and the use of small rolls of paper easily concealed in the palm were commonly practiced.

I have seen nothing of that sort in the present-day Harvard and doubt very much if any but the usual percentage of the utterly unprincipled to be found in every large group would stoop to this. The standard of honor on this point is undoubtedly higher. Furthermore, such devices are not necessary.

The well-to-do have access to private tutors and to seminars, old refuges, but now developed like everything modern to a high degree of efficiency. An expert coach can do wonders in a week. It is significant that most of these men are high-grade scholars, and in the postals they send to

Anna Pavlowa

Isn't she Wonderful?

"Just look at her dance. It seems to me that Pavlowa grows younger and more graceful each year. She surely is the very spirit of the harmony of youth. Wouldn't you think that she'd get all tired out sometimes? It seems to me when one gets blue and discouraged about the humdrum details of life, nothing is more refreshing than to watch a beautiful dancer. There is harmony, grace and poetry in every move she makes. Did you ever hear more applause? Everybody just seems to adore her."

* * *

Did you ever think, Madam, how careful a professional dancer must be in her choice of the shoes she wears? She knows that to keep the energy, grace and enthusiasm of youth, its buoyant step, its springy elasticity, she must wear flexible shoes which permit the network of foot muscles, upon which the strength of the arch depends, to exercise naturally.

Many professional dancers, and women who have chosen other careers demanding hours of standing, wear Cantilever Shoes and find them comfortable, helpful and stylish.

The Cantilever Shoe with its flexible arch, its natural lines and scientifically placed heel will help you keep the springy step of youth. The Cantilever Shoe is fine for the comfort and health of your foot. There are conservatively smart styles for Spring, in tan calf, brown or black kid, suede, satin and white shoes for Summer. Get your pair today.

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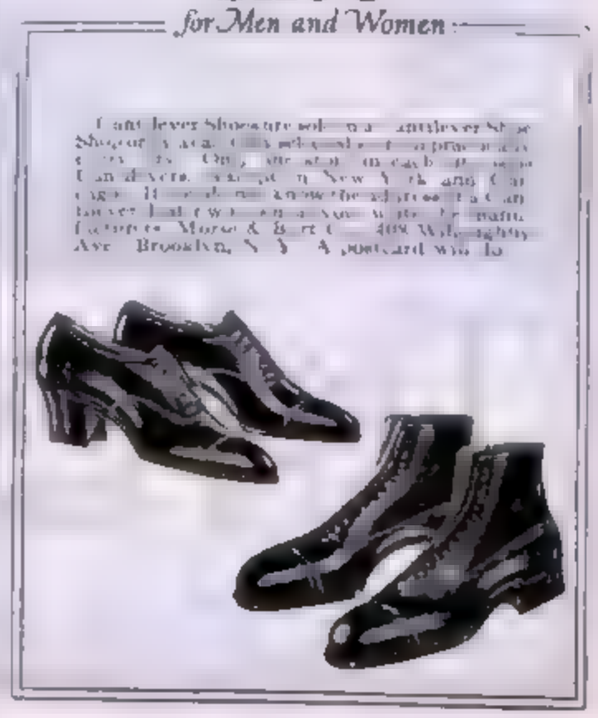
for Men and Women



members of the course just before an examination advertise the fact that they are honor men. Their charges are stiff; but given anyone short of a moron, it is almost certain that they will jam him through a crisis. The seminars which handle groups of thirty or forty men cost only from ten to fifteen dollars a person. In a single period of from four to five hours the night before an examination they will review an entire course, placing the emphasis upon those points which a careful study of past papers shows to have been favorites.

Anyone would think offhand that a professor could always beat this game by changing the nature of his questions. But this is almost impossible. After all, a subject contains only so many important points, and the personality of the lecturer is sure to lead him to focus on a certain angle of these. A still cheaper way, although less ethical, is to buy a digest of the course. As a matter of fact, these are issued illegally, because they are a violation of the copyright law; but they are still sold regularly. These, too, though unsigned, give every evidence of being prepared by scholars.

But the more usual and the more legitimate method is for the student to make his own digest. It is surprising how much of a subject can be condensed into a few pages, and in how few hours enough of this can be memorized with practice to assure a passing grade, if it is presented cleverly and filled in with the other loose material which is picked up from a routine attendance upon lectures. For even the laziest are bound to remember something as they go along, without any especial effort on their part. Nor are they opposed to this, for a great deal of the subject matter really interests them. The only difficulty is that with the time at their disposal they cannot do all the other things they wish to do and also master these details—the details upon which the examinations are based and the details upon which, it seems to me, all sound and permanent knowledge is based. Therefore they cram.

A young fellow came out of an hour examination behind me and asked, "Did you do the assigned reading?"

Twice a month certain books are reserved on the library shelves covering special topics for the course. The average men seldom get around to look at these until the night before, and then naturally there is a congestion.

"Yes," I answered.

"Gosh, you were lucky! I never had a look-in!"

"You must have been hit hard then on this paper," I suggested.

A Streak of Bull Luck

The leading question was upon a subject which had never been mentioned in the lectures; a somewhat intricate theory on the evolution of the alphabet worked out after years of toil by a French scholar.

"Guess I wiggled through," he replied without much concern.

"But you couldn't have known R's theory?"

"Never heard of it."

"How did you get around that?"

"Oh, I took a chance and made up a theory."

I don't know whether he got away with it or not, but I doubt if an older man, granted he had the nerve to try, would be able to devise an extempore theory.

Then plain bull luck sometimes helps. I am personally indebted to this Great God Chance for a good turn he recently did me I in my turn had not done the assigned reading. My impulse under these circumstances was to cut the examination, but I did not like to take an E and figured that it was a better sporting proposition to go up and see it through anyway. Twenty minutes before the test I picked up a book covering eighteen pages of a detailed study of Ifugaon law. I saw that it embraced a hopeless amount of technical matters, but running through it I fixed upon one word "Monkalun" and got hold of that and its meaning. Then on the way to class I dropped into the library and by good luck found the second book. In this we were supposed to read and digest two chapters. I picked up just one phrase which someone had underlined, "Social institutions among primitive people are based upon exogamy, lineage and totemism." I knew the meaning of those three words from my lectures.

As I took my seat, and before the examination was on, the young man next to me said, "Do you know where Ifugao is?"

"No," I admitted.

"Last year they raised the mark a half point for all those who could locate it. The darned thing isn't in the book and it took me a half hour to run it down. It's in the island of Luzon in the Philippines," he volunteered.

The two questions put upon the board were: "Define a 'Monkalun' and show the part he played in Ifugaon law," and "State what Marett considers to be the foundation of social institutions."

As the examiner took his seat he remarked, "I'll add a half point to the grade of anyone who has shown that he did the reading with enough intelligent interest to find out where Ifugao is."

I have not yet received back my paper; but whatever my mark, if it's higher than E, I don't deserve it.

I asked a member of the teaching staff why a simple way to beat this cramming system would not be to hold unannounced examinations and so force men to keep even with their work. He shook his head.

"You'd have the whole student body up in arms," he declared.

Learning and Living

Furthermore, he was not sure that it would be fair to the student to deprive him of an opportunity for intensive work. Most faculty members would prefer to do away altogether with any but final examinations and throw the entire responsibility for daily effort upon each individual, under the guidance of a tutor. This would be an extension of the present tutorial system and would involve a large added cost. Furthermore, good tutors are as difficult to find as good professors.

Most of these young men are not unwilling to learn, even though they refuse to accept this as the chief end of their existence. The subject matter and the method of presentation are much more interesting than they used to be. He is a dull teacher, indeed, who cannot win and hold the attention of a class for at least fifty minutes. That seems to be the limit for even those professors liked by the undergraduates. The ringing of the chapel bell on the hour is a psychological dead line, and woe to him who attempts to cross it. He had much better sacrifice the chief point of his lecture.

One professor is so popular that in spite of everything he can do to prevent it, and to his constant embarrassment, he is greeted with spontaneous and enthusiastic applause at the end of every hour. This is the result of his own sustained interest in his theme and a rare quality of being able to communicate it. But never does he venture to trespass the legal limit. On the other hand, he has sometimes announced extra lectures for Saturdays, explaining that these were purely optional, and filled his classroom.

These young men are willing to learn, but they are also eager to live. Under the present system there is not time enough for both, and so it is education which goes by the board. The survey course in fine arts is limited to two hundred and fifty men, and so at least one quarter of each class must graduate without any knowledge at all of this subject. The other 75 per cent receive only what they are able to pick up in a single mad dash through a gallery containing the highest creative effort of genius produced in the past five thousand years

"I'd like to take it," a young man exclaimed to me.

"Why don't you?"

"My father is in the mill business and he wants me to join him as soon as I can," he answered.

Not always, however, can the father be blamed for this haste. The tendency to rush through is in the air we breathe. It is the American notion of getting down to brass tacks.

I talked recently with a sophomore who ranks far above the general average as a student. Yet this year he is taking only one subject not directly in line with the science he intends to pursue as a profession. His explanation—that he cannot afford the time for the other subjects, although he is not yet twenty years old.

"You'll probably waste a good many months, if not years, before you're dead," I observed. "Why not anticipate a little of that loss and put it in here on what you'll never have another opportunity to learn."

But he only smiled at my naïveté. He will receive his degree of A.B. without any but a prep-school knowledge of the classics.

(Continued on Page 96

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(Continued from Page 94)

without any but freshman history, with only one course in English literature, and without any real knowledge of philosophy at all.

Youth is eager—too eager at times for its own good. In this matter of an education—admitting that the cultural feature as expressed in the humanities is something worth acquiring—he needs not spiked shoes but weights on his feet. With this in mind, someone will appear some day and put through radical changes that will shake the whole system to its foundation. He will add another year to the period of preparatory-school training which will cover most of the present freshman studies and bring the boy into college one year older; he will then demand a compulsory four-year course on top of this; finally he will clip annually two months from the present vacation periods and so add another full year to the course. Give our present-day colleges some such opportunity as this and they would turn out educated men; men not only with vision but with their feet solidly on the ground.

To use the phrase of one of the younger administrative officers, such men would not only know history but they would practice it. They would be so thoroughly schooled that the permanent values of each course would be an integral part of them; something not only to dream about but something to use in the interpretation of everyday life.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," wrote Pope in a couplet that has become a platitude. "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Seventeen courses in from twenty-one to twenty-eight months, or some six weeks to a course!

This is not drinking deep.

"But," said a teacher to whom I suggested a time extension, "if the student objects to the present régime, what would he say to a proposition which would double his term of residence?"

I believe that most students—at least the only type which ought to be in college—would feel, with time enough in which really to master their subjects, a satisfaction coming from sound knowledge that would spur them on. This is indicated by the awakened interest on the part of many seniors who, until the final year, look upon their work as drudgery. They then gain confidence to a point where they are about qualified to begin their college career—and then they are graduated. The professional schools reap the benefit of this and take full advantage of it. But too often they bear so heavily upon the fragile cultural base that it cannot bear the weight and crashes to earth.

The undergraduate of today receives a small proportion of what he ought to receive—of what he needs even more than the generation which preceded him. This is what impresses the older man in a position to appreciate the opportunities offered by such a college as Harvard. Pressed for time, the average student sets his wits against those of the faculty—and wins. The more sophisticated argue that to supply knowledge is one of the minor functions of a college.

"The true end of knowledge is always use," said the Crimson in a recent editorial on this subject.

But before knowledge can be used it would seem to be obvious that it must first be acquired.

The difficulty comes when the attempt is made to harvest the crop before the sowing. The result of this is not an education but only the general effect of an education.

WAR GERMS AND PEACE BUGS

(Continued from Page 31)

it would not be manipulated. The experience of the world with such organs is that they are manipulated.

An old diplomat from the Far East, who has acted as his nation's representative at the League of Nations, said to me: "These international organizations produce an excellent prospectus. Learned men, bookish men, and men of good sentiment see in the glowing promise of the plan only the plan. But practical men know that even the government of a village goes wrong—right under the eyes of the people. Governments of nations have greater opportunity to go wrong because they are farther away. International government gives the best chance for the intriguer; it would be, perhaps, of vast benefit if it were not so easy to stack the cards."

Already, so far as the political activity of the League is concerned, there are, in Europe, growing suspicions. These are not the suspicions of irresponsible persons. A few weeks ago Karnebeek, an outstanding figure in Europe, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland, a representative of his country at the League, made a most significant statement. He said: "I, myself, have always preferred that the League of Nations should develop in a direction in which the element of military compulsion would ultimately cease to be the center of gravity of the system. In the system as it is now developing the tendency is toward the mailed fist."

There is an increasing feeling in Europe that any organization like the League, if it goes beyond the function of offering good offices of administration, trusteeship and voluntary arbitration, and undertakes to meddle, to be a busybody, to interpose its will against the will of any nation, will become subject to domination by one great power or another. Its voting power is open to the same logrolling which goes on in smaller units of government within nations. I have heard over and over again statesmen in Europe who represent smaller neutral nations raise objections to the opportunity a large power would have to round up by threats and promises a group of smaller nations to support a program of selfish imperialism concealed under the cloak of idealism or of a peace movement.

A Pessimistic Opinion

"Did we not have the Quadruple Alliance with Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and later France after the fall of the Napoleonic imperialism?" I was asked by an English diplomat. "This alliance was in effect a League of Nations, calling for the same periodic conferences and councils. It was a machine of idealism, but we had to leave it because that machine was captured by the clever diplomacy of Metternich and was turned to the purposes of upholding special rather than general interests."

One statesman, who had refused to support the British view in a political matter which the League of Nations had touched, was berated in the English press.

"Of course," said he to me. "Why not? The League may appear to you Americans as a body of democracy and a harbinger of peace, but I can tell you briefly that the League as a political body will become another instrumentality of the scramble for power. Is it not natural that I am attacked by the British propaganda? I have stepped on the tail of their pet cat."

Now, a year and a half later, a man who has deep insight into European politics says to me: "The scene has shifted. Suddenly the League has become the plaything of France. The Geneva protocol to outlaw war was the great opportunity of France. If Great Britain adheres to this protocol France gains what is tantamount to a security guaranty. If Great Britain refuses to adhere France will use this protocol to sign up various small nations, and through this means create a Continental bloc—an alliance with a group of nations under the title of a peace movement, but which is in effect a military alliance. What France is hesitant about doing independently will become possible under cover of the League."

The Future of the League

The attribution of motives is always a hazardous and sometimes a destructive contribution. I do not cite these instances of European opinion to increase the supply of suspicion in the world. The opinions which I have quoted are put forth to prove that old imperialistic villainy and intrigue are at work. Everyone is entitled to his own judgment about that. My emphasis is that in circles well versed in European practices, in the age-old strategy and hanky-panky of European politics, there is already a great deal of suspicion of the League, not so much because the League of Nations has failed signally to put its teeth into subjects or situations when the veto of either France or Great Britain was presented behind the scenes, but because the League is regarded as an instrument with a label of idealism but which may be perverted and dominated by the same old play of imperial diplomacy and, if so perverted and dominated, might become a much more dangerous factor than the system of balance of power which it has attempted to replace.

It is quite possible to hold the opinion that the League of Nations can have a great and useful future not by extension of its activities but by a contraction of its activities. An American who is residing temporarily in England, and who is a recognized student of history, has been writing letters to the English newspapers holding forth the idea that American participation in the League will be brought about only when the League does something "to appeal to the imagination of the American people." Various statesmen who have the interest of the League at heart have asked me whether I believe this to be good advice.

I believe it to be the worst possible advice. If there is any hope of full participation of the United States in the League, it will rest, not upon American imagination but on American good sense. That good sense would respond today if the League gave up once and for all the aspiration to become a supergovernment, an uninvited meddler, or a body which pretends to impartial political action against war while inevitable forces threaten to make it, behind the scenes, a dangerous playground of diplomatic push and pull, and international logrolling.

Good sense, I believe, would respond today if the League could be remade so that its functions would be confined to offering its good offices:

First, as custodian of the World Court for the service of those who voluntarily submit disputes for settlement;

Second, as a trustee of international loans and receiverships;

Third, as an international manager which could act in cases where temporary direction of backward or disturbed peoples and territories is called for by everyone;

Fourth, as a clearing house for all emergency relief so that good information and good relief administration could be available and also to make a more equitable moral assessment among nations for their respective money contributions for charitable purposes;

Fifth, as an international administrator of world sanitation, quarantine, standardization of regulations, equipment, customs practices in all matters pertaining to transport by land, sea and air, the adjustment of the rights of foreign residents, the standardization of citizenship, the suppression of crime by joint agreements as to extradition and police practices, and a wide range of similar useful activities;

Sixth, as a compiler, custodian and publisher of necessary needed international information.

This would make the League solely an institution of good offices. It would be an institution which would have, as it has had already, a splendid performance in a field of maximum usefulness and of minimum danger to the world's disillusionment. It can put off its vestments of a dictatorial peacemaker. Peace is not made by dictatorial methods; it may be induced, but it is not often commanded.

Today the League of Nations may be said to be two Leagues. One is that which has begun to perform rather well as an administrator of international good offices; the other League is the League which attempts international government. This latter is the League which has proposed to stop war and has not stopped war. This latter is the League which proposes to take settlements out of the hands of secret diplomacy and imperialism, but has not succeeded in keeping the hands of imperialism and secret diplomacy out of its own nest.

An Important Distinction

Where it has forbidden it has not been obeyed, where it has intruded it has been forced to withdraw. In its rôle as a servant it has had conspicuous success: in its rôle as a master it has had dismal failure.

I have often wondered at the simplicity of American audiences listening to lecturers who are telling of the undoubted accomplishments of the League. I have often wondered why someone did not arise and say to the speaker: "My friend, you are confining your examples of the successes of the League to those cases where the League was asked to do something. But we had supposed that the League was created so that it might tell someone else to do something. Can you give an example of the League telling any unwilling nation to do anything, and if so, was the League obeyed?"

I find that in Europe today this distinction between a League for good offices and a League for political interference is becoming more and more recognized; that the success of the League in the first rôle has met with general approval, but that the failure of the League for political interference has been accompanied by wide suspicion and sometimes the presence of more irritability rather than less.

A friend of mine, a diplomat who has been at Geneva, says to me: "I have sometimes, when attending sessions, pondered a serious question. I have wondered whether our discussion or debate as to the settlement of disputes softened, or, on the other hand, aroused the spirit of conflict. If debate ended in actual settlement a gain would be made, but if no settlement is reached, or if it is reached and cannot be enforced, all that we have done has been to act as a sounding board which spreads still wider the talk about war. We have advertised war. We have made people think about war and read about the dangers of war. It is exactly as if we were a group of competitive business men who had founded a Monday luncheon club where at each meeting the assembled company was exhorted to talk about the conflicts, the jealousies or quarrels in the trade. I sometimes wonder if that kind of club is successful. I sometimes wonder if we should not have done better to begin with an international club which dealt only with the interests which we all have in common, which could act upon and build up and expand those common interests."

The Indirect Approach

At any rate, the history of the League tends to show that the line of demarcation between the League for good offices and the League for political interference is already a sharp line between achievement and bafflement. The indirect approach to peace—that is, the development of international coöperation—has already proved a good means to kill out the war germs; the direct method of compulsion and dictatorial interference has already indicated that the bug may, in its unpreparedness and innocence, not only fail but become the victim of old and evil forces.

In its work of giving international good offices the League has taken custody of the World Court and has made possible a method of choosing judges which unorganized nations did not have. It has furnished directly or indirectly arbitration in many cases—the Memel dispute, the Iraq boundary question, and many others where the parties assented to this method of adjustment. It has been trustee for the Saar, for Memel, Dantzic, Upper Silesia. It has been trustee for the financial rehabilitation plans in Austria and Hungary and for certain factors in the German reparations settlement. It has been or will be agent for military control in enforcing disarmament obligations in Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. It has furnished foreign advisers and assistant administrators to countries desiring assistance, such as Albania. It had assisted nations desiring to mark out boundaries. It has engaged with some measure of success in international humanitarian work, in study and control of contagious disease, and of quarantine suppression of opium and white-slave traffic, and even refugee relief, although the compulsory exchange of population between Turkey and Greece suggested by the League's agent, Doctor Nansen, has been a terrible imposition of hardship and misery and to a certain extent a method by which unhappy peoples in foreign territories met each other, as I have seen them on the bridge at Constantinople, going forward to their own homeland only to die as they are dying this

(Continued on Page 101)

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F I N E M O T O R C A R S

AC AIR CLEANERS

Why your motor needs one

Clean gasoline and oil are not enough—your motor needs also clean air

AUTOMOBILE engines in the course of operation consume an average of about 10,000 gallons of air for every gallon of gasoline.

This great volume of air is more or less polluted with road dust, composed largely of minute particles of sand or quartz.

Under the microscope these particles appear as sharp, irregular crystals, hard enough to scratch even the hardest steels. Sucked in with the carburetor air, they mix with the oil film on the cylinder walls, forming an abrasive compound which grinds away the engine's efficiency with each piston stroke.

Subjected to heat of the motor, the combination of oil and road dust forms the hard carbon cake which soon results in "carbon knock."

An amount of dust which will fill the small removable collector (the accumulation of about 20,000 miles of driving) if allowed to pass into the engine would cause an average of ten one-thousandths of an inch wear on moving parts such as pistons and rings. This amount of wear causes the evils listed elsewhere on this page.

The AC Air Cleaner solves these troubles

The AC Air Cleaner will effectively minimize such troubles as—

Carbon knock	**Loss of compression**
Oil pumping	**Cylinder re-boring**
Oil dilution	**Piston replacement**
Piston slap	**Piston ring replacement**

In minimizing these troubles, the AC Air Cleaner will prolong the life of a motor's moving parts from eight- to fifteen-fold.

Anyone can install the AC Air Cleaner; it connects directly to the carburetor.

Once installed it requires no attention, having no moving parts to get out of order.

Its high permanent cleaning efficiency keeps down repair bills.

Let the AC Dealer insure the continued good performance of your engine by installing an AC Air Cleaner today.

How the AC Air Cleaner Operates

1 Suction stroke of motor draws dust-laden air through Cleaner's directing vanes, which give it a rapid spirally rotating motion.

2 Centrifugal force separates the dust particles from the air, throwing them against inside wall of Cleaner.

3 The spiral movement of the dust along inside surface of Cleaner wall brings it to rear circular end.

4 Dust drops through outlet.

5 Dust collects in removable container.

6 CLEAN AIR, indicated by white arrows, rotating spirally in center portion, strikes directing plate (6) and screws itself out of Cleaner.

7 Straightened current of clean air leaves Cleaner to enter carburetor.

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Make of Car _____

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(Continued from Page 96)

winter. It has open to its labor a wide field of usefulness in standardization of equipment used internationally, in developing conveniences of international traffic by common consent, such as telegraph, weather reports, signals, lighthouses, landing fields and radio. It has, no doubt, assisted international good will and understanding by compilation and exchange of information and by publication. Finally, the League is able to procure in special cases the free services of the greatest experts in the world.

But when we turn from the League as a League for good offices and examine its record as a League for political interference, no matter how well-intentioned its activity may have been, the record is quite different. It is difficult to defend that record on the ground that it has been effective, on the ground that it has followed the moral precepts of democracy, or self-determination and protection of weak peoples, or on the ground that it has been free from the pulling of the strings by so-called imperialistic forces behind the scenes.

"What have been the great snags in the way of European peace?" I was asked by an old colleague of mine in diplomacy. "Let me name them. Everyone knows them. First, the conditions in Russia and Russia's relationships with Europe. Second, Germany's reparations. Third, armed occupation of German territory. Fourth, the murder of an Italian commission in Greece and the seizure of Corfu. Fifth, the Russian-Polish war. Sixth, the war between Turkey and Greece. Seventh, the attack on Vilna by Poland. Eighth, disarmament.

"Now do not forget that the League was primarily intended to procure peace and do justice particularly to the weak. It is said that the League would have had greater success if the United States had been a member. Why? I cannot see that the United States is concerned in many of these subjects or so well equipped to intervene within the League as it is to furnish a real neutrality and standing outside of our political whirlpool. There are plenty of Europeans who believe that if the United States came into the League it would be impossible for the United States to play any other rôle than that of a possible ally of one side or the other in the Franco-British struggle for diplomatic domination in Europe. But in any case, just examine the action of the League on the important menaces to peace in Europe."

Diplomacy to the Rescue

Unfortunately the League as a League to enforce peace or as a League for political interference presents, as I have said, a dismal record. It has technical excuse for its failure to touch the Russian question, but the fact remains that nothing has been done to advance Russia's relationship with the outer world, nothing done to fit Russia back into the European economic picture, and indeed nothing done to discourage a disastrous policy of European nations, causing them to deal with Russia one by one and in the spirit of avaricious competitors racing to snatch up a meatless bone. It was not the League but outside forces which produced the Dawes Plan. As for the Ruhr, the League, for reasons supposedly based on the veto power of France, failed to heed suggestions from Germany and from Great Britain. To use a homely expression, the League would not touch the subject of a warlike occupation of territory under a claim of treaty sanctions with a ten-foot pole. It began to be plain that this supergovernment might be active in repressing gnats but would not, even under the banner of the dove, stir up any hornets.

It undertook to interfere in the quarrel between Italy and Greece, but finding the water hot it gracefully allowed the Conference of Ambassadors and old-fashioned diplomacy to bring the business back to a cool temperature. The claim that the League influenced the result takes on a comic flavor when one realizes that the League began by calling Italy to account and the Conference of Ambassadors ended by giving Italy every dollar of indemnity and as full a measure of apologies as Italy required.

In the conflict between Poland and Russia the League allowed one of its own members to violate the prohibition against going to war without first resorting to arbitration, and a review of the action or nonaction of the League shows a complete paralysis of several other fundamental articles in the League's Covenant. Apparently this was not an occasion when the powers behind the scenes cared to give the League any leash.

The war between Turkey and Greece, so far as anyone has been able to discover, went on without the slightest intervention of the League, although Greece was a member. The common European answer to this mystery is, "Neither France nor Great Britain desired the League to act."

In the invasion of Vilna by Poland there was a direct instance of a member and even a smaller member nation being able to break across most of the text of the whole Covenant without a rebuke, probably because a large power was able to suppress action by the League.

When the League was asked to settle the question of the Aaland Islands the result was to turn over the population of these islands to an alien rule—a direct upset by the League of all principles of self-determination in favor of adjudication based on the respective interests of two dominant powers in a military and naval question.

Mr. Churchill on the League

In instances where there has been opportunity to urge judicial settlement of disputes the League has allowed the settlement to remain in its own hands, where adjustment is on a political rather than on a juridical basis. It requires no special study for anyone to see that a World Court or a board of arbitration is more free from the give and take of politics than such a body as the Council of the League, and that the more the Council undertakes in settlement the more it becomes a playground for the trades, deals or differences between strong powers of the highest imperialistic development.

The League has recited a purpose to reduce armaments, but it was the Washington Conference and not the League which has taken the one appreciable step toward that end.

Winston Churchill, defending and pleading for the League, is driven to say: "Its structure, airy and unsubstantial, framed of shining but too often visionary idealism, is in its present form incapable of guarding the world from its dangers and of protecting mankind from itself." He might have added that it is not impossible for the League as a league for political interference to become the plaything of those very forces of imperial diplomacy which it was aimed to throttle.

These are the considerations which have brought Europe to the point of believing that the League will require remodeling. I have formed no opinion in any one of twelve capitals which I have visited that the League has failed in so large a measure that its existence is no longer desirable. Indeed I believe that there is no opinion that the League should be abolished. But there is a strong sentiment forming in favor of limiting the League to the function of a League of good offices—a League which offers its services to all who come to knock on the door and ask for the development of their mutual interests whether this be by the machinery of a World Court or by neutral arbitration of disputes, by joint agreements and joint boards to coördinate the international activities of peace, such as transportation and sanitation and the suppression of evils, or by the services of a trustee for financial and economic action either for the restoration of lame nations or the saving of peoples suffering under some emergency affliction.

These are the functions of the League which, whatever the theories may be, have worked in practice.

The functions of the League as an interloper, even in the affairs of the nations already signatories of the Covenant, whatever the theories may have been, cannot be said to have worked in practice.

I found plenty of good minds in Europe who have begun to fear that the League in its most pretentious aspirations—that of political interference—may fail and carry down with it the successful and practical and useful functions of the League as a League of good offices.

I have no doubt that many supporters of the League from its inception will admit today that the world was a little hasty in believing that the way to end war was by an attempt to prohibit war. The machinery for that purpose has always either died of stagnation and impotence or been defied by independent action or been captured by the powers which would use it for their own purposes.

The world is beginning to realize that the worst phrase it ever coined to obtain peace is "war to end war." It should have been "peace to end war."

It is possible to suppress differences.

It is possible to build common interests.

It is impossible to prohibit.

But it is possible to replace war ideas with peace ideas.

It is impossible to create a body to issue decrees, which is not also strong enough to bully the weak and put the dictatorship of the world in the hands of those who can so easily seize the power or sneak away with the power.

But it is possible to build an international coöperation which is inviting rather than commanding, and to maintain international machinery for the purpose.

It is often said that cold is the absence of heat. It is often thought that peace is the absence of war. But thinking in that way of peace and war only emphasizes the psychological error of attacking war, and neglects the historical failures made to prohibit war. What the world needs is to think of war as being the absence of peace.

It is impossible for me to feel, after a fairly intimate experience with European diplomacy and European conditions and after spending most of my time since the war in Europe, that war is prohibitable. But I do feel that peace is buildable. We often speak of the unfortified boundary between the United States and Canada. It remains unfortified not because of any treaty pledging no war, not because of any decree of a supergovernment. It does not remain unfortified because there is no war; it remains unfortified because there is so much peace.

It is impossible for me to feel, as I look about and listen about Europe today, that this is not the cue. The contract not founded upon a common interest is no good; the law which attempts to remold human nature is no good, and the psychology of "Thou shalt not" is no good compared with the psychology of a more positive inspiration.

To build peace, to build common interests, and to remove in the process the causes for war, requires, I am ready to admit, not only the practice through the League, through liberal policies and through understandings and agreements, of the common interests, but requires also diagnosis of the diseases which attack common interests.

Probably the one predominant enemy of common interests is fear. Fear makes murderers. Fear makes wars. So prominent is fear as an enemy of common interest that the leaders of any war movement invariably place their greatest emphasis on fear to stir up the war will.

Fear at Any Cost

I talked with a writer on political subjects in Vienna. He is an Austrian whose work is published widely in the world. He expressed my feelings when he said: "It is not the death and destruction of life and property in war which is the summit of horror in war. The most sickening feature of war is the destruction of truth and the poisoning of human minds."

The one best dependence of the war movement is the cry "They are trying to crush us!" In war each nation says it; the other is always the aggressor, the other is always the intriguer, the beast, the perpetrator of atrocities. We show ourselves the picture of a creature with a bristle beard; our youngest child is seized by that enemy who is eating off its leg. The proof that fear is the emotional basis for war is found in the fact that if we want each other to go to war or if leaders with either a good or a bad cause want us to go to war, the strongest appeal chosen, the last word in propaganda, is the appeal to fear. If the enemy is too far away we are told to look in the dog house for a spy! Fear at any cost! Buckets of fear!

I occupied one summer during the time I was in Italy, a villa by the sea which had belonged to a German. When the war came the German fled and the property was taken by the Italians. The natives of the seaside village were sure that this villa had been built for military purposes. They looked about for emplacements, for wireless stations, for hidden machine guns. They found nothing until they came to a cabinet in the living room. It was very heavy. It was locked by huge bolts and strange devices. On it was a card saying "Warning! Do not move or shake this cabinet."

At last! They had found the storage place for high explosives! The bravest of them gingerly bore the cabinet out onto the beach and carried it out into the sea, where it was lowered beneath the water. Then it was brought back to the beach, and while two or three hundred villagers stood at a discreet distance the lid was pried off. The case contained a collection of butterflies!

This true story represents the needless fears which create or maintain wars, but it would be folly to say that war is caused solely by needless fears. I have seen the needless fears in war and in diplomacy, but I cannot believe that they will persist in a world where Russia is learning to read and write, and there is a radio in a village in Tibet, and an aeroplane drops a copy of yesterday's Manchester Guardian among a herd of elephants in Africa.

More Nonsense Than Science

It is necessary to go deeper than fear and ask what may cause well-founded fears in the world. If we can isolate and distinguish the causes of the well-founded fears in the world we shall have come fairly close to the real war germs. And any peace bug that is worth much as an antitoxin against war must not be directed at war, but at the causes for war. What we need more than an impotent attempt to prevent an irrepressible war from coming to a head is the scientific study which will diagnose the disease and deal with it in its incipient stages.

This is not a one-man job. It is not my job. So far as I can find out after a good deal of search in Europe, nothing much has been done on that job, even by individuals who wish to write a book about it. In one place you can find a psychologist who tells you that war is caused by people becoming tired of the monotony of peace—that war is an adventure. In another place you can find a neurologist who says it is an instinct for pugnacity. In other places you can find psychoanalysts who say it is the desire for power growing out of the sex instinct. Books have been written to show that war is always hatched in the directors' meetings of munition manufacturers, and pamphlets published to prove that diplomats whose obvious success is in the prevention of wars are in some mysterious way the very persons who seek to fail in their efforts. Here you can find a man who will tell you that religious differences and religious intrigue are responsible, and there is a man who has devoted his life to show that wars are created by secret societies and cabals which expect to profit by keeping the world disorganized.

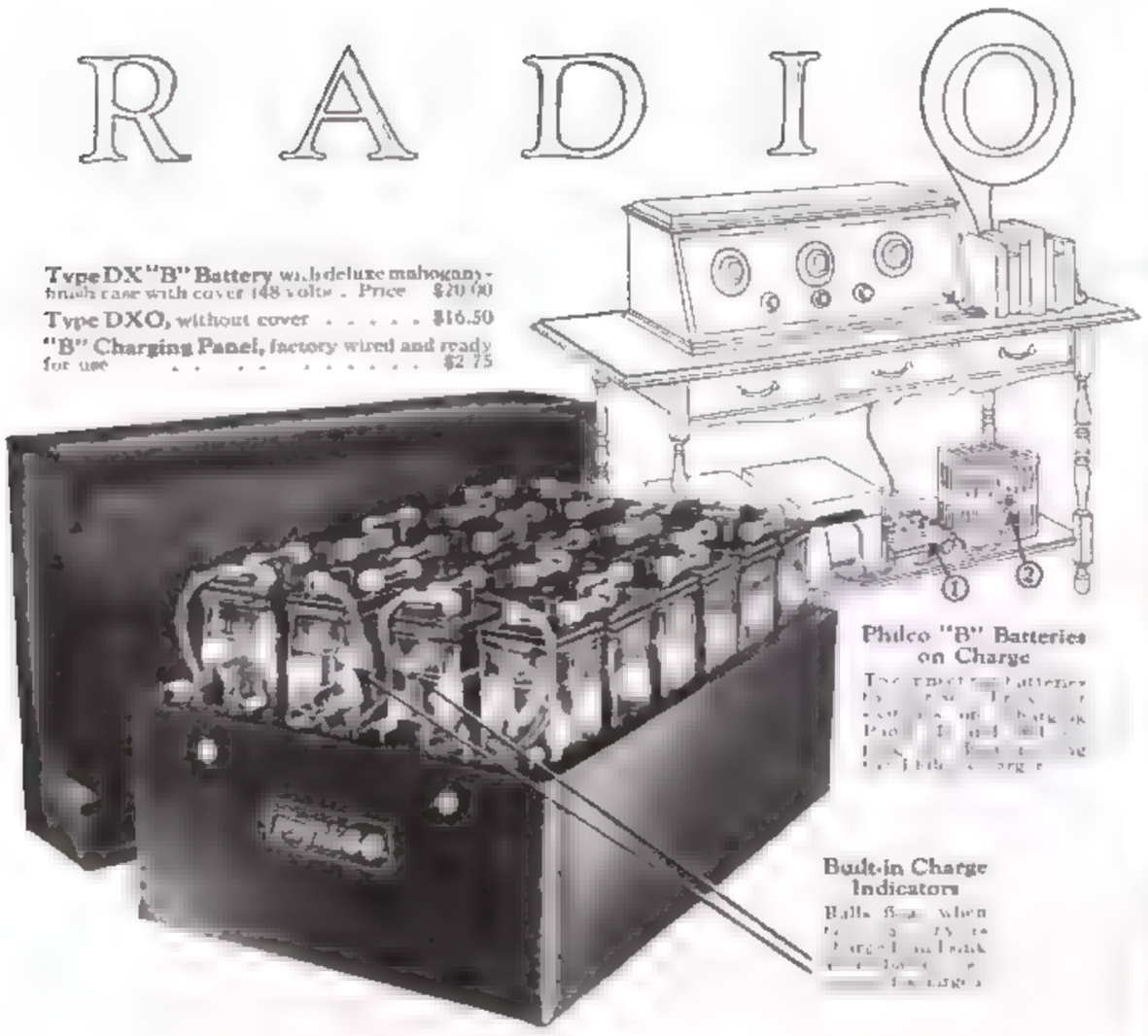
The fact is that today there is more nonsense than science applied to the diagnosis and to isolation of war germs—to the real causes of war and to the prevention of war by nipping the buds rather than attempting to prevent the bursting of the full blossoms. There is too much attention paid to those persons who hope vainly to break up boundaries, smash national feeling, suppress the instincts of race pride and create a permanent international unification, long before—hundreds or thousands of years before—the world is ready for it. There is too little attention paid to the recognition of the living fact that humanity is able at this stage of development to give its loyalty and herd instinct and power to organize only in units no larger than nations, and that the surest way to avoid war is to recognize this and to maintain peace between these units, not only by building up common free-will interests but by scientific analysis of the causes for conflict.

The impossibility of setting forth in one number of a magazine the fundamental causes for modern war is apparent to everyone. I have talked with hundreds of men in Europe who have given the subject thought, and I have sought books and documents for five years, but it would be absurd to expect from me or from any other such person a completed opinion as to these causes.

No doubt a preliminary survey would reveal certain apparent causes, and these in themselves are valuable considerations.

For instance, it is becoming pretty clear to observers, whether statesmen or not, that the psychological *causes* for war are now slight indeed. The psychological *effects* of war are realities. No one doubts that once the impulse is given and war is really

RADIO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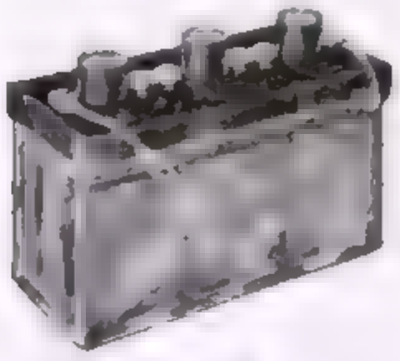

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on its way a hundred psychological changes take place. There is pugnacity, pride, instinct for conflict, desire for adventure, hero worship, avarice. When the herd goes to running all this flares up. But none of the psychological causes start the herd to running.

If I could assemble all the opinion I have gathered, and strike its average, it would speak like this: "The real causes of war—the causes behind the fears and other emotions which whip up people to consent to war—are economic or political. Of the economic causes—those causes which have nothing to do with leadership, but affect a whole people—there are two. One is the lack of enough food and material comforts to go around that number of people. The other is a surplus of production which must be sold to other peoples."

The voice would continue: "Really one of these economic causes is the production by a nation of too many human beings, and the other is the production of too many things. One is the need of more room and more resource; the other is the hunger for more markets.

"For instance, a truly wise world would regard with serious consideration all the overpopulated countries, particularly those not supported or supplied by dominions as is Great Britain. Population is the detonator of war. When the war bursts it may be because someone has shot the Duke of Skat who has been a royal guest of Volabia, or it may be that war may start because the battle cruiser of the Elka Free States, when she has raised anchor, has pulled up the city gas main of Bandoo; but the real cause is that the country of which Bandoo is the capital has forty million inhabitants instead of twenty million. The populations of Japan, of Italy, of Germany have been or will be something to reckon with when one is studying how to remove the causes for war. It can be set down as a lesson in the first reader that no people ever stay on a territory which will not support them. The explosive force, if not relieved in some peaceful process, will result in a bursting somewhere. If we had watch towers for wars, like watch towers for forest fires, the watchman on the turret would keep his eyes fixed on the places where the growth was densest."

The composite voice would go on: "Overpopulation may be relieved either by limitation or by a transformation of an agricultural nation into a manufacturing nation which can make goods enough and sell enough to buy food, or by war in which territory for settlement of the excess population or territory yielding the necessary resources is acquired."

The New Imperialism

"You ask whether this is imperialism? Of course it is. But it is not the imperialism which strong and adventurous people undertook before this economic era. It is not the imperialism which made the East Indies, Dutch; or India, British; or the Philippines, Spanish. Those were the days of imperialism to get rich; these are the days of imperialism to live. Germany fought in order to support an overpopulation she had pyramided on an industrial system, and that system to live required either a free guaranteed continuous outlet to far-away overseas markets or an outlet in the production of war materials. The case was one of economic imperialism—the only imperialism which is now in good fashion. The old political imperialism had its day because the expenses of administration were low, the margin of intelligence of the foreign rulers over the backwardness of natives was high, the improvement in conditions made a great showing and impressed a conquered people, and rich untapped resources paid the costs many times over. Today the cost of holding and administrating a subject people of a different civilization which has become restive has mounted high; it is much cheaper to go into such places as a trader and investor and take one's chances of closing the open door to one's competitors either because of political skill, proximity or special fitness to deal with a particular market or a particular kind of natural resources. This competition will not result in war until the door is closed in the face of some nation which must either send its excess population to these less developed territories or maintain its excess population at home by exporting cheap goods to these less developed territories. And then there is trouble!"

Such a composite voice—the voice I have heard so long in Europe—would go on then to sketch out the political causes for war.

Probably the first dangerous political element to be watched would be the wrong kind of nationalism. I am an intense nationalist, but I recognize that nationalism may easily go wrong. A survey of the world would show nationalistic elements of a most dangerous kind present in the life of Germany, present among certain extremists in Italy, present in the military and imperialistic group in Japan, present in other places. Such elements are always opposed by a steadier and slower-growing current of liberalism. It ought to be the policy of the world to strengthen the hands of the party which at home opposes these saber-rattling political forces. I have always believed that no folly could equal that of treating nations which have a noisy saber-rattling minority as if such nations were wholly characterized by these extremists. Of course, to do so tends to insult and irritate the peoples of such nations and is the very treatment calculated to play into the hands of the military or chauvinistic party. When the Allies are pompous or needlessly brusque with Germany, down goes a liberal Marx while the stock of every vengeful fire-eater goes up many points in the home market. When Congress, feeling that there are not many Japanese votes in its constituency, needlessly rubs Japan the wrong way, years of gain of liberalism in Japan may be wiped out. All that is necessary, when two nations have the wrong kind of nationalistic elements, to bring the two nations to war is a process of whipsawing which first gives the teeth-gnashers on one side of the boundary a chance to raise a protest, and then gives occasion for a reply or a reprisal from the other side.

Dangerous Leaders

A second political element which may cause war is the desire of a ruler or an administration to hold power. If the world is watching the causes for war, it will pay to watch all powerful political figures who are on the wane. The temptation of such a man to save his place by arousing dangerous patriotic zeal for a conflict which he may precipitate is always present.

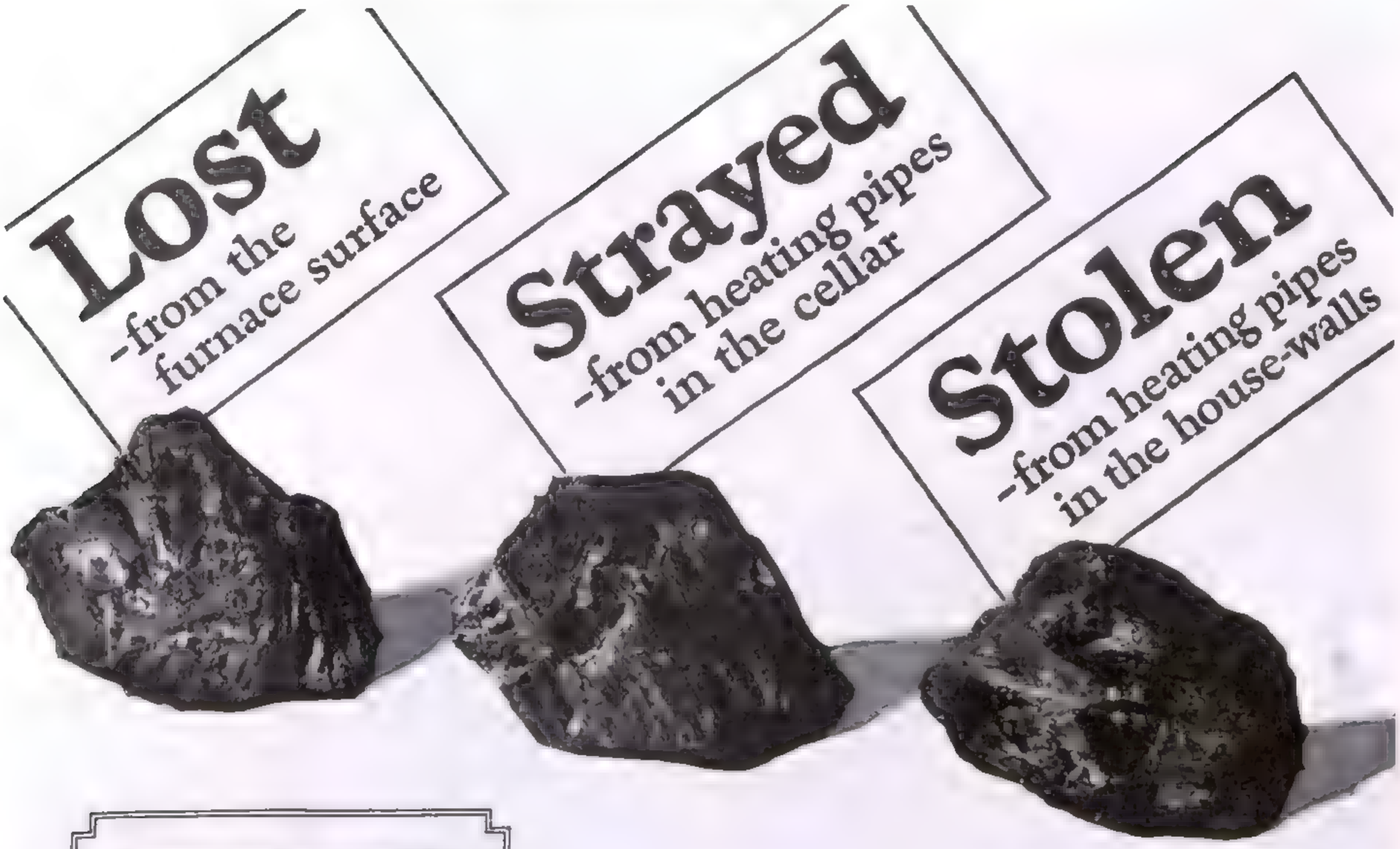
A third political element, looming large today, is the fetish of backward peoples for autonomy. This restiveness in the colonial possessions all over the world fed by millions spent in Bolshevist propaganda also had a tremendous push from the doctrine of self-determination preached just after the war. If the revolt against foreign rule were a revolt of the mass and for a good end possible of attainment, none of us would mind. But usually these revolts are among people incapable of self-government. They are often—indeed almost always—conducted by a minority against the will and welfare of the many. Usually this minority, while voicing noble sentiments for freedom and liberation, is led by self-seekers who want the foreign control removed in order that they themselves may exploit their own kind or gain political tail feathers. The best advocate I ever heard for Korean independence was a Korean I met in Peking who was under indictment in Korea for cheating the Korean peasants!

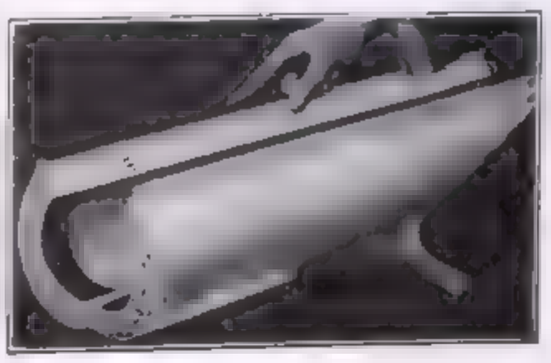
In the next period of the world's history such revolts and their consequences are almost certain to keep the peace of the world on the edge of the precipice.

The disposition of the world today is toward peace. This generation will never forget the pains of war or the punishments of readjustment. Victory gained little more than defeat. The chances for educational progress so that the next generation may hold peace dear are great indeed just now.

They will be missed if we go mumbling slogans. They will be missed if we attempt international supergovernment, which, even after a six-year trial, sprawls out and gives rise to fears that international supergovernment may become only a new weapon in the hands of the imperialists and the war builders. They will be missed if we try to catch war and tie it down.

If I have learned anything in Europe it is that we need international organization, not to engage in the pretense of forbidding war but in the more positive labor of offering all assistance needed in building peace. If I have learned anything in Europe it is that the next generation, when it hears about suppressing war, will want to hear how war may be put out when it is a spark in the cellar rather than barked at when the roof is falling in.





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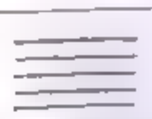

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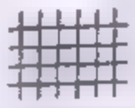

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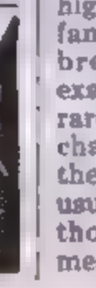

THIS AVIATION BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 7)

the war a great ordnance plant at Midvale. Since the war it has not turned a wheel, and has been carried by the company at a dead loss. There is no peacetime work for a gun factory. If the directors should decide to dismantle the plant, we should be back where we began in 1917 as far as the production of field and heavy artillery is concerned. The Bethlehem Steel Company is a wealthy corporation. If it were poor the War Department might be doling it out just enough artillery orders to keep it from bankruptcy. That is what the services have been doing to the aircraft industry. But aircraft plants, unlike gun factories, can adjust themselves to peace. The manufacturers themselves have failed to do so because the army and navy bread line has been the lesser of two evils.

Primarily, the industry is not building commercial planes because there is no demand for them. There is no demand because of these four major reasons:

1. Most persons are afraid to ride in them.

2 The airplane has no legal status in the United States. There is no legally compulsory inspection or registry of planes, or licensing of pilots. No one may drive a motor car without a license. Every ship must pass the scrutiny of steamship and insurance inspectors before it puts to sea, and the men on the bridge and in the engine room must have served years and have met rigid tests. But anyone may call himself an air pilot, patch together a rotten old hulk with baling wire and take up passengers at so much a flight. Because of this, insurance premiums are prohibitive, and without insurance there is no business today.

3. Commercial flying requires proper airways, including regular and emergency landing fields, navigation lights and supply stations, just as the motor car demands good roads, well marked, and frequent gas and service stations; or as the merchant marine requires piers, dredged channels, navigation lights, accurate charts and meteorological reports. We have no airways except the postal route across the continent and some army flight lanes, existing principally upon army air service maps.

4. Existing airplanes are expensive and sometimes dangerous, and the public has no way of distinguishing between the safe and the unsafe.

Slow to Take to Wings

When the motor car was young there was no crying demand for it from the public. The manufacturers created the demand progressively. Roads were poor, the machines crude, undependable and costly. They had no legal status to begin with, and many conservative citizens swore that they would never, no, never, risk their lives and dignities in them. In mechanical efficiency the airplane today is roughly where the automobile was in 1908, yet the automobile was in rather general use by that year. The public is demanding of the airplane a degree of efficiency unparalleled in any other invention before adopting it for general use, because the public is afraid of the plane. That is partly due, of course, to the fact that aircraft are a much more revolutionary invention. Strange as the motor car seemed in the year 1899, it moved on the same plane and over the same highways as the family carriage. A breakdown was exasperating, but rarely fatal. A mechanical failure in the early airplane usually was fatal, though it is by no means so today.

Then the airplane had the great misfortune to be plunged into a world war in its most formative years. It became the most spectacular weapon in the modern armory, and like many an animate fighter, four years of war stimulation nearly disqualified it for civil life. In the public mind it came to be associated with death and destruction. It was something as if the Great War had broken out in 1904 and forced the early evolution of the automobile in the direction of the tank.

So the American aircraft industry, lacking the capital and resources necessary to overcome all these deterrents, surrendered to circumstance after a few abortive efforts and submitted to the army and navy doles.

The laying out and equipping of a commercial airway today is comparable to the building of a railroad fifty years ago. Few American railroads were built without Federal, state, county, and even municipal aid. Enormous grants of public land, free rights of way, and money raised by bond issues, sometimes totaling a sum larger than the cost of the completed line, were given the promoters and builders. Transportation was so essential that the benefited communities were willing to pay large bonuses.

Nowhere to Land

The American community which is alive to the advantages of air transportation today also may have to pay a bonus for it, but not so heavy a one. The air mail has learned by experience that ground costs are two-thirds of its expense. Commercial flying has done nothing as yet to attract the capital that would be needed to link our cities with modern airways. But the initial expense of an airway can be so distributed among the communities it serves that the burden will be inconsiderable; possibly less than the cost of attracting a through automobile highway. Every town large enough to support a movie theater can afford to buy or lease enough level, unused ground on its outskirts to enable an airplane to land and take off in safety. When American towns begin to do this the airplanes will follow. The operating companies will be able to take care of the division point terminals with their repair shops, hangars and supply stations, where the planes will refuel and change pilots, if the emergency fields every few miles are taken care of for them.

Benjamin F. Castle, banker and lieutenant colonel in the Air Service during the war, told the Congressional Aircraft Investigating Committee of flying from Mitchel Field, Long Island, to a point in Connecticut in the summer of 1924. The distance is sixty-five miles and he covered it in twenty-five minutes, a saving of several hours over the next most rapid transportation. But he lost an hour and twenty-five minutes after landing in Connecticut. Before he could leave the field he had first to find a man to guard the machine, show him how to secure it in case the wind rose, make sure of a gasoline supply for the return trip, and locate a telephone in order to notify Mitchel Field of his whereabouts. Long Island and Connecticut are divided by the Sound, and the airplane has a great initial advantage over train or motor car, most of it lost by the lack of ground facilities at the Connecticut end. The experience is typical of any departure from the few and meager established airways.

An aerial photographer told the same committee that on a recent mapping contract in West Virginia he was unable to locate a spot suitable for landing within 150 miles of where he was working. On another contract in Eastern Pennsylvania a preliminary-survey flight failed to spot a place within fifty miles where he could land safely.

The word "subsidy" has become anathema in American ears. We will have none of it, and no subsidy is necessary for American aviation. Indirect aid by Federal and local governments in creating airways, as in creating highways, waterways and railways, is, however, sound American practice. It may also be advisable in the early years of commercial flying to grant limited franchises over certain routes, as street-car companies, telephone and other public utilities are given preferential rights today in the interest of better service and the prevention of destructive competition.

The pioneering necessary to launch genuine commercial flying now is being done by the air mail. The proof that the airplane is a safe, reliable and profitable means of transportation and can rapidly become more so has been provided daily since July 1, 1924. Since that date, winter and summer, night and day, in blizzard, fog, thunderstorm and prairie heat, postal planes have been flying both ways daily from New York to San Francisco in an average of thirty-two hours, and approximating the reliability of transcontinental train service. The only night-lighted airway in the world, with 500,000,000 candle-power beacons every 250 miles, throwing their beams 150 miles into the night; 5,000,000 candle-power lights every twenty-five miles and 5000 candle-power lamps every three miles, is functioning between Cleveland, Ohio, and Rock Springs, Wyoming, and is being extended eastward to New York.

Air Mail Figures

In its first six months the enlarged air mail flew 1,200,000 miles and carried 4,803,000 pieces of mail, with a safety record so impressive that the insurance companies lowered their premiums to a parity with ship and rail transportation.

By early summer the air mail will be flying both ways between New York and Chicago by night, and a tremendous increase in its volume of mail will follow. Business men then will be enabled to post their letters at the close instead of the middle of the day, as now to catch the twenty-hour trains, and have them delivered in the two cities early the following morning.

The overnight New York-Chicago service is an example of how the public has accepted the air mail. An analysis of the patronage on the transcontinental route, together with a special survey in New York and Chicago, made by Luther K. Bell, traffic manager of the air mail, demonstrated that this

Continued on Page 107

The Latest Congressional Committee to Investigate Aircraft. Representatives Randolph Perkins, Albert Hastal, Clarence F. Lea, Chairman Florian Lampert, A. S. Prall, C. L. Faust and Frank R. Reid

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(Continued from Page 104

form of commercial flying appeals most strongly, and in the order named, to bankers, brokers and other financial houses; import and export firms; transportation corporations, particularly railway, steamship and express; manufacturers selling nationally; newspapers and advertising agencies; and, finally, the general public.

The Post Office Department is being put under strong pressure to extend the service; and if congressional authority is given, this will be done, probably by extending the Eastern terminus to Boston; installing a shuttle loop service between Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, feeding the main line; and splitting the Western end into three sections instead of one, as at present. One branch would leave the main line at Salt Lake City and terminate at Los Angeles. A second would spur at Elko, Nevada, and operate to Pasco, Washington, there to deliver to mail trains for Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane and Vancouver.

The moment the air mail has convinced private capital that it is a sound business venture that can earn its daily bread with a fair spreading of butter, the Post Office Department is ready to surrender the service into the hands of private enterprise. It is the hope of Lt. Col. Paul Henderson, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, in charge of transportation, that such conviction will follow closely on the opening of the night service between New York and Chicago. The contract for carrying the mail by air then would be let by bid just as the railroads now contract to transport the mail by train. The Post Office Department then would turn over its transcontinental airway, preferably at cost, to some responsible corporation, retire from the air itself and let the development of commercial flying proceed on the same business basis by which the railroad and the motor car grew to manhood. Legislation permitting the department to do this has been signed by the President, and the department has asked that a fund of $1,000,000 be set up in the Treasury to make this legislation effective.

John W. Newlean, vice president and treasurer of the American Railway Express Company, told the Congressional Select Aircraft Committee that his company was "ready to consider contractual arrangements for an air-express service as soon as any dependable and strongly financed organization is prepared to furnish the service, preferably beginning with a night-flying route between New York and Chicago."

Safety for the Mail

Express matter leaving New York one evening now is scheduled to arrive in Chicago the second morning. Twenty-four hours would be saved by air delivery; and the essence of transportation, Mr. Newlean pointed out, is speed. For such speed the Post Office Department now is spending approximately $500,000 a year for one sixty-foot mail coach each day each way on the two twenty-hour trains between New York and Chicago. Only one-third of this costly space is occupied by first-class mail, parcel post accounting for the bulk. Insistent demand from the business world for greater speed in communication forces the expenditure.

The Post Office Department, first of our governmental agencies to recognize that aircraft must be put to daily work, has done this with war-surplus De Haviland machines, rebuilt both in structure and motor, but still unsuited to its purpose. All the air mail seeks as a carrier is a simple, inexpensive plane that will pack a useful load of 1000 pounds, have a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour and a landing velocity of around fifty miles. Such a machine, once developed, should be produced for not more than $10,000. Colonel Henderson has called on the industry to design and construct types along these lines.

The fear of fire in the air has no basis today though the layman may have concluded it had from occasional reports of disaster to the old military machines, which constitute a large per cent of all the flying equipment still possessed by all the governmental departments.

Although in three full years of transcontinental flying, during which 2050 tons of mail have been carried in planes and only 125 pounds lost by fire or any other agency, one fire occurred, spectacular enough to command the attention of bankers, whose recommendations for safer equipment have been favorably acted upon by the department. The spirit of the air mail is "Safety for the Mail." In this instance a mail plane caught fire over Great Salt Lake. The pilot made a safe landing on the shore, fought the fire with his hand chemical pump, then threw the mail pouches out of the cockpit. To his dismay, he saw that, though the engine fire was out, the greasewood which grows densely on this soil had caught. He carried the heavy pouches to one side, but the wind changed and the fire circled the spot on which the pouches rested. One by one, the pilot shouldered the pouches and carried them through the brush fire to a burned-over space. It was a torrid day and he was near exhaustion. As he straightened his back and wiped his singed and streaming face, he saw the gas tank expand, burst along a seam and a thin jet of burning gasoline spurt ninety feet and directly upon the thrice-salvaged mail. A fourth attempt to save the pouches failed.

Useful Research

Bankers who had remittances in the burned pouches did not cease using the air mail, but they did insist that the fire hazard be reduced. In a statement to the Congressional Select Aircraft Committee, Raymond E. Jones, first vice president of the Bank of Manhattan Company, New York, said:

"It is my opinion that banks are all completely aware of the enormous saving now made possible by air mail. But the Post Office Department should develop a special plane which will meet the requirements of the service. Banks must use due diligence with property intrusted to their care. They desire to take advantage of the high speed which airplanes offer, and for this reason I have suggested to Colonel Henderson that what is necessary is to provide a separate fireproof container for the mail itself, which can be released and dropped by the pilot in case of danger and drift easily and safely to ground by parachute."

Had aircraft manufacturers been thinking in terms of commercial rather than military flying, they would have worked out so simple a solution of so fundamental and vexatious a problem long before, and of their own volition, instead of waiting for a layman to suggest it. Such a device not only would save the mail, but the plane, released from this added burden, would be enabled to land at a lower and safer speed. There is every reason to believe, from the results in American military aircraft since the war, that the same ingenuity and technical skill devoted to the commercial aspects of aviation would have produced by now a transport plane relatively as safe, inexpensive and peaceably useful as the motortruck, and an aircraft industry busy producing such craft.

Fortunately, some of the research and experimentation given to military aircraft promises equivalent results to commercial flying. The present airplane motor, a water-cooled, reciprocating, internal-combustion gasoline engine, is anything but ideal. It is complicated, only relatively efficient, its life is short and its fire hazard is very high. Engineers here and abroad are working on air-cooling systems, rotating motors and a fuel-injection engine of the Diesel type, using a heavy oil injected into the cylinders from a high compression chamber in a fine spray. Such a motor would make the airplane less of a fire risk than the automobile. So far all designs have proved too heavy for air use, but success may be expected, and may have a profound effect on the motor car. Success would come faster if engineers were thinking more of safety and economy and less of five-miles-a-minute speed.

The airplane cockpit of today is a primitive structure designed to minimize weight and resistance, with too little thought of safety. It seems to be assumed by designers that if a plane is to crash, crash it will, and God save the occupants. The impact of an airplane falling out of control is something like that of the recoil of a heavy gun. Ordnance engineers have counteracted gun recoil. A steel shell mounted on shock absorbers would do much to protect the occupants of a crashing plane.

The automobile balloon tire is an outgrowth of air-mail experimentation with oversized tires for safer landing on soggy fields. One parachute to an occupant now is standard air-mail equipment, and the parachutes work over land. They are of less service to the naval aviator, however, for landing in water by parachute is accompanied by danger of being drowned by the silken folds and cords settling on top of the user and enmeshing him.

The dirigible is not expected to be a factor in commercial flying in the United States, for years to come at any rate. The lighter-than-air ship can carry many more passengers than the largest airplane, in greater comfort, and, with the use of helium gas, upon which we have a natural monopoly, greater safety. Even with highly inflammable hydrogen, the Zeppelin Company has carried tens of thousands of passengers without fatality and lost only 56 out of 136 ships in the war, of which sixteen were shot down by airplane, seventeen wrecked by Allied anti-aircraft guns, seventeen destroyed by fire in sheds and six burned in flight from causes within.

Plane Versus Dirigible

For transocean service the dirigible is infinitely superior to the heavier-than-air machine today. Great Britain is building two ships twice the size of the Shenandoah, intended to fly between London and Melbourne in eight days in times of peace and attack an enemy nation in war. The best steamer time to Australia from England is twenty-two days.

But the dirigible, the normal maximum speed of which is only sixty miles an hour and which has difficulty crossing mountain ranges, has no such advantages in land service. The time of the Shenandoah between Lakewood and San Diego was little faster than the transcontinental trains, while a plane has crossed the continent between dawn and dusk. Speed being the essence of transportation, the dirigible is out of the picture on the American Continent.

Neither this country nor Europe has yet developed an efficient transport plane with a high-pay load for the horse power installed. Such a machine should have a large and comfortable inclosed cabin, a high cruising air speed to combat adverse winds, low landing speed for safety, and a good rate of climb and take-off. So far these have not been combined, and the tendency has been to sacrifice air speed and climb to large cabins and high-pay loads. In one instance these were obtained at a cost of a poor climb and an air speed of only seventy miles an hour, resulting in the crash of the plane at the London airdrome, and the death of the eight passengers, the plane failing to get off the ground properly. The problem is one of patience and everyday skill only; but meanwhile the first development of commercial flying in America probably will be the haulage of package freight, express and mail.

The old hazards of fog and clouds have retreated before the radio beacon and the earth inductor compass, developed jointly by McCook Field, the Bureau of Standards and the Pioneer Instrument Company. These devices permit a pilot to fly a marked course in the thickest fog or above the clouds. McCook Field also has to its credit some armament refinements, the wabble pump, and jointly with the General Electric Company the supercharger, which has greatly increased the ceiling of the airplane. The navy plant, after building 292 seaplanes and flying boats, now is largely given over to repair and rebuilding.

A Decisive Victory

In 1917 the War Department adopted a policy "contemplating that McCook Field shall be and continue indefinitely to be the designer of all types of airplanes to be used by the Army." Eight years have elapsed and only three types—the training, pursuit and observation planes—have been standardized by the Army. They are the products of the W. E. Boeing Company, of Seattle, the Curtiss Company, and Donald Douglas, of Santa Monica, California, respectively. The ships flown around the world by army pilots were designed and built by Douglas. Glenn Martin designed the army bomber. The amphibian plane, the newest thing in the army hangars, was evolved and built by Grover Cleveland Loening. All the air records held by our services were made in machines designed and built by the commercial aircraft industry.

It was the decisive victory of the Curtiss-built navy planes over the army McCook Field-built ships in the air races of 1921 that led to the first weakening of the 1917 policy. The following year the Army went to the manufacturers of the navy racer for its entries and recaptured the speed records from the Navy. From that day on, under General Patrick, there has been a gradual shifting of policy at McCook Field and a minimizing of its activities. But McCook Field still is there and absorbing much of our aviation money. It is easy to start a government pay roll, impossible to stop one with anything less persuasive than an ax.

McCook Field is staffed principally with young men fresh from technical schools, for the industry, weak as it is, can and does outbid the Government as fast as men show promise. Here and there is an able engineer who, through a single-minded devotion to his work, is content with a government salary, but he is hinged about with the obstructions inherent in government service. Excessive caution is the mark of government work. If a McCook Field engineer makes a mistake it goes down on his record as a black mark. Aeronautical engineering, in common with life, is a process of learning by mistakes, and the industry recognizes that truth. Again, McCook Field is the natural target of all the crack-brained near-and-far inventors and eccentrics of America, and a coldness toward anything new and unusual has been the inevitable reaction from the deluge of crack-pot designs and patents.

The British Government, in contrast, scrupulously avoids competing with its private aircraft manufacturers. The government factory at Farnborough was closed after the war and all manufacturing, repair, reconditioning and design turned over to the industry. The government continues to do extensive engineering research, passing on the results to the industry at once. It assumes that honest work is as much to the manufacturer's self-interest in this case as

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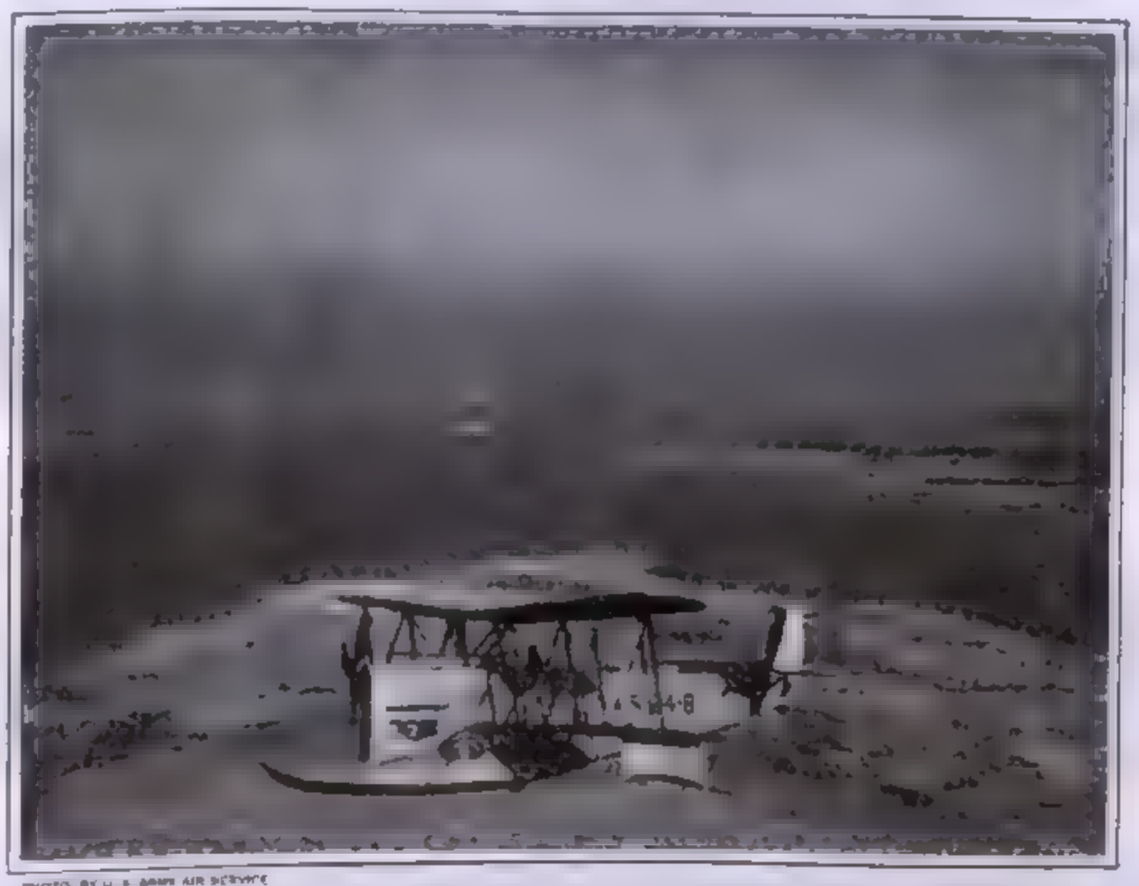


PHOTO BY U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

The Newest Ship in the Army Hangars, the Loening Metal Amphibian, Which Lands On and Takes Off From Water and Land Alike. The Retractable Wheel Landing Gear Here is Drawn Up for Over-Water Flight

The Willard

"We're YOUR men when you need us"

Sell Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries? Sure we do. Because we know they can't be beat anywhere in the wide world.

But first of all, we're *your men*—here to help you get every nickel's worth of use out of your present battery.

If your battery can be repaired, depend on us to repair it at a reasonable price.

But there are times when, in fairness to you, we are obliged to advise a new battery.

Then we recommend a Willard.

It's a safety-first proposition with us, and an investment in battery economy and battery performance for you.

We know the chances are a thousand to one against having to replace Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation. Your protection is iron-clad, because if the battery does have to be re-insulated we will do it without charge.

You're safe against getting a shelf-worn battery, too, because Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are charged bone dry.

After you buy the battery we prepare it for your use. You see us do this. You know the battery you are buying is just then starting its life.

That's the way we play safe in delivering full measure of uninterrupted battery performance to you. And we're just as particular about inspection as we are about new batteries. There are five points we always check on a battery regardless of its make.

It's a great help to car owners—this service. Come in and try it. One of us right in your neighborhood.

We service all makes and sell Willards

Threaded Rubber Insulation

Hundreds of thousands of car owners are getting the full measure of uninterrupted battery service that comes with Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation. Each piece of this remarkable insulation is durable rubber, pierced with thousands of tiny threads. The threads promote battery action. The rubber guards the life of the plates.

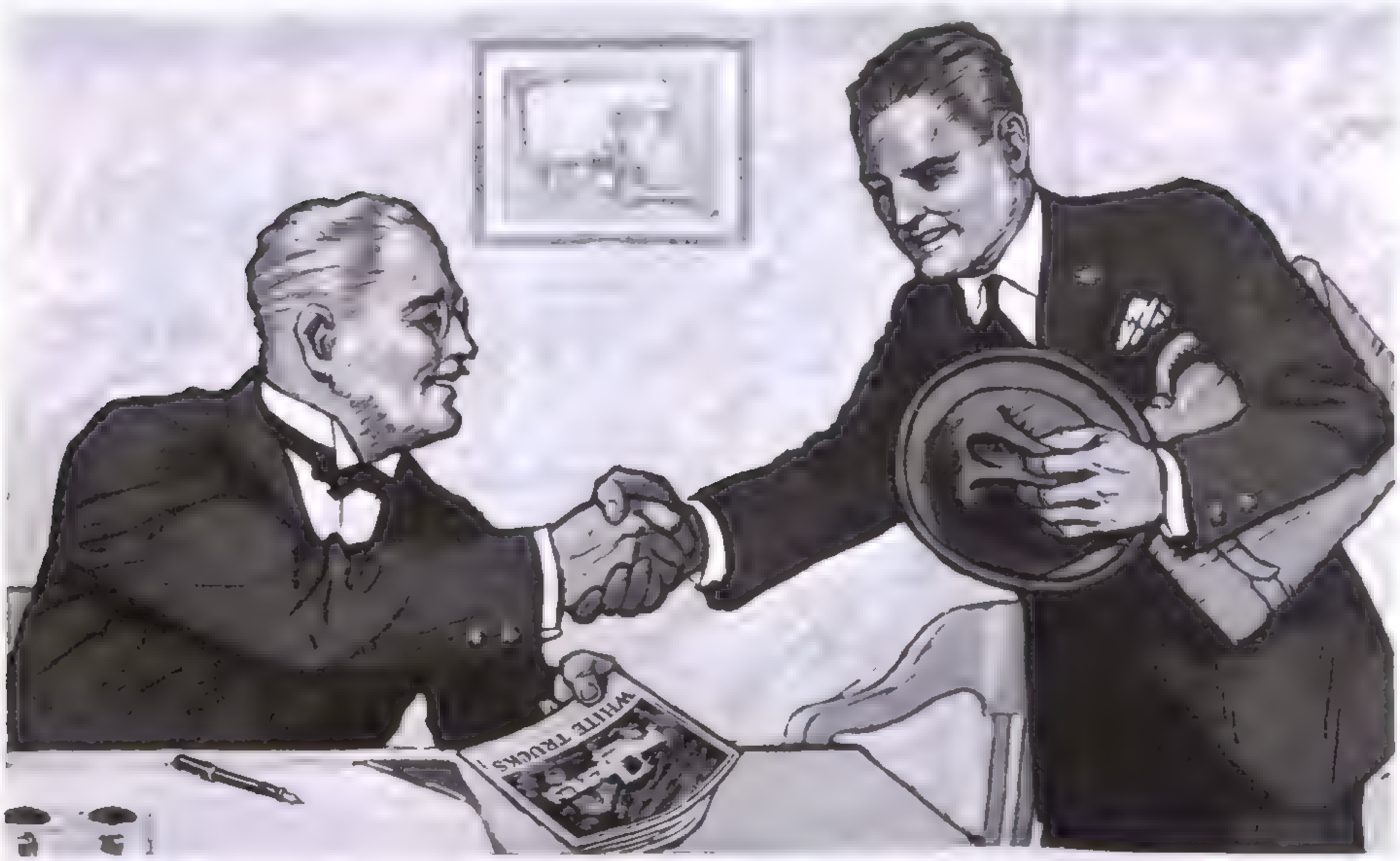
Charged bone dry

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

This battery leaves the factory with insulation dry—and plates bone dry but *charged*. Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation made possible this revolution in battery handling. No chemical action (shelf wear) before you buy the battery. Full battery life therefore after you buy it—and full value in uninterrupted battery performance.

For better radio reception, use storage batteries.

Battery men



Thanks--You'll be glad you gave me the order. And now, with your new Whites, you can forget your trucking problems

Says the White salesman: "Yes, sir. Those new Whites will be exactly like your old one. You get the same quality in a White Truck whether you buy one truck or 100. Every White Truck is built to keep on rolling up *money-earning miles*."

"That's what I'm expecting," says Mr. Buyer. "You know it was that four-year-old White that sold these new jobs to me. I put three questions to every truck in my fleet at the end of every year."

"What questions? Would you mind telling me?"

"Well, I took each truck's record and found out this: How far did it run? How much did it haul? How much did it cost? And for four years now that White has run the most miles, hauled the most goods and cost the least money."

Says the salesman: "That's the way every truck ought to be judged."

"That's the way I'll judge 'em. And if these three new ones do as well as the first one, there's going to be a new name on that Roll Call of yours."

"The White Roll Call has been built in just that way," says the salesman. "One White sells another. In 1910 only one firm boasted a fleet of 10 Whites. When the Roll Call was published last year, 755 owners had fleets of 10 or more—a total of 28,166 trucks."

"Well, I'm through experimenting," says the buyer. "What it's cost me in money is bad enough, but transportation troubles have taken my time away from the other phases of my business. This trucking problem has had me going."

"With your new Whites you can forget your trucking problem," says the salesman. "Thanks for the order—and we'll keep in touch with you."

Let us send you the White Roll Call the salesman talks about. We have booklets, too, detailing the performance of White Trucks in various lines of business. Write The White Company, E. 79th Street, Cleveland, or telephone the branch or dealer near you.

Your own trucking problems can be solved by White Trucks. Let a White salesman go over them with you. He will show you how White Trucks are increasing earnings for men in your own line of business. There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Model 50A Bus chassis $4950, f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 107)

the government's, maintains few inspectors in the factories, and those trained technical men, not officers assigned from the service. As a result there has been no failure of a British aircraft constructor in the last thirty months, the most critical period the industry has undergone everywhere.

There are eighteen aircraft manufacturers in Great Britain who have qualified for government manufacture. These form the nation's aircraft industry. All government contracts are distributed among them in proportion to their capacities. The object of England being to establish the industry and maintain it on a reasonably profitable basis, it does not recognize competitive bidding, but pays a fixed profit on each machine produced. The Imperial Airways, Ltd., operating the British commercial services, is a government corporation, all employes and equipment a war reserve.

Under competitive bidding the low bidder usually will be the manufacturer with the lowest overhead, and he will be the fellow with no engineering or research organization to maintain. The manufacturer who is contributing to the progress of the art by supporting a staff of experimenters will be penalized accordingly. If the low bid is based upon poor business judgment or a miscalculation, the army or navy will get its planes a bit more cheaply; but when the contract is filled there will be one less manufacturer in the industry.

The Army and Navy appreciate the evils of competitive bidding, but their hands have been tied. Instances of how the system works out in practice were cited by Secretary Weeks and General Patrick in testimony before the Lampert committee recently.

The Army asked for bids on Martin bombers. The L. W. F. Company, then in receivership, was the low bidder. Before the contract was completed the Army wanted more Martin bombers. The L. W. F. Company, being in the midst of production, was in a position again to outbid the rest of the industry. To give them the second contract would have been equivalent to bestowing a virtual monopoly of the Martin bomber and driving all other manufacturers from that particular field. Despite their lower bid, Secretary Weeks, after consulting with the President and his fellow cabinet officers, awarded the second contract to another bidder. The Army paid more for its bombers, but the country and the industry's best interests were served.

Practical Objections

General Patrick, gradually abandoning the old McCook Field policy, asked for designs from the industry for an observation plane to use Liberty motors. Sixteen designs were tested and one designated as the XO-2 selected. Its adoption as the standard army observation plane to replace the old DH-4B was ordered, and General Patrick instructed to put the plane into continuous production in the largest quantities possible.

The Army had obtained a far superior observation plane and one enabling it to use some of the 10,000 Liberty motors still left over from the war. Although the Liberty has not been manufactured since the war, paradoxically it has been so greatly improved that it is hardly the same motor that inspired the Thousand-Roads-to-Berlin shibboleth. As the motors are withdrawn from stock all the improvements made in the design since the Armistice are incorporated and the engine rebuilt. Some authorities hold that the inverted Liberty is the best airplane motor in the world today.

General Patrick had approximately $1,000,000 available for the new observation planes, a sum sufficient to buy about seventy-five ships. The successful design was the work of Donald Douglas. When bids were asked Douglas' was much the lowest. As the winner of the competition and the lowest bidder, he was doubly entitled in ethics to the entire contract.

Practically, however, there were many objections. The $1,000,000 was almost all the money the Army Air Service had remaining to spend on equipment that year. To give Douglas the order would be to concentrate the Army's patronage for the balance of the year in one plant. Douglas' plant, moreover, is a small one. He hoped to be able to turn out a plane a week, once he got under way, but it would take him six weeks to two months to get going. Wanting the planes in a hurry, the Army better could afford to split the order up among various manufacturers; but here further difficulties presented themselves. Up to now no property rights have existed in airplane designs. The Government can, if it chooses, accept the design of one manufacturer and turn it over to others to produce, free of royalties. Though not bound by law, the Army endeavored to avoid this injustice to Douglas. It suggested that he sublet part of his contract to other makers, thereby speeding up production and distributing the business. Douglas was agreeable, but the other bidders were unanimous that he had underestimated his costs and would lose money on the contract. They declined, therefore, to accept subcontracts except at an advance over Douglas' price.

A more glaring case is that of the Navy and the C.S.-2. The Navy needed a good long-distance observation, scouting and general-utility plane. Going to the firm that designed and built the planes that brought the world speed records to the United States, the Navy Department said, in effect:

"You set your engineers to work, turn out the best job you can, and we will pay you so much and keep the design rights."

The Attitude of the Navy

The company—the Curtiss—demurred, but, being hungry for business, surrendered and put its engineering staff to work. They produced a design designated as the C.S.-2, and did a good job of it, as the Navy will agree. In doing it the company spent $180,000 more than the experimental contract called for, hoping to recoup this dead loss when they got a quantity order from the Navy. When the time for the production order came the manufacturer submitted a bid taking into account a fair contract and his engineering investment. The Navy's reply, in effect, was:

"No, you don't. We have an aircraft factory and can check costs."

So the Navy put the C.S.-2 out at competitive bids. The low bidder was a manufacturer who had not spent a dollar on engineering this type. The designer lost his design, his time and most of the money put into the task.

No government plant, where neither overhead, depreciation, insurance nor other commercial factors weigh seriously, can provide a fair comparison of cost with private industry. The best it can do is to function as a club to prevent private industry from overcharging. In a similar instance the Army has declined to pay the engineering costs of the Loening amphibian plane. It took the plane, paid Loening a production price for it and left him to recover his engineering costs as best he could.

These and other instances cited by officers responsible for the letting of contracts have convinced members of the Congressional Select Committee that the only solution—until such time as the industry is thoroughly on its feet at least—is to leave the price and distribution of army and navy aircraft work to the discretion of those responsible for results, and to recognize in law the proprietary rights of a designer to his designs.

Before this can be printed the preliminary findings of the Congressional Select Committee will have been presented to the Sixty-ninth Congress, the tenth report on the American aircraft situation since 1918. This committee began work last August and elected at once to concern itself with the present and future of American aviation rather than our past blunders. It has listened for seven months to the testimony of high army and navy officers, the Secretaries of War and Navy, the heads of the two air services and of the air mail, manufacturers, engineers, military and civil pilots, transportation men, bankers, insurance officials and virtually everyone in the country interested enough in flying to offer an opinion. Its investigators went to Europe and brought back a detailed report of foreign air strengths and policies.

The minds of the members of the committee were pretty well made up late in February, when this was written, and they were in general agreement. What their report was to be was foreshadowed by statements of Representative Florian Lampert, of Wisconsin, the chairman, and Representative Randolph Perkins, of New Jersey, the chief examiner and chairman of the subcommittee on procedure.

"I am impressed with the fact that we have spent an enormous sum since the war on aviation and have not got our money's worth," Congressman Lampert said then. "This has been due to scattered appropriations, diverse authority and emphasis on the military rather than the commercial. I shall recommend that an aviation budget be set up at once and the Director of the Budget instructed to assign a competent man to scrutinize all requests, direct and indirect, for aviation money. I shall recommend that the Army and Navy cease competing with the industry and that all aircraft work be distributed among an approved list of civilian constructors according to their engineering talent, production facilities and financial responsibility."

Commercial Aviation

"Without detracting from the necessities of air defense, we must spend more for commercial aviation directly. We must put planes to work carrying passengers, mail, express and freight, resume patrolling our forests against fire, patrol our coast line and boundaries against liquor and alien running, perform commercial mapping, spray our crops and capture the interest of the amateur flyer.

"I have been impressed with the arguments for the establishment of a Department of the Air. We may not be quite ready to go that far, but I am convinced that unless the advocates of big ships and big guns open their minds to the revolutionary nature of aircraft as a military weapon, they will force such a separate air service."

Congressman Perkins agreed substantially.

"Having found that we are almost defenseless in the air," he said, "our committee has striven to learn what is to be done about it. We have found virtually unanimous agreement among witnesses that commercial aviation supplies the answer. How to develop commercial aviation is the question. Certainly we shall not do so as long as we continue to regard the aircraft industry as a munitions industry.

"Eventually we are going to have a Department of the Air under a civilian, who should be a member of the President's cabinet. The department might have three divisions: one having to do with regulation and operation; a second with procurement for all government needs, military and civil; the third concerned with the mobilizing of all our resources with a view to creating an air force distinct from the Army and Navy. Purely naval and army aviation would be preserved to each, but the two services would not be permitted to subordinate a new arm operating independently in an element all its own."

Looking Ahead

"A Department of the Air and a separate air force may not be immediately practicable politically. Meanwhile we must take immediate steps upon which Congress, the services and the industry can agree. I believe that with budget control we could save from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 of the $86,000,000 we have been spending annually on aviation. The savings should go to the Agriculture, Post Office, Treasury, Commerce and Interior Departments to buy commercial planes and put them to work, and to build, equip and light national airways.

"The Army and Navy should be required to limit their factory operations to field repairs and reasonable experimental engineering, and all aircraft orders distributed without competitive bidding among an approved list of manufacturers in proportion to their engineering, plant and financial equipment.

"The Winslow Bill establishing a Bureau of Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce, setting up a basic law for the regulation of civil flying, licensing of pilots, inspection of aircraft and certification of landing fields and terminals, should be passed at once."

The quarrel over the value of aviation and the desirability of a separate air force which has been going on within the ranks of the Army and Navy ever since the war now has become a public controversy, forced into the open by the demand of the Secretary of War upon General Mitchell for an explanation of portions of his testimony before the Congressional Select Committee.

General Mitchell is capable of taking care of himself in the dispute, and already has stated his case for a separate air force and the supremacy of air power over sea power in a recent series of articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. What the expressed attitude of the senior officers of the Army and Navy is toward aviation, however, is highly pertinent to the question in hand:

Why, after spending $433,000,000 in six years of peace, have we a weak air defense, a beggarly industry and no commercial flying.

The air forces of the Army and Navy are under the immediate command of officers in sympathy with aviation; but over them, and controlling the air policies of the two services, are other and superior officers; and finally the Secretaries of War and Navy, whose points of view must necessarily be guided largely by what they are told by the Chief of Staff, the Naval Chief of Operations and other senior officers.

The contest for control was officially joined shortly after the war, when General Mitchell told a Senate investigating committee that battleships opposed by aircraft shortly would be almost as obsolete as plumed knights after the invention of gunpowder.

In reply, a Secretary of the Navy offered to stand upon the bridge of the first warship to be bombarded by aircraft—a bad guess that threatens to go down in American history with that of Zedekiah Kidwell, a representative from Virginia, whose report to Congress in 1857 on the utter impracticability of a Pacific railroad is embalmed in a government document.

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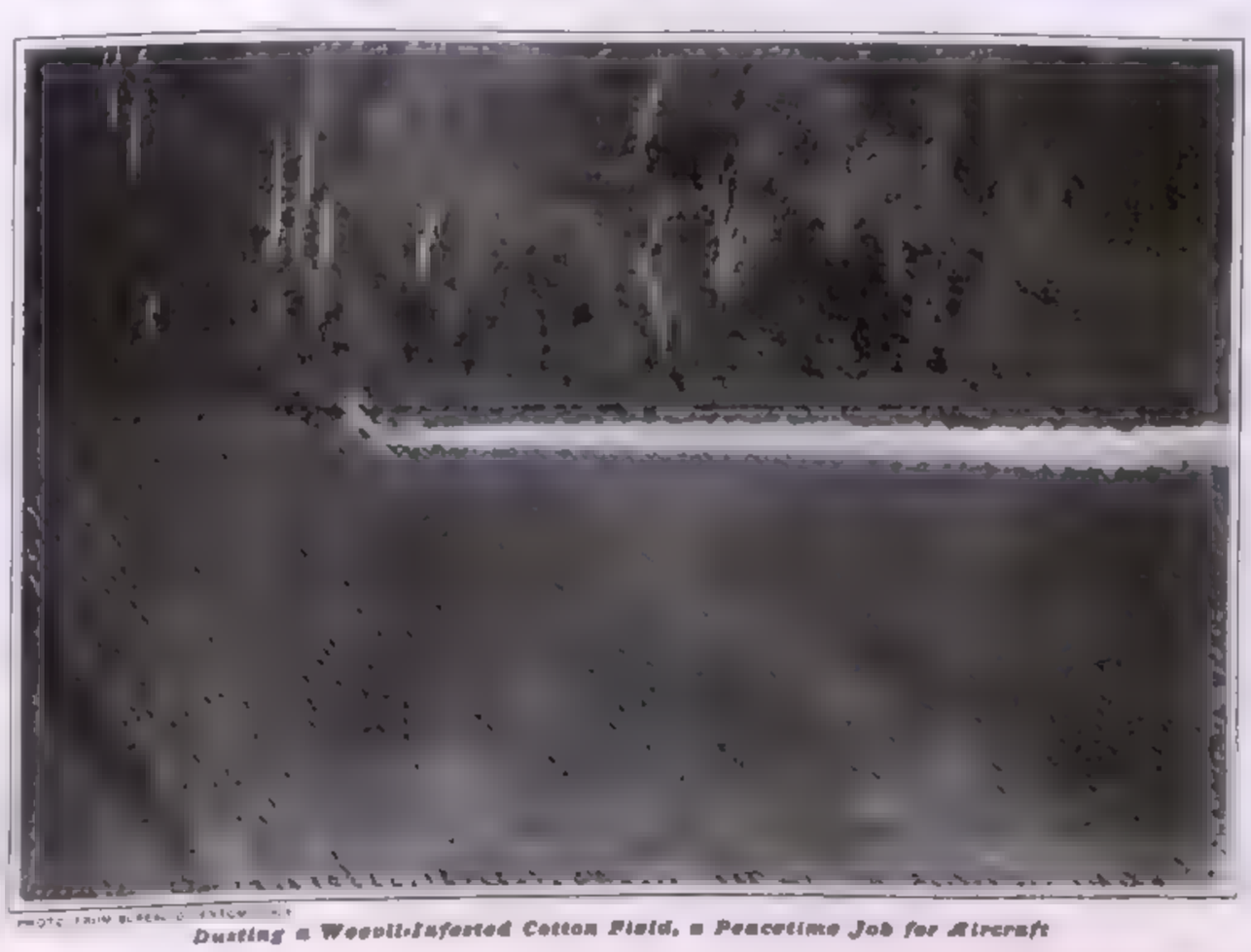

Dusting a Weevil-Infested Cotton Field, a Peacetime Job for Aircraft

An Achievement

A vast new field for printing, and tremendous savings in postage are made possible by Thintext—Warren's thin paper

A trend toward light, compact, convenient form has been going on for years in the making of books.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's massive two-volume dictionary of the 18th Century is shown in the accompanying picture. Contrast it with the volume on its immediate right—a modern unabridged dictionary of the present day—more complete and of greater usefulness when on a specimen stand or library reference table.

Note the compactness, however, of the complete dictionary on the extreme right. It is printed on Warren's Thintext, making it possible to include not as many words and still keeping its weight and dimensions within the demands of convenience and easy portability.

This same saving in weight and bulk is now being achieved by advertisers through the use of Warren's Thintext for many forms of commercial printing.

The need or desire for the same compactness and dismissal of worthless weight, which has brought about the use of dictionaries printed on Warren's Thintext, is resulting in slim booklets, and folders like that shown in the picture above. Printers and advertisers, while maintaining printing quality, are making big savings in postage by the use of Warren's Thintext.

S. D. Warren Company, makers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, gave to America its first coated book paper. Warren's Cameo was the first dull-coated book paper. Now Warren's Thintext, an extremely light, thin paper, offers fine printing quality in a sheet of paper one-third as thick and one-third as heavy as an average catalog page on coated paper.

Some of the great savings this new thin paper makes possible

Economy of weight and bulk is welcomed in every field of life. Warren's Thintext brings to the field of books, printing, and advertising the same opportunities for avoiding useless size and weight that are notable in architecture, in fashion, and in engineering.

Lighter, thinner books

There are certain types of books for which there has long been a need for an extremely light-weight paper of strong texture and high printing quality. The dictionary is an example of this class of books.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary, published in 1755, required two heavy volumes, each weighing more than twelve pounds and too cumbersome even to be held on the knees and consulted. It contained about 50,000 words. Modern unabridged dictionaries printed on Warren's Thintext are complete in one volume and contain over 2500 pages and more than 400,000 words; and the single volume, binding and all, weighs only 7¾ pounds.

More advertising for the same postage

Booklets, data books, reports, statements and circulars printed on Warren's Thintext can now be mailed with a regular letter in an envelope for two cents postage when heavier paper for the printing would double or treble the postage. With third-class mail or printed advertising, a one-cent stamp will carry a booklet or a broadside or a folder printed on Warren's Thintext that otherwise might cost two or three cents.

This folder is almost as long and one-third [illegible] letterhead. It carries 1300 words in [illegible] pictures. Yet it weighs [illegible] the size pictured above.

The money saved on the reduced mailing cost can provide more mailings, more complete mailings, better printed mailings, or a larger mailing list.

Small booklets in small packages

In nearly every package that is made up to be sold it is desirable to include some piece of printing—useful to buyer and seller alike.

This may be directions for using, recipes, or a description of other kinds of goods in the same line. The printing qualities of Warren's Thintext are far above those of papers usually considered for this purpose. Not only can halftones be used, but halftone impressions on Warren's Thintext are not impaired by the close folding usually necessary because of the limited package space.

Warren's Thintext is so light and thin that a folder of eight or ten pages can be wrapped around a perfumery vial or placed in a pill-box on top of the pills. A folder used by the Odorono Company is illustrated at the left—

IN PAPER MAKING

actual size and held by an ordinary paper clip. *The paper weighs less than the clip.*

Large sheets fold to fit the pocket

Road maps, travel circulars, data sheets and other forms of printing that have to be carried about and frequently consulted, when done on Warren's Thintext fold into very small space and yet can unfold into almost any desired size. Salesmen who especially dislike to carry large, heavy, or conspicuous books will be grateful to Warren's Thintext for making possible "vest pocket data" that formerly took up more room than any pocket could afford.

Printing qualities of Warren's Thintext

The printing qualities of Warren's Thintext have been carefully developed by S. D. Warren Company for a number of years, in a special mill.

The paper will print type and line cuts beautifully, is well adapted to simple color printing, and prints half-tones up to 120-line screen excellently. It has remarkable opacity for so thin a sheet, and is in fact sufficiently opaque for all practical purposes. It is a tough, durable paper, with surprising tensile strength. It lies flat, binds well, and does not readily puncture.

Printers who have worked with it report unusually low pressroom spoilage. We have testimonials as to the pressroom performance, copies of which we shall be glad to send to anyone interested.

Your printer will know when to use Warren's Thintext

A good printer is in a better position than almost anyone else to recognize those occasions where Warren's Thintext can be profitably and satisfactorily used. It is not expected that Thintext will supplant other papers so much as it will create new uses for printing and new forms in which printing can be used.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY
101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

To printers, merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

If you would care to read booklets descriptive of Warren's Thintext, or of any other Warren paper, you may obtain them on application to any paper merchant in or near your city who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. In addition S. D. Warren Company is issuing, through these merchants, books dealing with preparation, production and profitable use of direct advertising. These books may be obtained, without charge, from paper merchants selling Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us.

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are sold to printers by the following leading paper merchants

Warren Papers are sold by representative paper merchants, so located in the larger cities as to be able to serve any printer in any town in the country. These firms carry Warren's Standard Printing Papers in stock and are prepared to give prompt and efficient service to printers:

Albany, N. Y.	Hudson Valley Paper Company
Atlanta, Ga.	Sloan Paper Company
Baltimore, Md.	The Barton, Duer & Koch Paper Company
Birmingham, Ala.	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
Boston, Mass.	Storrs & Bement Company
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Alling & Cory Company
Charlotte, N. C.	Caskie-Dillard Company, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.	Chicago Paper Company / The Paper Mills' Company
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
Cleveland, Ohio	The Petrequin Paper Company
Columbus, Ohio	The Central Ohio Paper Company
Dallas, Texas	Olmsted-Kirk Company
Denver, Colo.	Carter, Rice & Carpenter Paper Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Western Newspaper Union
Detroit, Mich.	Beecher, Peck & Lewis
Fresno, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Quimby-Kain Paper Company
Hartford, Conn.	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons
Indianapolis, Ind.	Crescent Paper Company
Jacksonville, Fla	Antietam Paper Company, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Midwestern Paper Company
Little Rock, Ark.	Western Newspaper Union
Los Angeles, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Louisville, Ky	Miller Paper Company, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	Caskie-Dillard Company, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Tayloe Paper Company
Milwaukee, Wis.	The W. F. Nackie Paper Company
Minneapolis, Minn	The John Leslie Paper Company
Nashville, Tenn	Bond-Sanders Paper Company
Newark, N. J.	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons / Lasher & Lathrop, Inc.
New Haven, Conn.	Storrs & Bement Company
New Orleans, La	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
New York City	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons / Lasher & Lathrop, Inc. / The Alling & Cory Company
Oakland, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Western Newspaper Union
Omaha, Neb.	Field-Hamilton-Smith Paper Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	D. L. Ward Company / Charles Beck Company
Pittsburgh, Pa	The Alling & Cory Company
Portland, Me.	C. M. Rice Paper Company
Portland, Ore	Zellerbach Paper Company
Richmond, Va.	B. W. Wilson Paper Company
Rochester, N. Y.	The Alling & Cory Company
Sacramento, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
St. Louis, Mo	Beacon Paper Company / Mack-Elliott Paper Company
St. Paul, Minn	Nassau Paper Company
Salt Lake City, Utah	Zellerbach Paper Company
San Diego, Cal	Zellerbach Paper Company
San Francisco, Cal	Zellerbach Paper Company
Seattle, Wash	Zellerbach Paper Company
Spokane, Wash	Zellerbach Paper Company
Springfield, Mass.	The Paper House of New England
Toledo, Ohio	The Central Ohio Paper Company
Tulsa, Okla	Tayloe Paper Company
Washington, D. C.	Stanford Paper Company
Wichita, Kansas	Western Newspaper Union

Export and Foreign

New York City (Export)	National Paper & Type Company
Australia (Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney)	B. J. Ball, Ltd.
New Zealand (Auckland)	B. J. Ball, Ltd.
Hawaiian Islands	Zellerbach Paper Company
Argentine (Buenos Aires)	National Paper & Type Company
" (Rosario)	National Paper & Type Company
Cuba (Havana)	National Paper & Type Company
Mexico (Guaymas, Guadalajara, Monterey, Tampico, Mazatlan, Mexico City)	National Paper & Type Company
Peru (Lima)	National Paper & Type Company
Uruguay (Montevideo)	National Paper & Type Company

{ better paper ~ better printing }

WARREN'S THINTEXT

One of 20
WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

What Will Rogers does between acts

WHEN he's not amusing folks on the stage of The Follies, Will Rogers has other ways of turning minutes into money.

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• • • •

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What Will Rogers does between acts

(Continued from Page 111)

The Navy did turn over from time to time various vessels for bombardment from the air, beginning with an ex-German submarine in June, 1921, followed by major ex-German warships, and finally with the uncompleted Washington. The first craft was split in two and sunk by the Navy's own aircraft, and succeeding targets were disabled or sunk by air bombs.

The Army General Staff was so impressed by the initial trial that the Lassiter Board was appointed to study the results. The board's report, with a verdict for the air service, was kept secret by the War Department for more than two years and no action taken upon the recommendations it contained. The official findings on the bombing of the Washington still were secret when this was written.

The results have not altered the Navy's attitude toward air power. As late as December, Secretary Wilbur told the Congressional Select Committee that "the range of aircraft is comparatively short, and always will be. . . . Sporadic raids will be carried on, of course; for instance, as the raids over London in the last war; but they were innocuous, except for the psychological factor, probably. . . . The activity of aircraft in the World War was a trifling contribution to the actual fighting. I regard the statement that the next war will be in the air as an absurdity partaking of the Jules Verne type of literature."

Secretary Wilbur expressed the view of the higher ranks of the Navy perfectly.

Secretary Wilbur's classification of airplanes in these days of 300-mile-an-hour speeds and round-the-world flights found sympathy in the testimony of Brig. Gen. Hugh A. Drum, of the Army General Staff, before the same committee. General Drum appeared as the official representative of the War Department to scotch General Mitchell's heresy.

What Marshal Foch Said

Congressman Perkins said to him, "I would like to get your opinion as to the credibility of this statement: 'The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the government and thus become decisive.' Do you agree with that, general?"

"I do not," said General Drum.

"Those, General Drum, are the views of Marshal Foch," Mr. Perkins added.

Several days later, when General Drum again was on the stand, Mr. Perkins read this quotation into the record:

"An attacking force of very small size, a few thousand men, with an adequate accompaniment of bombing planes and airships, could reach our shores within forty hours, could hold our Atlantic seaboard at their mercy, strike a terrific blow at our whole industrial district from Pittsburgh east, striking at the very heart of the nation. That is physically possible unless we have an air force capable of meeting them and beating them down."

"What do you think of the credibility of that, general?" the examiner asked.

"I think it is rot," General Drum replied.

"I have just quoted the Assistant Secretary of War, Col. Dwight Davis," Mr. Perkins declared.

Some of the facts about the progress of aviation since the war, fortunately, are mathematically demonstrable. The Germans dropped a total of twelve tons of bombs on London during the entire war. Upward of 1000 tons of high explosives could be launched at London today by one Continental power almost before the British citizen could know a war was on. How much of this would reach its mark would depend solely upon the number and efficiency of the aircraft the British could send aloft to intercept the invaders. Nothing the British army or navy could do would hinder the attack in the slightest. This is demonstrably true, because the bombs and the bombing planes exist.

The United States Army Air Service already has made and exploded from airplanes, with 100 per cent results, bombs weighing two tons each. We and every other first-class power have bombing planes entirely capable of carrying and discharging these loads today, and one power has a great fleet of them.

As for expert testimony, the report of the Joint Army and Navy Department Board in 1921, of which General Pershing was senior member and which bore the indorsement of Secretary Weeks and Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt, said:

"Aircraft, carrying high-capacity, high-explosive bombs of sufficient size, have adequate offensive power to sink or seriously damage any naval vessel at present constructed, provided such projectile be placed in the water close alongside the vessel."

That was four years ago; and while the battleship has stood still, the airplane has moved in seven-league boots.

It is true that New York is in no such present jeopardy as London. The ability of any given plane to fly the Atlantic today is problematical, and to do so the last ounce of its carrying power would have to be devoted to fuel. Not enough margin would remain to pack a firecracker to drop on Broadway. But it would be a bold prophet who would say how long this immunity will last.

Unfortunately, it would not be necessary to fly the Atlantic in order to bombard New York. Planes are launched from the decks of warships and aircraft carriers today, and the American Navy would have to control the entire North Atlantic and North Pacific Oceans for hundreds of miles from our shores to prevent hostile ships from approaching within the range from which they could discharge bombing planes at our cities today.

And if no airplane can fly the Atlantic or Pacific with a bomb today, the same disability does not apply to the dirigible. As it exists in our own Shenandoah and Los Angeles, the Zeppelin type of rigid airship is quite capable of carrying a quantity of high explosives from the nearest European shore to New York, and such giant airships as Great Britain now is building could penetrate far inland with a devastating load of bombs if our own aircraft should be unable to stop them. Again, the Navy and Army would be helpless to prevent.

The Secretary of War, testifying before the Congressional Select Committee, likened a separate air force to separating the cavalry from the rest of the Army. There is no analogy between aircraft and cavalry. Cavalry merely is mounted infantry, mounted for superior maneuverability. It operates upon exactly the same plane as its allied arms, infantry and artillery. Aircraft operates in a medium as distinct from land and from water as they are from one another.

Aviation has its purely naval auxiliary uses, which should remain under navy control. In creating a separate air force the British probably erred in taking all aircraft from navy jurisdiction. Aircraft likewise have their purely army uses, as a signal corps auxiliary instrument, which should continue under army direction.

Mr. Perkins' Retort

But the combating of an invasion of hostile aircraft in force by American airplanes, as nearly certain a contingency of another major war as is humanly predictable, would be a maneuver as utterly independent of either the Army or Navy as they are of one another. Our planes would rise from flying fields, bearing no relation either to the Navy or Army, battle in the air where neither the Army or Navy could follow, and return to the flying fields.

The combating of an attack of hostile seacraft in force would be a job both for the Navy and our air forces; but there is no more reason why both efforts should be under the control of the Navy than there is for the Navy controlling our coast-defense guns, which are Army bossed. Close liaison would unquestionably be desirable between the Navy and the air force; so is close liaison desirable between the Army and Navy in the event of war.

General Drum, asked by Congressman Perkins to explain the deficiencies of our air defense, gave it as his opinion that not enough money had been appropriated. Mr. Perkins called his attention to the fact that we have spent $433,000,000 on aviation since the war. General Drum's reply was that we spent even more during the war and got only 600 airplanes, by which he meant, presumably, airplanes delivered in France before the fighting ended.

"I should like to see even 600 airplanes to show for the $433,800,000 we have spent since 1919," Mr. Perkins retorted.

It was General Mitchell's declaration that plenty of money had been appropriated by Congress for aviation if it had been wisely and economically spent that led to the official demand on him for an explanation.

These, then, are the official views of the Army and Navy, in whose hands the future of American aviation has been since the war, and, in the absence of a national air policy, continues today. The public and the Sixty-Ninth Congress will have to decide whether two guardians who have repeatedly admitted that they don't think much of their ward are proper persons to be intrusted with the youngster's upbringing—and whether he is to spend the rest of his youth in barracks, or is to be put to work to earn his daily bread.

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TILLICUM

(Continued from Page 27)

what a life! Is there much tuberculosis among them?"

"None," replied Maxon shortly.

"How about explosions," pursued X. Anaxagoras, with rising interest, "fire damp and all that sort of thing? Have much trouble with that?"

He had the air of attempting sophistication, of speaking as one man to another. Maxon permitted himself a brief smile of contempt.

"This is a gold mine," he said succinctly.

"Of course, to be sure!" agreed X. Anaxagoras.

"There's no fire damp in a gold mine," vouchsafed Maxon with some relish. "That's coal mines."

"To be sure, how stupid of me!" repeated X. Anaxagoras vaguely as though abashed.

"But you will take me down, won't you, Mr. Maxon?" pleaded Betsy. "I'll put on my tramping clothes. Tomorrow? When would it be most convenient?"

"I wouldn't take the risk of taking a woman," replied Maxon shortly. He was evidently with difficulty holding in a bad temper.

"Then it is dangerous!" stated Betsy with conviction. "I think mines are dreadful. Think of the poor men! I wonder how many of the brave fellows lose their lives for every ton of ore taken out."

"My dear young lady," Maxon responded to this, "you exaggerate. It's no more dangerous than any other occupation."

"Then why can't I go?"

Maxon threw away his badly chewed cigar, seemed about to be rude, thought better of it.

"A woman is different," he managed at last.

Betsy apparently gave up the point with reluctance.

"I think it's mean," she pouted. "But Jerry and—and Clarence can tell me about it, anyway."

Barker at this point bustled out bearing drinks. At once Maxon fell into a silent background. He was effaced, it seemed gladly, by the effervescence of his partner. The occasion frothed over. Barker shouted cordiality, hospitality; he exuded good fellowship; he was overwhelming. Betsy, too, seemed to withdraw a little as though piqued, the spoiled woman thwarted in a whim. From time to time she threw in a remark, but it was always on the same theme, voicing her disappointment, half hopefully repeating the suggestion, accepting only slowly Maxon's adamantine decision that she should not go down the mine, finally transferring her gadfly persistence to the detailing of just what the men were to see and report to her when they went down the mine.

"When can they go, Mr. Maxon?" she insisted. "When will it be most convenient? Tomorrow?"

Maxon threw away another chewed cigar with an explosive gesture.

"Day after, if you must have it!" he snapped. "There's some ticklish work on now. Day after."

Barker at this suddenly stopped booming and for the briefest instant the joviality faded from his face. Then he went ahead again full blast. It was a click, a check, a thing hardly noticeable, like a single miss in a many-cylindered engine. But X. Anaxagoras noticed.

The afternoon was drawing toward a close. Barker expanded on. He evidently was a social creature. One thing reminded him of another. He was full of anecdotes and jokes, which he detailed with great relish and much heartiness. Maxon sat back, tight-lipped, and smoked silently at a cigar, which this time he had lighted. Only thrice did he take any part in the conversation. Then he cut in ruthlessly and unapropos across the current of his partner's narrative.

"How did you happen to come in here?" he asked abruptly on the first occasion.

"We were anchored over the hill there," said Anaxagoras truthfully so far, "looking for water. And one of our men saw your houses from the hill. So we came in to see if we could mail some letters. By the way, Jerry, got them with you?"

"By Jove, now! I forgot them! Silly ass!" cried Marshall blankly.

But the fat man gave them to understand that this was no place to mail letters. They brought in their season's supplies and they had no communication with the outside world until the season had closed.

"'World forgetting, by the world forgot,'" he quoted unexpectedly with one of his jovial laughs. "Never see a newspaper; don't want to; no mail to bother with. Doesn't worry me. I hate letters!"

Maxon made no comment, but fell silent again.

Then for the second time he abruptly interrupted the flow of amenities.

"How did you get in?" he demanded.

Marshall looked at him blankly.

"Came in in the yacht," said he at last.

"Yes, I know; but the channel is difficult. How did you know how to get in?"

"Oh, that?" Marshall laughed emptily. "I leave all that to Benton. He's my sailing master, you know; and a deuced good man too. I don't know what I'd do without him. He's got a nose like a hound for rocks and reefs and all those things."

The third question came a little later, and in the same manner. This time it was X. Anaxagoras who took it upon himself to reply.

"Where are you from and where are you going?" demanded Maxon.

"Around the world," was his answer. "Sportin' thing to do, what? Started from New York and goin' right up the coast and across to China. Great trip!"

The visit prolonged itself. Several times Betsy shot a surreptitious glance of inquiry at her brother, but each time he made an almost imperceptible gesture of negation. They continued to sit on.

Then at last the empty landscape showed its first signs of life. At the top of the dump, which was plainly in view, a human figure appeared, then others. Shortly a small group had gathered, which, single file, descended the short trail to the houses. There were eight of them all told, dressed in the usual blue overalls and wearing the regulation miners' caps. But as their features became distinguishable, X. Anaxagoras sat up with unconcealed surprise and mounted his monocle.

"By Jove!" he cried. "Japs!"

"Chinese," corrected Barker. "Yes, sir, we find them the best miners in the world. Industrious, honest, do what you tell them, don't cost much to feed, low wages. Great people!"

"I didn't know Chinese ever were miners," observed Marshall; "laundries and curio shops and domestic service and all that sort of thing, but not miners."

Another figure now emerged from the unseen shaft and came toward them. It stopped a moment, looking in the direction of the Spindrift, then descended the trail with long, swinging, energetic strides. The man passed below the veranda, glanced up, lifted his cap and passed on to the other small building. The visitors saw a spare whipcord sort of young man, tall and wiry, dressed in khaki, with high laced boots and a brown flannel shirt. His face was clear cut and aquiline, his cheeks lean; he wore a small mustache and his eyes as he looked up at them were seen to be of a clear steadfast blue.

"Nice-lookin' chap," observed X. Anaxagoras. "He a partner too?"

"Engineer—sort of foreman," explained Barker.

"Looks like an Englishman," said Betsy. "I just dote on Englishmen when they're nice, don't you?"

"Pretty cushy job, you chaps have," drawled Marshall; "just sit here and keep cool and let the gold roll in. I could do with a little of that myself. By Jove, that's an idea! The governor's always ragging me to do something."

"Provided the gold rolls in, young man," Maxon struck in shortly.

Barker glanced in his direction, then took up the lead.

"Yes, that's right," he boomed. "But we have great hopes. That's what you must have—faith and hope; otherwise you may be looking for little old charity." He chuckled at his joke.

Betsy caught her brother's glance and arose.

"It's been too delightful meeting you both," she gushed, "and I think it's quite too romantic for words. You must come out to see us on the Spindrift. Can't you dine with us, say, tomorrow? Do! At eight o'clock. You really must."

"Delighted, dear lady!" cried Barker.

Maxon made no reply.

"And we'll have the mine expedition the day after," she reminded the latter, "and I shall put on my horridest old clothes, and you must be sure to change your mind." She smiled at him fascinatingly and turned to go.

"There's one thing I meant to ask, Mr. Maxon," said Marshall with owlish solemnity. "About the men now—do you find it your experience that miners die off much earlier in life than in other professions?"

Maxon stared at him a moment with a contempt he made no effort to disguise.

"I couldn't say. I haven't had them long enough to have any of them die off," he answered at length.

He turned and went into the house without waiting for them to complete the departure that had already been officially taken a half dozen times. Barker accompanied them profusely to their boat.

"A fine man, Maxon," he felt it incumbent to say. "A little brief in his manner, perhaps, but a fine man of great ability. He takes his responsibilities very seriously."

"I just dote on these strong silent men," Betsy responded. "You just feel they are strong and grim."

Barker handed her into the boat and watched the little craft skim its way toward the yacht. At last he turned and made his way rather ponderously and thoughtfully back to the veranda of the house. Maxon had returned to it and was staring out at the Spindrift. Barker poured himself another drink. Neither spoke.

"I wonder what the devil we had to be inflicted with this for?" growled Maxon at last.

"They seem harmless enough," observed Barker.

"Harmless! They haven't an ounce of brains among them. But I can't be bothered."

"I'll take care of them," Barker reassured him. He sipped his drink. "But, R. K.," he ventured after a moment, "do you think it's quite wise taking them down the shaft? I was a little surprised at that."

"Oh, the fools can do no harm," rejoined Maxon contemptuously; "let 'em go down. What difference does it make? I can't be pestered with that idiot woman another minute. And I'm not going out to that boat to dinner, either. Dinner—at eight o'clock!"

"But, R. K. ——" expostulated Barker.

"I'm not going to do it," repeated Maxon, "and that's flat. You do it. You're good at that. That's what you are good for, isn't it?" he sneered savagely. "I don't doubt that gang will have plenty to drink. By the way, put away those bottles and don't get them out again while they're here. We've done enough and we haven't any too much of it." He glanced across at the other house. "Look out, here comes the other fool," he said in a warning tone, and seated himself in a deep chair far back on the veranda.

The young English-looking chap was approaching. He had cleaned up and was now bareheaded, his hair sleeked back and shining with water. As he mounted the half dozen steps he straightened his shoulders and into his frank blue eyes came a peculiar expression of frigid formality. Barker, all joviality again, stepped forward to meet him.

"Well, Arbuthnot, my boy, how goes it today? Good news, I hope? Ought to be getting close to good news by now."

"Total of fifteen feet; same formation," responded Arbuthnot in crisp tones. "It will be necessary to continue the timbering."

He did not respond in any degree to the other's manner.

"Well, what do you think of it? Ought to be something doing before long. Still think you're on the right track, eh?"

"I think so."

Maxon suddenly spoke up from the background.

"You've thought so before, and put in fifty feet of useless tunnel," he said grumpily.

The engineer said nothing, but Barker interposed with his jolliest manner:

"To be sure, to be sure; but we've been over all that. Had to find out the way things went underground, didn't we, boy? Sort of exploratory operation on old Mother Nature, eh? But now we know how she fixed her ledges, we've got it right this time, eh?"

"I think so," said the young man steadily.

"How much farther we got to go? Oh, I mean 'about,' of course. Can't lay it out to an inch, can we?"

The young man seemed about to speak, hesitated.

"I can't tell yet," he answered finally.

"Well, keep at it, keep at it!" cried Barker.

The engineer waited for a moment, then turned and went back toward the large building from which smoke had issued. Both men stared after him.

"Humph!" grunted Maxon at last.

XI

THE shore party had not much to say to one another until they had regained the privacy of their cabin. Then they broke out in a flood of hilarity, comments, and finally questions.

"Satisfactory performance, Sid darling?" demanded Betsy.

"Masterly," he replied. "I became positively ashamed of you at times. You almost overdid it. If at any period you exhibited a trace of intelligence, I failed to remark the fact."

"I don't know," she countered complacently; "I think myself I was a pretty bright child. Did you notice how I got you a chance to go down the mine? You did especially want to go down the mine, didn't you, Sid dear? And they didn't want us to go. Did you see little Fleshpots look at old Eats-'Em-Alive when he told us we could?"

"I did, and it was well done. I take it back about the intelligence. I mean intelligence apparent to the outsider. You are a bright child. As for Jerry —— That last speech about the men dying young - priceless!"

"You were no Herbert Spencer yourself," struck in Marshall a trifle defensively. "Your use of that monocle and your total loss of the final g were enough to land you in any alert home for the feeble-minded."

"In short, we can all congratulate ourselves on a good job," summed up X. Anaxagoras. "I think I am safe in saying that they consider us quite harmless, but a nuisance. That was exactly what I wanted."

Betsy crossed her pretty ankles comfortably and leaned back to listen.

"But, Sid dear, brilliant as your fellow conspirators undoubtedly are, there remain a few obscure points. In fact they are all obscure. Won't you explain? What did you find out? What were you after?"

"Well, I found out several things; or rather I noticed several things. In the first place, the material on that dump is granite—nothing but granite. I particularly noticed that."

"That was clever of you," murmured Betsy. "But what of it?"

"Furthermore," continued her brother, without pausing to answer this question, "the whole formation of this cove is granite. There is no sign of quartz or quartzite; and the granite itself is in place—that's a mining term meaning that it is the country rock, the solid material of which the earth hereabouts is made."

"If I am willing to despise granite, will you please tell me why I should do so?" begged Betsy meekly.

"Granite is not a favorable gold-bearing formation. I could at a cursory glance make out no indication or reason for locating a mine in this place."

"Nevertheless, there it is," Marshall pointed out. "Perhaps there might be indications you did not see."

"Perhaps. I do not consider my distant observations of first importance. I am merely mentioning what I saw."

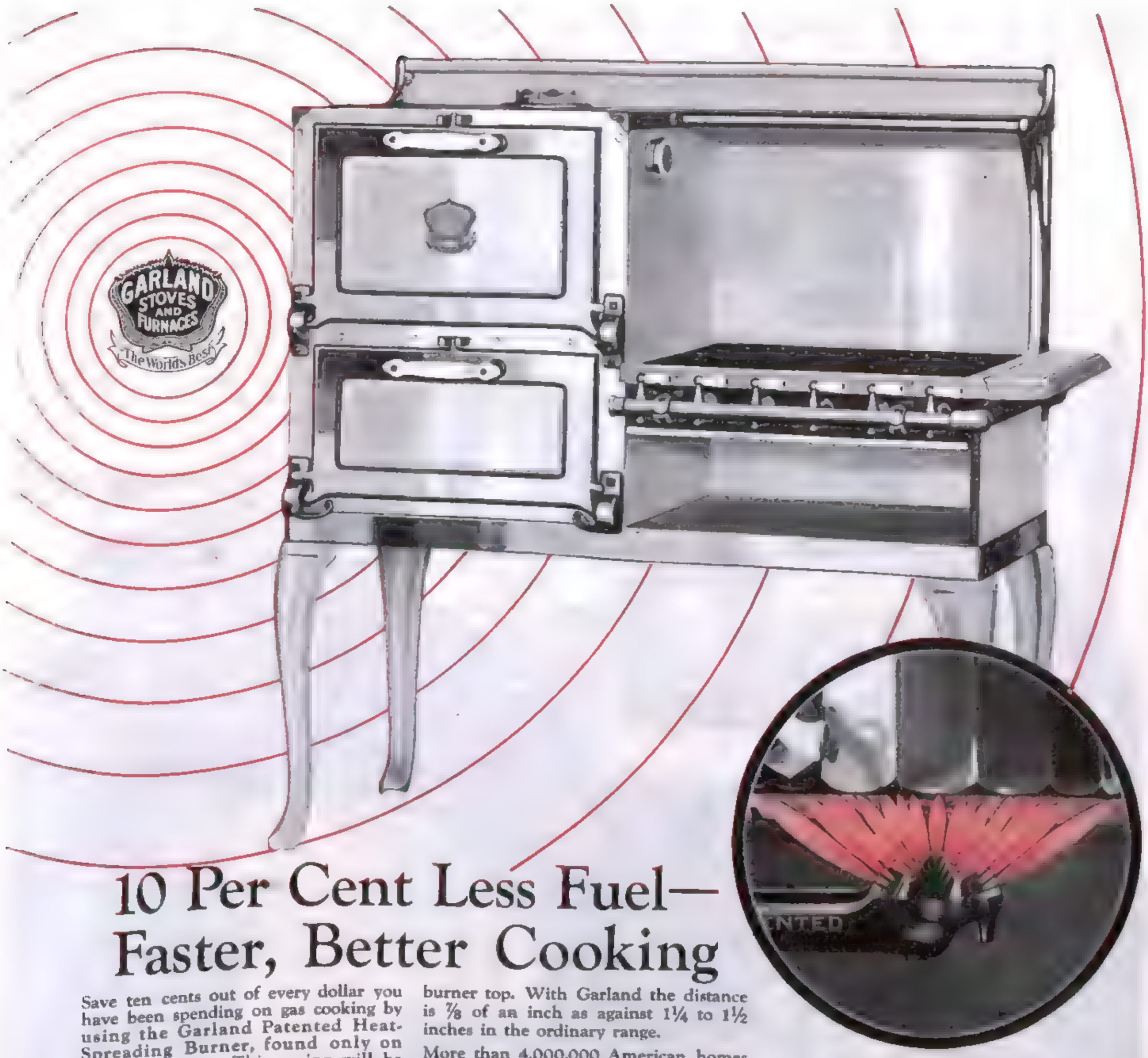
"Go on," urged Betsy.

"Obvious and unusual reluctance to go down the shaft," X. Anaxagoras checked off, "anxiety to size us up, and especially to know whence and whither and how long."

"Why did you tell them we had come from New York and were going to China?" struck in Marshall.

"To reassure them—if they happened to need reassurance. I am of a benevolent nature and like to keep people happy as long as possible. Put yourself in the place of an honest miner who had not proved up his

(Continued on Page 131)



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PITTSBURGH BUFFALO CINCINNATI ATLANTIC CITY

(Continued from Page 116)

property. You'd want to keep it dark, wouldn't you, until you were sure? Otherwise you'd have a lot of outsiders in here staking claims you might want for yourself if things go well. Well, my statement assured them that they were safe from our blabbing."

"You said 'honest miner,'" observed Marshall shrewdly.

X. Anaxagoras paid no attention.

"Next was the employment of Chinese miners. That was very interesting."

"Fleshpots explained that very nicely," Betsy reminded him.

"What he said was true. He might have added, however, other points of Mongolian character. The Chinaman is all that he says. He is also keen to get into the country, not given to talking, almost unidentifiable—especially if he happens to be a smuggled Chinaman—and when his job is finished he disappears and is never found again. Also his testimony in a court of law is negligible. In short, if one were to engage in an undertaking in which labor is indispensable, but with which one did not wish to be identified, either now or in the future, Chinese would be the very men to employ."

"What is it you suspect? Tell me!" cried Betsy impatiently.

"Before we go on to that, let's take up the last point of observation—the psychological. How do you size up our friends?"

They considered a moment thoughtfully. Betsy was the first to speak.

"Eats-'Em-Alive is bad-tempered," she said slowly, "and I think he takes it out on poor little Fleshpots. It strikes me a good deal of his bad temper is impatience. He's fretting against something."

"Very good feminine intuition," approved her brother, "and absolutely accurate, in my opinion; but not the essential, quite. How about you, Jerry?"

"I'm no psychologist," replied the latter, "but I wouldn't trust either of them as far as I could throw a cow, if that's what you mean."

"It's exactly what I mean. And I'll add on my own account that they are both a little scared—well, not scared, but uneasy."

"How about that engineer person?" asked Betsy. "Somehow I liked his looks."

"I can't quite see myself how he comes in this gallery," confessed X. Anaxagoras. "He's an anomaly. There are several anomalies and they need explanation."

"But what's the plot? Don't be so round-about and exasperating. You haven't told us yet," Betsy reminded him. "We're being very patient."

"Another thing I noticed that I had not realized until we dropped anchor," went on the healer of souls. "It is this: You remember the story I told you this morning about the man and the woman and the mine? Well, it's a long way around there by the way we came, but the point between the coves is, you will observe, a bulbous sort of promontory connected with the mainland by a very narrow contracted wasp's-waist sort of neck. It's a long way around, but directly over that rim there it's a very short distance. We are at this moment actually a scant quarter mile from the exact spot where we sat while I told you that story."

The two others sat forward as they caught the drift.

"We will now have to construct a hypothesis," continued X. Anaxagoras. "Let us do a little supposing. Supposing the detailed knowledge of the man's discovery were to come into the hands of someone. How that could happen is one of the anomalies to be explained. I had supposed only two people in the world knew of the bare facts, and I did not know that detailed knowledge existed at all. Suppose those into whose hands it fell were or became unscrupulous. I say 'became' because it seems probable that the first move would be a legitimate one in the direction of trying to negotiate with the woman. I can state with entire conviction that not only would this fail but that the subject would never get beyond a first mention of the country, even. Failing in this, what would be the next move, supposing our unscrupulous persons to possess force and determination?"

"Like Eats-'Em-Alive," interjected Betsy breathlessly.

"Why, to appropriate what could not be otherwise acquired. When one appropriates what does not belong to one, it must be done in secret. To dig boldly on the property itself, exposed as its location is, would be to invite trouble. But to sink a shaft here, and then to run a tunnel under the narrow neck—to drift, as miners call it—and into the pocket would be a very simple matter."

"That's it! Of course it is!" cried Betsy excitedly. "I'm certain of it!"

"It's a hypothesis; perhaps even a probable hypothesis. But it's not a certainty. It is possible this may be quite an independent enterprise and that the knowledge of the man's mine is still unique to two people only. But the facts I have mentioned all have their significance; also the whole layout. It is extremely unlikely that this place would ever be found by anybody. The coast is unfrequented and there is nothing on earth to bring anybody in here."

"They must have been pleased to see the Spindrift!" chuckled Marshall.

"But that is not enough. Not only must they escape detection while the work is going on but in case of future attempts at development of the man's mine—which are entirely possible—the tunnel must inevitably be discovered and the looting laid bare. This work must never be traceable to the looters. Hence the Chinese labor. And hence, what is of course obvious, the assumed names. Whatever the real identity of these men, I will wager they are not really Maxon and Barker."

"It's a certainty," affirmed Marshall with conviction.

"Not quite, but pretty nearly. I don't know much about mines, but when I get underground I can tell something by the direction the work is taking."

"It's astonishing that they let us underground," marveled Marshall.

"Not very. We played our parts well. They have no reason to suspect we would know anything about all this even if we actually belonged in the country. But don't forget we are passing through—and are utter damn fools. Besides, it takes a very experienced man even to guess offhand directions underground. I shall carry a compass and you must see I get a chance to use it. We'll soon know something, anyway. It looks to me very probable. You see, once the tunnel is completed, it would not take very long to clean out the pocket, or pockets. It's accumulated there for them in the easiest possible form."

"What a splendid adventure!" cried Marshall.

"I wouldn't miss a bit of it for worlds!" cried Betsy.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, little sister," said X. Anaxagoras gravely. "The day after tomorrow is the critical time. If what we suspect is true, we cannot afford to make a slip. You have a revolver, I suppose?" he asked Marshall.

"Oh!" cried Betsy, taken aback.

"I don't think there will be the slightest difficulty," her brother reassured her; "nor if there were, do I anticipate any violence. But we must foresee everything, and we must see it through."

"Most certainly," agreed Marshall emphatically. "Be a sport, Betsy."

"Oh, I'm a sport," said Betsy rather faintly. "But can't you take one of the men—Rogg, for instance? He's as strong as a bull."

"The worst thing in the world. And we shall be quite all right. There are only three of them, and Fleshpots, as you call him, would count very little. The Chinese would not take part. But there'll be no trouble. The chance is of the remotest."

Betsy almost instantly recovered her spirits.

"I shall charm Fleshpots," she stated decisively, "tomorrow evening. And if I don't engage him to attend on my bright eyes while you are underground, I'll go into a nunnery."

"Good idea," approved her brother. "You see? That leaves only two, if the worst happens."

"Somehow I'm not afraid of that young engineer," she said thoughtfully.

"There is one further fact I have not yet mentioned," pursued the healer of souls. "It is, in my mind, not the least significant. Eats-'Em-Alive, as you call him, says his name is Maxon. Maxon happens to be the name of the man who found the mine and who now lies beneath the avalanche."

Betsy's quick mind caught an inference; and truth to tell, she looked rather disappointed.

"But, Sid, dear," she said, "isn't it possible then that everything is all right, after all—that Mrs. Maxon's people are taking this method of getting around her in spite of herself? Eats-'Em-Alive might be her brother-in-law or some other connection."

"I happen to know," stated X. Anaxagoras quietly, "that my friend had not a relative in the world."

XII

THE following day was ostentatiously spent in what Betsy called inane pursuits. She allowed herself to become the central figure in a series of helpless happenings. For example, she sat in the stern of the dinghy under her red parasol, surrounded by cushions, and was rowed aimlessly back and forth in the cove by the two men in white flannels. Later she sat on deck under an awning stretched across the main boom, half reclining in a deck chair, a book open but unread in her lap, a table with long cool drinks at her side, the men reclining on cushions at her feet. Still later, by a brilliant inspiration, she went ashore on the beach and took Roggsy for a walk on the end of a pink ribbon, to the vast astonishment and indignation of that volatile creature who knew himself quite capable of accompanying any known expedition foot-free, and who associated tethers only with a consciousness of guilt.

"I think," said she, "if I can manage it, I'll have Roggsy in to dinner. Surely every living American by now associates idle and brainless wealth with monkey dinners."

She entered into all this with histrionic gusto, which the men did not share in equal measure. They would have much preferred a rational life, and were frankly bored. Not so the crew. They watched these developments with a rising curiosity. The departure from the normal was so radical that even the dullest caught the spirit of mystery. Shore leave was still denied. Something was in the air; and somehow they were encouraged to hope not only for interesting developments but also some degree of participation therein. The Ram received Plutarch's order for an eight o'clock dinner with open incredulity. The meal hours of the Spindrift's after cabin usually coincided with those of the crew, which were simple, easily remembered and early.

"You-all are crazy," he told Plutarch majestically, and went in person for corroboration. He returned from his interview shaking his huge head. "You-all ain't crazy," he voiced his apology to Plutarch; "but somebody sure am."

The Ram had cooked late snacks when the fishing demanded, but never before had he been called upon to do a course dinner "'long 'bout time to go to baid," as he grumbled.

At quarter before eight the longboat, with a full crew all in white, was rowed to the beach to bring off the guests.

"There's only one of them," observed Betsy as it pushed off. "Eats-'Em-Alive isn't there. Stupid! We ought to have asked the engineer!"

But X. Anaxagoras shook his head.

"We've got to get hold of him separately," said he.

Fleshpots came aboard robustiously. He presented Maxon's apologies. At the last moment some work had come up that had to be done at once. But he did not linger over this point. It was evident that he had come to enjoy himself, and his little eyes lighted up at the sight of the small square table and the cocktail materials standing ready.

"Ice!" he cried. "Well, well! I haven't seen any since last winter! Think of an ice machine! This certainly is some boat!"

"Won't you mix them?" inquired Marshall. "I'll wager you can make a good cocktail."

Barker's eyes brightened again and he advanced without hesitation on the table.

"My son, I'll mix you something better than a cocktail," he stated impressively—"a Trinidad swizzle. Down where I come from I am known as the swizzle king. Lord-e-e! Angostura! Let's see what we've got here."

"If there's anything else you need, pray ask for it," urged Marshall. "I'm sure my man can find it."

Barker went into executive session with Plutarch. Under direction, the latter disappeared, to return bearing various things. Barker, his back to them, mixed and measured with meticulous anxiety. He had dropped his hilarious manner. He was busy, grave, serious, preoccupied. This was a serious business. At last he turned toward them, the shaker in his two hands, his face reillumined with his jolly smile.

"No swizzle," he uttered his dictum, "can possibly be any good unless it is shaken up to the swizzle song."

(Continued on Page 123)

It was Jimmy's treat!

A canny young fellow is Jim—
He had four pals
to treat and only
5¢ to his name!
"A packet of Wrigley's
please"—said he—
and each lad had
a wholesome sweet.

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and beneficial.

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Sweet Relish
Sweet Chow
Mayonnaise Dressing
Thousand Island Dressing
Pork and Beans
Peanut Butter

Spinach
Tomatoes
Asparagus
Corn
Sweet Peas
June Peas
Red Kidney Beans
Green Beans
Wax Beans
Beets
Hominy
Food of Wheat
Cereals
Maple Syrup
Nut Meats

Soups
Grape Juice
Prepared Mustard
Evaporated Milk
Cake Flour
Spices
Evaporated Fruits
Salad Mustard
Preserves
Jelly
Olive Oil
Salmon
Lobster
Shrimp
Sardines

March Suggestions for the MONARCH PANTRY

Pears
Apricots
Blackberries
Apple Sauce
Egg Plums
Yellow Cling Peaches
Red Raspberries
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Loganberries
Red Pitted Cherries
Grape Fruit Hearts
Fruit Salad

(Continued from Page 121)

He began vigorously to agitate the shaker, keeping time to his voice:

"There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg,
And he had a wooden hen and it laid a wooden egg
It laid and it laid them all around the farm—
And another little drink wouldn't do any ha-a-a-r-m!"

As he drawled out the last word he snatched off the cap with a flourish and began to pour out the concoction in the glasses which Plutarch held ready.

"There!" he cried. "Put that where it ought to go! That'll put hair —— Oh, Lord! Jimmy Barker, there are ladies present!"

"Here's glad you are aboard," said Marshall formally.

They drank. Betsy took the merest sip.

"Delicious! Simply delicious!" she cried. "I never tasted anything quite so heavenly! How do you do it?"

"Oh, it's very simple," replied Barker modestly.

"That's all very well to say—that it's very simple. But there's an awful lot in mixing it right, and you know it," protested Betsy.

"Well, there is a knack," admitted Barker. "But you aren't drinking yours."

"I love drinks," said she, "but I can't drink them. I always take just a teeny-weeny taste to aggravate myself with. It's a shame really to waste one on me." She smiled at him fascinatingly and held out her glass. "I've barely touched it," she suggested.

Barker took the glass gallantly.

"I've always thought they might be improved with a little more sweetening," said he ponderously.

"Oh, Mr. Barker!" cried Betsy.

There were dividends, of course; and then they went down to dinner. It was a good dinner; the Ram had recovered from his shock. Sherry accompanied the soup; Burgundy a delicious entrée; champagne—again with real ice—was served with curried chicken.

"This is like heaven," Barker told his hostess. "It's the first good meal I've had for six months."

It is to be regretted that the said hostess plied him with drink. This was the more reprehensible in that it was so very easy; no sporting struggle at all; like catching rock cod. Barker became more and more expansive; more and more cordial. He proved to be a really artistic raconteur with an amazing fund of anecdote and story. His eyes glistened and tiny beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He was thoroughly and genuinely enjoying himself, giving himself up to the occasion. Betsy easily got him to promise to teach her to make the celebrated swizzles. As easily, she enlisted him to show her a clam beach the following afternoon while the men were making their visit underground.

"Our cook makes the most wonderful chowder!" she exclaimed. "We'll take some of the men to dig for us. If I can't go down in the mine—and I think it's horrid of you not to let me ——"

"My dear young lady," Barker interrupted earnestly, "I'd be delighted to have you. But my partner ——"

"I'm sure you would. He's an ogre, and it serves him right to have some tiresome work to do. You don't very much mind not going down with them, do you?" she languished at him.

"I'd give the whole mine for the privilege!"

He was very wabbly and expansive; willing to talk, apparently, on any subject. To all appearance his caution had been long since dissipated and his observation and discrimination hazed. Yet he really said nothing either of the mine or himself. Even the most judicious and harmless approaches toward either of these subjects brought about an almost comic change from guilelessness to shaky half-sobered caution. And once, quite casually, Betsy addressed her brother as Sid.

"Thought you said his name was Clarence," instantly struck in Barker.

"Sidney Clarence," replied Betsy sentimentally. "Don't you think it a lovely name? So full of historical associations!"

They had coffee and several kinds of liqueurs on deck. At nearly midnight the guest took his leave, yielding without too much reluctance to the gift of a final Havana. He was still jovial and clear-headed, but the grinning sailors had some difficulty in persuading him that the black smooth water was ill adapted to pedestrianism.

"Well," sighed Marshall, once he had safely departed, "I must say you're a good little siren, Betsy; but I can't say you accomplished much except to make one large gaping deficit in the ship's supplies." He examined her contemplatively. "Ye gods!" he said fervently at last. "Imagine being tied for life to a woman like that!"

"I know how to make you appreciate me, darling," replied Betsy. "I sort of like little Fleshpots, in a sneaking kind of way," she submitted. "He's probably a rascal, but he's an engaging rascal."

"He's no fool," said Marshall; "I notice nobody got anything out of him."

"It seems to me," said X. Anaxagoras, "that I got quite a good deal out of his reticences."

"And anyway, I have him tied up for tomorrow," Betsy reminded them.

"Hope you'll enjoy yourself," said Marshall; "but he'll be sober by then. And that's absolutely the last bottle of benedictine!"

"Let's turn in," yawned X. Anaxagoras. "By tomorrow night we ought to know more."

XIII

LATE the following afternoon Betsy met them on their return from the underground expedition. For this they had carefully dressed the part, not as practical men about to go down a shaft, but as what utter damn fools might conceive to be the proper thing. This was a little difficult, but was accomplished. Marshall had Plutarch put a dazzling polish on two pairs of brown outing boots, which, he sadly remarked, would probably ruin them as proper recipients for wholesome water-resisting grease. He also unpacked from a stored box two pairs of white polo trousers. A Norfolk jacket over a silk shirt, with a lilac tie, seemed satisfactory in his own case; but of Norfolk jackets, unfortunately he possessed only one. He generously offered the rig to X. Anaxagoras, but the latter declined.

"I've no right to that," he said, touching a ribbon sewed to the lapel, "and there's one case where I won't sail under false colors."

Marshall looked at the bit of color almost shamefacedly.

"Do unsew it, won't you, Betsy?" he begged. "I feel rather silly with it myself."

"Indeed I will not!" she cried indignantly. "I'm proud of it!"

"I'll have another silk shirt, if you don't mind," X. Anaxagoras settled it; "but I'll not wear a coat. Sleeves rolled up, you know; brawny-miner stuff."

Seized by a sudden inspiration, Betsy disappeared to return with two white sun helmets.

"We had them in the tropics," she explained. "They'll be just too sweet!"

Marshall looked doubtful.

"Oh, I say!" he protested. "Isn't that a little too thick? Sun helmets—down a mine!"

"Well, perhaps it is," conceded Betsy regretfully; "but they would have looked so—so sort of explory and out-of-doors. And anyway, I don't think they're any worse than the white breeches."

"I shall explain very carefully that they seemed useful because they'll launder," said Marshall loftily.

At the last moment the men quietly tucked their revolvers under their belts and inside their shirts, and X. Anaxagoras deposited a compass in his breeches pocket.

"I shall make this clam thing short," were Betsy's last words to them. "I shall be dying to hear."

They returned toward sundown to find her eagerly awaiting them. At first she got very little satisfaction from them, for they were overflowing with mischievous self-admiration over the part they had been playing and its effect on Maxon. Betsy found she had to be patient and let the effervescence spend itself. When they had mutually and satisfactorily agreed that they were the undoubted chief nuts of the universe, she began to press for details.

"Trouble?" X. Anaxagoras sobered enough to answer her at last. "Not a breath of it." He laid aside his revolver with a fantastic gesture. "Avaunt, oh, symbol of self-distrust! We descended the mine under the grumpy guidance of our amiable friend, who had the air of wanting to get it over with, to cut it short, to get rid of us. We were full of animation and by Joves. Also full of questions calculated to drive a technical man to an avoidance of homicide only by recourse to strong drink. By the way," he interpolated, "that's one thing we did find out. Old Eats-'Em-Alive is no technical man. He doesn't know the first principles not only of mines but of mechanics of any sort. Our engineer friend is the boy who tends to all that." He chuckled. "The engineer friend was much affected by us. Old Eats-'Em-Alive was bitter with savage contempt, but the engineer looked on us as wholly incredible. 'They wan't no sich animile.' He seemed especially concerned about Jerry."

"Oh, I don't know," said the latter defensively.

"Well, I do. He couldn't keep his eyes off you. He's a well-brought-up youth. He has thoroughly learned that important infantile admonition that one should not speak until spoken to. And then his replies were admirable for their economy of expression."

"But what did you see? What did you find out?" demanded Betsy.

"They have put down a shaft," said X. Anaxagoras, sobering, "and have made two drifts. The first, which Eats-'Em-Alive took us into to the end, was only about fifty feet long and ended in country rock. He showed us this quite volubly, and evidently had the idea that this should satisfy us and that he might now be able to show us out. He tried to make us think the other was just like it, and that now we'd seen all there really was to be seen."

"I sprung some more of my interest in the dear brave miners," struck in Marshall, "and after a little he let us follow out the other."

"This had penetrated some distance," X. Anaxagoras took up the story. "It was difficult to tell just how far, but I made it about five hundred paces. The coolies were working there. They had a little track and a car pushed by hand to carry out the rock, and we had to stoop and dodge and keep out of the way. Here we found the engineer. It was interesting to see his face when he finally took us all in. They have acetylene torches, so there was a pretty good light. Eats-'Em-Alive, apparently with considerable relief, turned the stream of our interrogative asininity in his direction. As I said, he answered us with really admirable brevity."

"All this," said Betsy, "is in itself of thrilling interest and as local color leaves nothing to be desired. But suppose you come to the point."

"The drift," said Anaxagoras, "heads precisely as I thought it would. The distance is, at a guess, almost right. The end of the tunnel must by now be quite close to the old waterfall's basin."

"Then you were right?" cried Betsy.

"I have no doubt of it whatever."

"And these men are ——"

"——engaged in nefarious enterprises—precisely."

"Oh, what are we going to do about it?"

"Stop them, of course."

"But what are you going to do?"

X. Anaxagoras produced a cigarette, which he lighted carefully before replying.

"The obvious thing," he supplied at last, "would be to return with proper authority and force. But I am not so sure. There's some element in the situation. I don't know what it is. I just have a hunch I feel it."

"Mahatma stuff," interjected Betsy mischievously. "You ought to have thought of it yourself."

"Something like that," agreed Anaxagoras soberly. "I don't want to suggest a move until I find out what it is. I'd like to settle that engineer in my own mind. I wish we could get hold of him."

"Why don't you then?" inquired Betsy with some sense. "Invite him aboard."

X. Anaxagoras chuckled.

"It's been tried. Jerry asked him He answered that he was too busy for us."

"I should describe his manner as curt," supplied Marshall.

"But we've got to get hold of him," continued the healer of souls, "and we must seriously put our heads together to determine how. What would you suggest, Betsy? You're the social agitator."

"Well," returned Betsy, with an air of profound deliberation, "in my opinion, since you are so good as to ask it, the very best thing to do would be to advance to the starboard rail and take the painter of his boat as he comes alongside."

They followed the direction of her gesture. The engineer was approaching in a small boat. So blank an expression of amazement overspread the face of X. Anaxagoras that both the others laughed.

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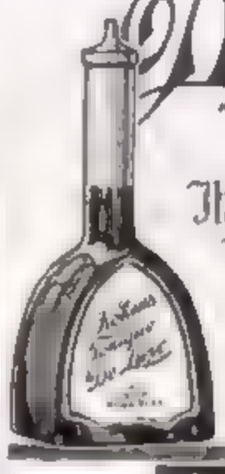

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"Our little mahatma can't claim to know about this, anyway!" chortled Betsy. "Caught him napping this time!"

But the healer of souls recovered himself instantly.

"No funny business," he warned rapidly. "Drop the monkeyshines."

He had no time to say more. The boat was already alongside. The engineer had evidently not paused to clean up, for he was still dusty from the mine. He had, however, put on a coat. Marshall advanced to the rail.

"Come aboard," he invited hospitably. "Let me take your painter."

The engineer did not reply, nor did he accede to Marshall's request. Shipping his oars, he stood up in the small boat to face them. So seen from above, he was a very attractive young man. His face was serious and a trifle flushed, and his blue eyes looked steadily and with a decided hostility up into those of his would-be host. He had the air of a man who had come on a disagreeable business which nevertheless he would see through. Indeed, his first words indicated as much.

"This," said he stiffly, touching a medal which he had fastened to his coat, "is rather an especial thing that happens to mean a great deal to a very few men. I believe only some half score are privileged to wear it."

He lowered his eyes significantly to the ribbon on Marshall's Norfolk jacket and stood waiting uncompromisingly. Marshall flushed violently; then, as comprehension came to him, his mouth twitched. He made no direct reply, but raised his voice to call for Benton. The latter, a burly square figure, emerged from the forward hatch and came down the deck. An expression of fierce contempt swept the countenance of the young man in the small boat alongside and his muscles tightened; but he still waited.

"Please get me the ship's papers," requested Marshall, and his mouth twitched again at the brief but guarded bewilderment that flashed into the young man's eyes.

They waited in silence while the errand was being performed.

"Thank you," said Marshall quietly, when the mate had returned with the documents. "That will be all, Benton." He turned courteously to the young man alongside. "I do not believe we have been formally introduced," he said courteously. "Permit me. My name is Marshall."

He held out the ship's papers, on the outside of which, of course, his full name was plainly printed. The engineer stared at them, the blood slowly mounting to his forehead.

"Sorry," he managed at last; "I've made an ass of myself. There's nothing to say." He made as though to take up his oars. Then the stiffness melted from his manner and a new and attractive boyishness cast an appeal into his voice. "You must think me an awful rotter!" he cried. "I don't know what to say."

"Come aboard, man; come aboard!" urged Marshall heartily. "We ought to have an awful lot to say to each other. I don't even know which one of us you are."

"I'm Arbuthnot," jerked out the latter. "I'm ashamed to say I thought ——"

"—— that I was a fake. Forget it; I don't blame you. Ribbon's cheap," grinned Marshall. "You're the Aussie who cleaned out the pill box. Come aboard."

Betsy and X. Anaxagoras came to the rail, looking down on the very embarrassed young man.

"Yes, do, Mr. Arbuthnot," she begged. "Maybe we aren't such idiots as we looked."

All three burst into a shout of laughter.

Arbuthnot hesitated, then handed up his painter and slowly clambered aboard. He was very much embarrassed and ill at ease, started once more to express his regrets, but was cut short by Marshall's eager and genuine cordiality. He bustled about, making his visitor comfortable, bringing out cigarettes and cigars and drinks, arranging the chairs.

"Do you know," he told the Australian when they had finally settled down, "you're the first of us I've seen since the well-known dust-up. I've kept track of our men, of course; but beyond your names I never saw one of yours. Lord, we were a well-scattered lot when they got through with us that day!"

"You took a piece of H E, as I remember the reports," said Arbuthnot. "Take you long to get over it?"

"It didn't touch me," corrected Marshall. "Just blew me off the face of the earth and left me there for a while. I wasn't really scratched up much. I went on with the show and saw it through."

Arbuthnot glanced at him understandingly.

"I know," he commented. "Left you jumpy, though, what?"

"No, just dead. Couldn't get up any interest. Lasted me until about a year ago. Had a good doctor." He glanced at X. Anaxagoras.

The two others, having fulfilled the amenities, retired to the background and let them talk war. This they did eagerly, boyishly, in short, elliptical, almost incomprehensible references.

"We don't ordinarily chatter war like this, Mrs. Marshall," Arbuthnot apologized; "but this is an unusual occasion."

"I quite understand," Betsy reassured him, "and I want to seize the moment to say that it was I who sewed that ribbon on his Norfolk jacket. I was so proud of his right to wear it—when finally I found it out—that I sewed it on everything in sight, including, I believe, the dog's collar. I was soon instructed, and then I had a job taking them all off again from all but the proper garments. The Norfolk got overlooked. I tell you this because Jerry never will, and later he'd probably die of mortification."

Arbuthnot, even as he laughed, looked toward her with a faint surprise, seeming really to see her for the first time. As Betsy had, since coming in, changed from her stage clothes, what he saw appeared to puzzle him a little. But his attention was distracted only for the moment. Marshall was asking him his adventures since the war.

"And how did you find things back home?" he inquired. "As rotten there as they are here?"

"To tell you the truth," replied Arbuthnot, "I don't know. I've been going home ever since I was demobed, and this is as far as I've got. I took my discharge in London, like a fool, went stony, and have been working my passage ever since. Thought there'd be some good jobs in my line—bad times. Then, too, I've not had too good luck with my health. Went blighty in San Francisco in fact. When I came out I was worse than stony. Then I ran into this job, and here I am. I'll get enough out of this, and a little better, to get me home."

They chattered on for nearly an hour, all reticences of age, of race and of temperament swept away by this backwash of heroic moments from the past. Betsy and her brother sat silent, watching. At length Arbuthnot glanced at the lowering sun.

"By Jove," he cried, "I'd no idea! I must be getting back. I've my day's report to write up. I told Maxon I'd just run out to see if I could borrow some fishin' tackle."

"Why, certainly!" cried Marshall heartily. "We've any amount!"

Arbuthnot looked embarrassed again.

"It was an excuse, really," said he. "I wouldn't have the cheek ——"

"Nonsense!" Marshall grinned at the recollection of what had been the other's real errand. "Do you really want some? What sort? Are there any trout?"

"Trout!" almost shouted Arbuthnot. "There's a lake back here about two miles that's full of them. And big ones! With proper tackle, a man could have the grandest sport in the world!" His eyes were shining. "I've cut a way up there in my time off, but I haven't a thing but a few old fishhooks and a piece of cuttyhunk. I tie it onto a willow pole. It's criminal!" He laughed. "I tried to make me some flies on those old hooks, but I couldn't do anything with them. The only thing was to use the garden hackle and drag them out by main strength. It was criminal. Except a fish occasionally to eat, I've given it up."

"Haven't they any tackle at all?" queried Marshall.

"They!" ejaculated the other contemptuously.

"Well, I should think you might send out for some."

"We never send out; we have our supplies for the season."

"Garden hackle?" queried Betsy, catching back at an unfamiliar term.

"Worms, Mrs. Marshall," grinned Arbuthnot. "Why, if you really like fishin'," he returned instantly to Marshall, "I'll show you some sport fit for a king!"

"I've never had much luck with a fly on these lakes so late in the season," said Marshall doubtfully.

"This one is very cold. And there's a trick—possibly you know it—a wee little spinner, no larger than a threepence."

"I don't fancy spinner fishing much. If they don't come to a fly, I generally let them alone," submitted Marshall.

"Same here. But this is what I mean: You tie on your drop fly, and then in the tail loop you tie your little spinner. The spinner gets their attention and then they take the fly. You don't want a big spinner; just a flick of metal that won't interfere with your cast in the least."

"I never heard of that," said Marshall, interested. "I'd like to try that."

He jumped up.

"I want to show you something pretty," said he. "Wait a minute."

He popped below and popped back again, carrying a round fiber case a trifle more than a foot in length.

"Great thing for the brush," he explained as he opened it. "You can wear it on your belt where it's out of the way."

"A belt rod?" said Arbuthnot. "They may be all right, but I don't quite fancy them. Bad action."

"Wait until you see this one," urged Marshall. "Look here!" He produced one of the lengths. "See how it's made. The bamboo is bulged ever so slightly between the ferrules. That compensates for the metal, and the result is, she springs evenly the whole length." He rapidly fitted the pieces together and triumphantly handed the rod to the other. "Four and a half ounces," said he, "and if you ever had a sweeter acting three-piece—or two-piece, for that matter—in your hands, I'll throw it overboard!"

Arbuthnot whipped the slender wand back and forth, watching critically the curve of its bend. He rested the tip delicately against the yacht's rail and bent it in an arc.

"Wait until I string her up!" cried Marshall. "Give her here." He set the reel in place and ran the lines out through the guides. "Try her," he urged. "Here, you can get room for a cast over this way."

He started for the port side forward of the awning. X. Anaxagoras interposed quietly.

"Pardon me," he suggested; "if you're going to try that thing, would you mind doing it on the other side of the boat?"

"Certainly; but why?" asked Marshall, staring at him, puzzled.

"There's a better view."

"View?"

"Yes—from the shore," said X. Anaxagoras blandly. "I understood Mr. Arbuthnot that he had told Maxon he had come off to borrow fishing tackle. Why not gratify that worthy gentleman by letting him see him doing it?"

Neither enthusiast paid attention to the proper purport of this remark. They merely moved abstractedly to the starboard side.

"Mind your back cast with the rigging!" warned Marshall.

Arbuthnot began to manipulate the rod, lengthening the line in the air before laying it on the water. It was instantly evident that he knew the business. The line was taken up by a strong flick of the wrist; at exactly the moment its flying weight had bent the rod backward to its maximum, the wrist flicked forward again. The line, describing a graceful loop, came forward, straightened out. Arbuthnot checked the motion of the rod with a delicate twist. The line's end settled softly as a thistledown upon the water. Farther and farther it reached out, until it was falling a good sixty feet from the yacht's side.

"By Jove, you can cast!" exclaimed Marshall admiringly.

"Four and a half ounces, you say?" sighed the Australian at last, reeling in. "It's a wonder! And wouldn't one of those three-pounders give you a time on that!"

"Three pounders! Do they run that big?"

"I've caught them. And some may go larger."

"By Jove, we must have an expedition!" cried Marshall.

"By Jove, we must!" cried Arbuthnot

They gazed into each other's eyes ecstatically.

"Now I must be going," said Arbuthnot after a moment.

"But you're going to stay for dinner, of course," struck in Betsy.

Arbuthnot glanced down at himself.

"I'm all amuck," he objected. "Thank you, but I'd better not."

"We shall not dine for a half hour; go and change. We shan't let you off."

"Well, thank you, I will." He moved toward his small boat.

X. Anaxagoras stepped forward.

"Here," said he, "don't forget this."

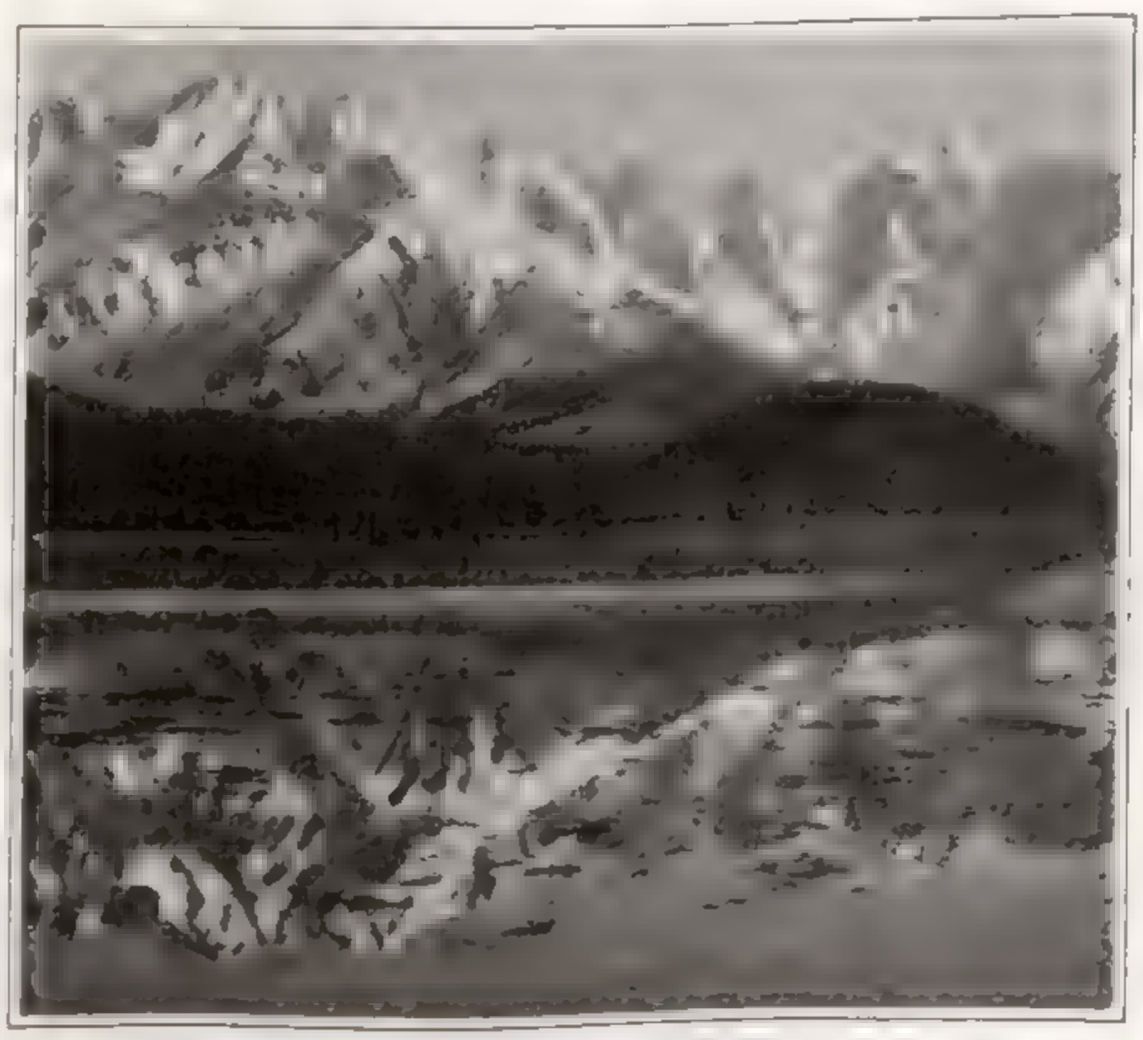
He thrust toward the other a rod in a case and a handful of miscellaneous reels, lines and nets.

"But what does he want of that?" cried Marshall. "Good Lord, Sid, that's salmon tackle!"

"It's the first I saw," explained X. Anaxagoras firmly. "I didn't take time to look. He came to borrow fishing tackle, and fishing tackle he's going to borrow. I don't believe the revered Maxon knows a fishing rod from a gill net; and I believe always in fulfilling one's promises, especially to stern parents or employers. It adds, as one of our great statesmen once said, an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

Arbuthnot looked up as though startled. For an instant he and the healer of souls looked deep into each other's eyes. Then he took the tackle.

"Thanks awfully," he muttered embarrassedly, and leaped into his boat.



(TO BE CONTINUED)

The new "*Pit and Pendulum*"...

...*and the ending you can write*

A message for American women from
MARGARETTA TUTTLE

"What does America need most?"

The question had scarcely been asked before Mrs. Tuttle answered: "More modern women—millions of them. And by 'modern' I do not mean the poetry-reading flappers who fill the fiction pages. They are merely today's expression of a type that has been with us since Eve," and Mrs. Tuttle smiled. "No, today's world differs from yesterday's chiefly in the mechanical and material advantages it offers. A 'modern' woman is one who turns these advantages to good account.

"You would think all women would do this. But do they? Let me read one paragraph from a letter received this morning. It was written by a woman in a certain mid-western city, a woman who has been trying for months to organize a Women's City Club in her town. Here's what she says:

"'It is extremely discouraging for I had counted on success. But what can I do? Nine out of ten women are "too busy"—they "have no time." Between children and housework every minute is taken. And our city certainly does need the very kind of club I had hoped to organize. There is so much work—so much good—to be done if only our women could find time to do it.'"

Mrs. Tuttle replaced the letter in her desk. For a moment she was silent.

"Do you remember," she asked suddenly, "that tale of Poe's, 'The Pit and the Pendulum,' in which a man lies bound to the floor of a dungeon while a pendulum swings above him, slowly ticking the approach of death? Every time I meet a woman who 'has no time,' every time I visit one in her home, I think of this story. For these women, in their daily lives, are living again Poe's tale.

"The four walls of their homes shut them in as effectively as a dungeon. Housework holds them there with bonds stronger than any made of hemp. And always as they turn from wash-tub to broom, and from broom to kitchen range, their eyes are on the clock, with its pendulum slowly ticking, slowly ticking—monotonously warning that 'life is passing, life is passing.'

"And it's all so uselessly tragic! Almost all of these women could, in a trice, write an ending to their 'pit and pendulum' existence. For the world is full of household helps that will take drudgery out of the home, give to women the time that rightfully is theirs. Why, the laundry alone would save them a whole day a week!

"And how the world needs this day! Club and charity work, church and civic activities—these are no longer merely pleasures and privileges, they are obligations. Naturally they will always be second in women's hearts to home and family, but even home and family are best served by the woman who gives some time to outside duties. For, through club and community work, she is not only helping to make the world a safer, cleaner, healthier place for her children, but she is gaining for herself a broader outlook on life that will make her a better partner to her husband, a better mother to her children.

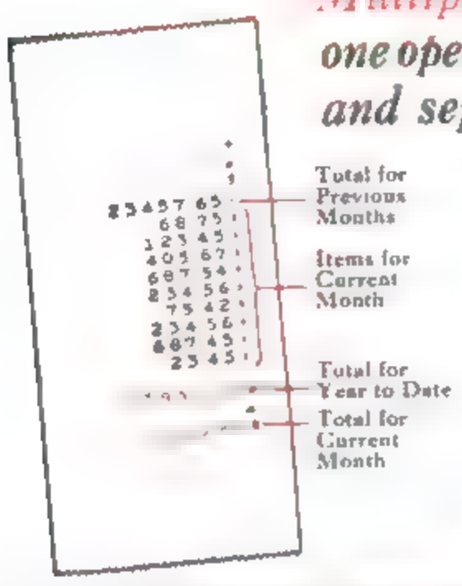
"Am I too emphatic? I do not think so. I do not think I can make it too strong. For as soon as a woman learns to utilize modern time-saving helps—as soon as she becomes truly 'modern'—just so soon will she discover, not only a new freedom and happiness for herself, but the means to a brighter, better world for others."

Probably no modern household help saves so much time or is so widely used as the laundry. Through it, more than two million women have gained a new day a week—a day for rest or recreation, for club, church or community work.

This modern laundry service is all the more valuable because of the variety of forms in which it is offered. Completely ironed services, partially ironed services, a service in which clothes are returned snowy white and damp, ready for ironing at home—you can choose from all of these the service that best fits your family's needs, that best suits your household budget. Today, telephone one of the modern laundries in your city and secure for yourself its saving help.

Published in the interest of the public and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Multiplex" Additions...*Producing in one operation accumulated totals to date and separate totals for day or month*

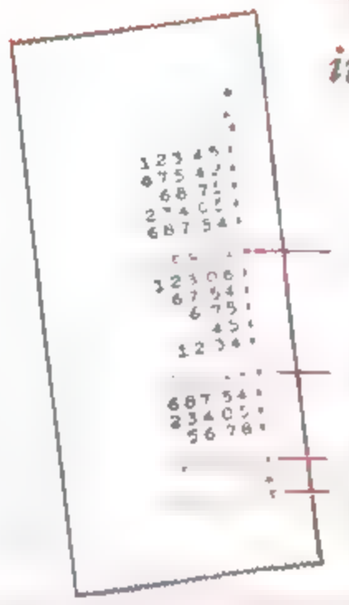


1—Adding previous months' expenses and current month's expenses, securing total expenses to date and total expenses for current month.

2—Adding previous months' sales and current month's sales, securing total sales to date and total sales for month.

And many others

"Multiplex" Additions...*Producing in one operation separate totals and grand totals*



1—Adding sales by clerks, securing total for each clerk and grand total.

2—Adding manufacturing costs on jobs produced, securing the total for each job and the grand total for all jobs.

3—Adding railroad ticket sales by agencies, securing total for each agency and grand total.

4—Adding taxes by classification, securing total for each classification and grand total.

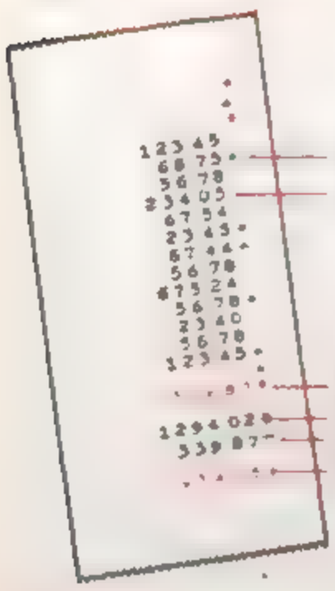
5—Adding value of inventories by classification, securing total for each classification and grand total.

And many others

All these

The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex"—capacity 999,999,999 in each of its "Multiplex" applications

"Multiplex" Additions...*Adding two separate groups of figures in one operation*



1—Adding debit and credit items at the same time, securing a total of each.

2—Adding weights and values at the same time, securing a total of each.

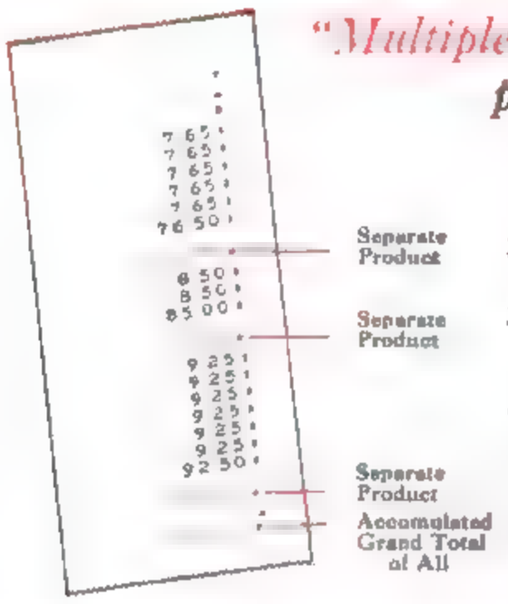
3—Adding salesmen's sales and expenses at the same time, securing a total of each.

4—Adding checks and deposits at the same time, securing a total of each.

And many others

"Multiplex" Subtractions...*Subtracting one amount from another regardless of whether or not balance is positive or negative*

NOTE: The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" is the only adding-calculating machine possessing direct positive and negative subtraction—subtraction by mere pressure of a key. The machine will even subtract a larger number from a smaller, printing the true negative answer and indicating it in red with red minus sign



"Multiplex" Multiplications ... Making separate extensions, producing product of each and grand total of all in one operation

1—Extending items on sales invoice, securing total of each extension and grand total of entire invoice.

2—Extending inventory, securing total of each extension and grand total of all extensions.

3—Extending costs by operations, securing total for each operation and grand total for all operations.

4—Extending payrolls, securing earnings of each employee and grand total for all employees.

5—Extending interest on notes, securing interest on each note and grand total of all interest.

6—Prorating expenses by departments, securing amount for each department and grand total of amounts prorated as a proof.

7—Extending savings account interest, securing amount of interest on each item of account and grand total of interest on all items of account.

And many others

NOTE: The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" is the only adding-calculating machine to perform these problems in a manner that is commercially practical.

problems . . . *and countless others*

—no limit to figure problems on which practically half in time and work is saved by the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex"

Glance at the problems herein listed. On most adding-calculating machines other than the "Multiplex" all of them require two or more operations.

The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" cuts "cross-lots" to the answer, performs all these tasks in a single operation, and saves practically half in time and work.

The secret lies in the "Multiplex" construction of the machine, in which are embodied two or more complete adding-calculating machines, all controlled by the single simplified 10-key scientifically correct "touch method" Dalton keyboard.

Of course, the range of work accomplished by this newest Dalton is not limited to problems of the character shown here. Applications are infinite; savings incalculable.

Phone the Dalton Sales Agent for a demonstration of the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" in your own office, on your own work. And ask to see "THE MEASURING ROD," an understandable presentation of mechanical and operative facts that enables the business man to make his own comparison of the relative merits of various adding-calculating machines. Folder on request.

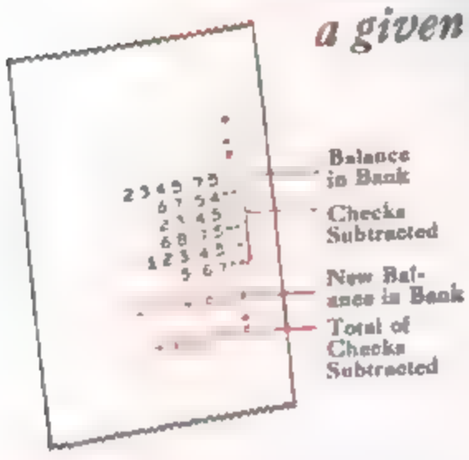
THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE SALES COMPANY, *Cincinnati, Ohio,* U. S. A.

Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Company, Toronto and Branches · *Sales Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World*

Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING · BOOKKEEPING · STATEMENT AND "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES

"Multiplex" Subtractions and Additions... Subtracting a series of figures from a given amount and adding amounts subtracted in one operation



1—Subtracting checks from bank balance, securing new balance and total of checks subtracted.

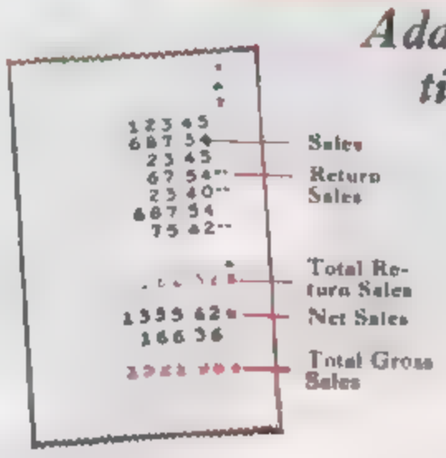
2—Subtracting disbursements from given fund, securing balance in fund and total amount of disbursements.

3—Subtracting returns, allowances, discounts, etc., from sales, securing net amount thereof and total amount of reductions.

4—Subtracting items of expense from gross profit, securing net profit and total amount of expense.

And many others

"Multiplex" Additions and Subtractions... Adding and subtracting at the same time, securing net remainders and total of subtracted items



1—Adding cash received, subtracting items paid out, securing net balance and total of cash paid out.

2—Adding sales by salesmen, subtracting discounts or allowances, securing net sales by salesmen and total of discounts or allowances.

And many others

LAND-OWNERS · BUCCANEERS · DIPLOMATS

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, only men of wealth could afford to dress well. When the Land-Owner came to town, he came in festive mood—willing to be tortured by his raiment if his looks could light the landscape.

The Buccaneer was the trader, the bootlegger, the swaggering plutocrat of his day. When he came on shore, *off* went his picturesque pirate clothes, and *on* came the choker collar, the throttling weskit, and the clinging flop-tail coat.

The Diplomat of those days—like some politicians today—was usually a Money-Bags who liked looking stately. He, too, laid his blood-pressure and even his wind on the altar of the Great God Style.

Today no man can afford *not* to dress well . . . Therefore dressing well has developed into the art of ease in attire.

So you find today's dominant, most authentic note—*the survival of the smartest*—in the Van Heusen Collar.

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK

12 STYLES

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest COLLAR

30 CENTS

The Van Heusen is one single piece of [illegible] fabric. Nothing sewed together—no starch. [illegible] in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and [illegible] in

[illegible] Van Heusen Collar attached. Made in [illegible], pleated, [illegible]

THE FOOT OF THE CLASS

(Continued from Page 5)

Terrance opened the door and stepped backward across the threshold.

"I know," he said. "I won't forget. Some boys were made for schoolin' and some were made for fightin'. I'm goin' away for good. Good-by, aunt."

He closed the door behind him and pounded down the dirty dim-lit stairs, one flight, two flights, before he heard Aunt Bridget's voice.

"Terrance! Come back, boy! You ain't ugly, Terrance! I wasn't meanin' that!"

But it was too late. The stairs were behind him. The street outside seemed like a strange street. The crowd was like a strange crowd. The breeze from the harbor was damp and salt, as it sometimes is on a New York night.

IV

MINNIE was at home with the Katsfuss family, two blocks away. She must have been listening, and she must have known Terrance's step, for she was on the stair landing beneath the gaslight to meet him. The stair landing was the only place that Minnie had to meet the boys. She was leaning forward, the better to see down the dingy stairs. She was slender and dark, and clad in a cheap silk dress with black and red spots on it; but her dress seemed very beautiful, the way all things sometimes seem on the sex that rocks the world. For Terrance, she might have been another Beatrice on the stairs that night. Her voice, still shrill as it was in school, was sweet to Terrance's ears as the sweetest note that ever lute has played.

"Say, you got a noive ——" began Minnie, and then she paused in a startled way, as though she guessed life was on the march that night.

"Minnie," said Terrance, "I want to ask you somethin'."

"Sufferin' cats!" said Minnie. "So you've been fightin' again, just like Martin told me!" Without replying, Terrance stepped up to the landing beside her. "Gee, and you got a black eye, too!" said Minnie. "Ouch! Now, Terrance—now you leave go my hand!"

"Min," said Terrance brokenly, for his breath was coming fast, "do you remember school?"

"Say," demanded Minnie, "do I look like I'm losing my mind? Terrance, now you got to stop. Somebody might see you! Oh, my, how black your eye is!"

"Never mind my eye," Terrance's face grew red. "Won't you listen to me? Minnie, won't you hold still? Minnie, do you remember the guy who missed the word? Minnie, do you love me?"

He had asked her. It was all in the balance. Minnie looked at him, and she seemed as genuinely surprised as though she had never guessed, and her answer was like a woman's answer, without point or reason.

"Can you beat it?" she murmured. "First it's Martin, and now it's you."

"He—he asked you?"

Terrance dropped Minnie's hand as though it was uninsulated wire. For some reason Minnie seemed strangely shaken.

"The two of you at once," said Minnie. "When Martin was here tonight ——"

"He was here?" Terrance's one good eye was round. "Here?—after me beatin' him up behind the power house here tonight?"

"Now, Terrance," retorted Minnie, "you didn't beat him. It was you Martin said he beat, and—and Martin asked me just what you asked me, just before you came."

"Is that so?" Terrance thrust his head forward, stirred by another passion. "He said that, did he? And he had the face, did he, to come here and ask—and ask do you love him?"

"Ouch!" cried Minnie. "Let go of me!" For Terrance had seized her shoulders. "Anyway, he's got more face than you."

"Minnie," gasped Terrance, "you tell me what you told him. Minnie, don't you hear?"

There was a moment's silence, and the sounds of other inmates of the building came dimly to their ears, the raucous voices of grown-ups, the thin voices of children.

"I told him," began Minnie—and she looked at Terrance in a frightened way, and Terrance, too, looked frightened—"I told him I didn't know. Honest, Terrance, please let go! Ouch! Your fingers hurt!"

Terrance bent his head close to hers, and the black and red spots on her dress swam before his eyes.

"And what about me?" he asked. "Minnie, won't you tell me?"

There was another silence. Minnie looked up at him and stood very still, and all the wheels of justice seemed to stop. Destiny itself was pausing on the stairs while Minnie paused to think.

"I don't know," she said at last; "honest, I don't know. How can a girl make up her mind with two boys like you around?"

Minnie's voice had a catch in it. Tears came into her eyes, her fingers pulled aimlessly at her dress, and then she began to cry.

"Don't you see?" sobbed Minnie. "How can I think, when I see Martin an' then I see you? First it's you and then it's Martin. Honest, I've tried and tried! I used to be glad that two of the biggest fellows was sweet on me. I used to be proud to have you fighting, like any girl would, but it gets me frightened now. I don't know which of you I like. Sometimes it's you and sometimes it's Martin. If only one of you was away, I know I'd like the other—if only one of you was away."

Terrance blinked his eye. He was no longer holding Minnie's shoulders. He was too busy holding his thoughts in check, and Minnie's sobs kept breaking on his thoughts.

"If one of us was away," murmured Terrance. "If one of us was away."

Minnie was still sobbing. It was like women. He never could get anything out of them or understand what they meant. Only one thing that Minnie said was clear.

"If one of us was away," repeated Terrance.

"Oh, don't!" sobbed Minnie. "It's just what Martin said."

"He did, did he?" said Terrance. "And where is he now?" Minnie snatched at his arm, but Terrance shook free with a swing of his shoulder that came near carrying Minnie off her feet. "So Martin's thinking about it too, is he?" Terrance squinted his eye and raised his voice. "Is that so? Well, I know where he is—down at the pool parlor, where he always is."

"Terrance ——" began Minnie. Her call was tremulous and her face was pale, but Terrance was leaving.

"Wait for me, kid," called Terrance. "I'm the boy who missed the word. Don't worry. I'll be back."

"Terrance!" called Minnie. "Terrance!"

But her voice soared into emptiness and mingled with her sobs. Terrance was already gone along the new road he had taken, whose ending he never guessed.

V

JOE GARRITY, who ran the Bijou Pool Room, had led a varied career and knew life better than he knew the use of words. There was nothing bijou remotely connected with his pool room. It was a low-studded, tobacco-filled place close to the river downtown; nor was there a bijou influence in Joe Garrity's thoughts and deeds.

He was fat and bald, with a face that ran to creases and loose skin. He seldom moved from his chair near the door, but once he had seen the world. He had been a sailor first, and then a light-heavyweight, back in Jeffries' time, which made his place a romantic place, and made him a man's man, capable of understanding men. Ships' officers came to talk to him, and callow youth listened to his wisdom and admired his hardened features.

The Bijou was better than the Boys' Settlement Club or any of those places. There was a solace in the cigar smoke and in the sight of clumsy-handed men who spoke of ships. There was a freedom from restraint and a lack of embarrassing questions.

When Terrance arrived at the Bijou, it was early still; but Martin was there already, knocking the balls at one of the tables. Despite a swollen spot on Martin's jaw and an abrasion on his cheek, he was handsome. He was washed and brushed, and his black hair was slick and shining. Sprawled on the benches by the tables were several other boys, puny and weak compared with Martin, who followed his motions with an adoring, wondering gaze. Joe Garrity was sitting a little apart, talking to a corpulent gray-jowled old man who wore a greasy visor cap.

"Now fancy that, captain," Mr. Garrity was saying. "These social workers complaining of my place! Ain't it orderly? Ain't it quiet? Boys will be boys—that's what I told 'em. How can I help a little noise?"

Terrance saw it all in a flash as he slammed the door behind him. He saw the old man in the visor cap look up, and he saw Joe Garrity hitch himself out of his seat.

"Easy!" began Mr. Garrity. "Easy there!"

Terrance, however, did not listen. He had seen Martin McCloy, and Martin's slick hair, Martin's white collar and Martin's cynical grin obscured all other sights.

"Martin," said Terrance, "come out behind that table!"

Martin was not the boy to wait. Electricity was in the air. There was a clatter as Martin's billiard cue hit the floor, and a shout and a scuffle of feet.

"Hold him!" roared Joe Garrity. "Hold him, boys!"

They caught him just in time. Joe Garrity, puffing and spluttering, thrust his shoulders between them.

"At it again!" he bellowed. "Can you beat it? They're at it again! Break away now! Break, I tell you, or I'll call in the cops!"

Arms and bodies were all that kept Terrance and Martin separated. They faced each other, half a yard apart, straining to get closer.

"Push 'em apart, boys!" panted Mr. Garrity. "Captain! Captain! Won't you give us a hand?"

He was addressing the old man in the visor cap, who still leaned against the wall.

"Hell's bells!" replied the captain in a rumbling voice. "Hell's bells, why stop 'em? They look even. What's the matter, Joe? Lock the door and let 'em have it out."

"Man," replied Mr. Garrity with frantic gesture, "I can't stand more complaints. I've been letting them have it out ever since they wore short pants. It's gettin' tiresome lettin' 'em fight. I can't afford it. They're givin' the place a name."

"A name, eh?"

It was the captain again; at least he had been called so. Terrance twisted about and stared at him curiously. In the back of Terrance's mind a new thought was whirling, as bright as inspiration.

"Say," he demanded, "are you the captain of a ship?"

"I am, boy," the other answered. "Master of the H. H. Ennis, leavin' tonight for Java. What's that to you?"

What was it to him? Terrance looked at Martin and Martin stared straight back. Though Martin did not speak, Terrance knew he understood.

"Captain," said Terrance, "could you take another one along? You see that feller over there? One of us has got to leave this town—one of us, tonight."

The captain pulled a cigar from his vest pocket and bit off the end.

"I could," he said. "I need deck hands."

"Terrance," cried Martin, "you've been seein' Minnie!"

"So it's a girl, is it?" It was the captain again. At last he was on his feet, moving ponderously toward them. "I might have known. I used to be young once. Joe, go and lock the door."

"What's that?" said Mr. Garrity.

"Don't you see?" The captain's voice was louder. "Lock the door, and the one who gets licked goes away on the H. H. Ennis."

Mr. Garrity put his hand to his head. Things were going too fast for him to grasp them, but Terrance understood and Martin understood. Martin's eyes flashed and he nodded violently.

"Terrance," he cried, "you're wise tonight! I'm on if you're on! The one who gets licked goes!"

"You mean," said Joe Garrity slowly, "one of you wants to go away? What for?"

"It's a girl," growled the captain, "and I need a deck hand. That's what for."

"This town ain't big enough to hold us both," said Terrance. "You know what's been happening. We can't go fighting all the time."

"Can't you be friends?" remonstrated Mr. Garrity. "Come now, you're both good boys. Can't you make up?"

"No!" cried Terrance.

"No!" roared Martin.

Joe Garrity scratched his head and pursed his lips.

"Well," he said, "I don't like it. Terrance can't fight with a bad eye."

"Just you watch!" said Terrance.

"I don't want to get into trouble," said Mr. Garrity.

"There won't be no trouble," said Martin. "The one who gets licked will go sure. Terrance, ain't that so?"

Mr. Garrity took off his coat and rolled back his sleeves.

"Move back the tables," he said. "Captain, I don't like it, but I will. Jim, put the Closed For the Night sign on the door. Let the boys go and let 'em take off their coats."

No bungling marked the preparations. The tables were pushed back so that there was a space beneath a hanging electric lamp.

"Just one more fight," said Mr. Garrity with a sigh. "It's kind of comical, when you two have punched each other here so often."

Martin and Terrance had removed their coats, their shirts and their shoes. It was a pretty sight to see their muscles ripple across their shoulders. Mr. Garrity looked sadly at them both.

"I always thought you'd get over it if I just kept lettin' you come here and have it out. I wonder, will you miss it, boys?"

The creases in his face grew deeper and he paused to clear his throat.

"Fighting over a girl," he said. "Just like I used to fight, and girls ain't everything—I know. You're just kids or you'd know it too. Can't you make it up, boys?"

"No!" said Terrance.

"No!" said Martin.

"Step out here then," said Mr. Garrity, "and see you remember what I taught you. Shake hands! Shake hands, I tell you!"

Their hands moved forward reluctantly and touched. For a moment they stood beneath the light in a friendly attitude, their heads exactly on a level, their faces close.

"Good-by, old bozo," said Martin.

"Good-by, you bum," said Terrance.

"I hope you don't get seasick, kid." Martin's teeth flashed in a smile.

"Don't worry about the waves," said Terrance pleasantly. "You won't wake up, buddy, till you're across the water."

"Any message for Minnie?" asked Martin politely.

"I'll tell her," said Terrance, "to send you a picture card and a roll of stickin' plaster."

Mr. Garrity stepped hastily between them.

"Break when I tell you," he directed. "Don't hit coming out of clinches. Go to it, boys!"

Martin's face was all that Terrance saw. His world was Martin's eyes. They were at it again, forgetful of past and present, like artists with their art. They were a pretty sight, for practice had made them nearly perfect. They ducked and slipped and countered. Their feet went pad-pad on the floor in time with the intake of their breath. They exchanged rights to the head which only youth could give and take. Their fists went smash against each other's ribs. For two minutes, for three minutes, they were a beautiful sight to see, and there was magic in their motions. If Terrance had not had a black eye, it might have gone on much longer.

His spirit was willing. He bounded back and forth, lithe as a willow in spite of his weight. But he was done for. At the end of three minutes Martin opened a cut above the one eye which Terrance had left to use. Terrance drew a sharp breath and shook his head. A trickle of blood down his face was beginning to blind him. His arm shot out in a panic. His motions grew less sure, almost groping.

"Good-by, old bozo," said Martin between his teeth.

Terrance felt his heart pounding and his mouth was dry. He stepped backward and raised his hand to wipe the blood away. Martin McCloy laughed, and there was triumph in his laughter, which shook Terrance worse than blows.

"Break!" cried Mr. Garrity. "Let him wipe his eye."

"Nothin' doin'," answered Martin breathlessly. "It's tough, but it's him or me."

His fist shot to Terrance's head and Terrance reeled. Martin struck again and his voice sounded far away.

"Good-by, kid. It's tough you're not yourself, but you're the one who started it. Good-by!"

. . . . . .

"Any message for Minnie?"

It was Martin's voice he first heard, more invigorating than the cold water that someone splashed upon his face. Terrance could

see again. Martin McCloy was bending over him and Joe Garrity held his head. Terrance sat up, but the room was moving dizzily.

"You hit me," he said, "when I went to wipe my eye."

"Here." It was the captain speaking. Terrance saw him dimly, a cloudy, formless shape. "Give him a swallow of this. I've been looking for a deck hand. Drink it, boy. You'll be all right." A tumbler was at his lips. "He'll be quiet now. Call a taxicab."

Terrance looked at Martin. Whatever it was he had taken made him feel no better, and his voice was dreamy and weak.

"I stopped to wipe my eye," he said. "You wait till I get back! You wait!"

"Any message for Minnie?" repeated Martin.

"Tell her I'll be there." Terrance's voice fell sleepily. "Tell her—I'm the boy—who missed the word." And he sank backward on the floor. Terrance was going away.

VI

"TIME for us to go,
An' then it seemed to all of us
'Twas time for us to go."

A heavy voice was ringing through the unconsciousness that held him, and Terrance struggled upward toward the voice like a swimmer struggling upward from the bottom:

"Time for us to go,
Time for us to go;
An' then it came to all of us
'Twas time for us to go."

He knew he was going somewhere. The recollection floated through his aching head. A fetid smell of close air and unwashed bodies came to his nostrils and sickened him.

He opened his eye—the only eye that seemed to function. He was up in the air, suspended seemingly in dim, evil space. A heavy leather-like face was level with his and a hand was pulling at his matted hair. And Terrance's thoughts still struggled in a mesh of the past.

"Teacher," he mumbled, "what is it you're teachin' me now?"

"Hey!" roared the face. "Tumble out, you bucko! It's time for us to go!"

A pungent aura of whisky was wafted across Terrance and it made him sicker still. He pulled himself into a sitting posture. His head struck something above him and he fell sideways. He staggered uncertainly to his feet, but his memory was coming back, confused and slow.

"Minnie," he said. "Minnie."

He was in a dark smelling place that spun like a merry-go-round. He could see rows of bunks along the wall. A bull-necked man in a jersey stood in front of him, grasping him by the collar.

"Minnie, is it? To —— with the Minnies, bucko! There ain't no Minnies here, and there won't be no Minnies till we coal at Said, and then they'll be all black."

"Who are you?" asked Terrance. "Let go my collar!"

"Who am I?" The man in front of Terrance grinned. "I'm boson of the H. H. Ennis, leaving New York Harbor, that's who I am."

Terrance's memory returned and left him sick and weak. The smells, the vibration of the floor beneath him, had a sudden meaning.

"It ain't fair," said Terrance. "He—he hit me when I went to wipe my eye."

"Come off with you and shut your mouth," replied the other. "The Old Man wants to sign you. Break out an' get the air!"

Terrance crawled up an iron ladder, painfully, step by step. The light above dazzled him. The air whipped at his blood. He paused and stared about him, and several men with paintbrushes looked in curiously at his blood-smeared, sallow face:

"'Time for us to go,' the boson sang,
And then it came to all of us
'Twas time for us to go."

Terrance did not speak; only his mind was speaking

"Minnie!" it kept saying. "Minnie!"

He was on a ship. He could see a stumpy mast above his head, and a funnel pouring smoke, and everything quivered and shook like a slow, vibrating pulse. Slowly he looked aft where the smoke was blowing, and gave a frightened gasp. There, far in the distance, so far that it was almost a vision, a cloudy mass of buildings was rising from a mist, and he knew them, though he had never been so far away

"Minnie!" he whispered. "Minnie!"

And though his whisper was blown on the wind before he heard it, he found himself hoping she could hear.

Aft by the chart-house door, the captain stood with a long cigar in his teeth, staring at the sky. Terrance remembered him by his bulky shoulders and by the rough gray stubble on his jaw.

The captain looked at Terrance and nodded almost kindly.

"It wasn't fair!" cried Terrance. "He hit me when I stopped ——"

"Steady!" The captain's voice was like a parent's speaking to a wayward child. "No wild talk here, my boy! He was a clean quick-fighting lad, as nice as I ever see."

"Clean and quick!" Terrance forgot his aching head. "Is that so? You turn this ship around, Mister." Terrance raised a battered fist and swayed weakly, but his voice carried above the noises on the deck. "Won't you—won't you turn the ship around?"

"Take him to the cabin," said the captain. "He's feeling better now. Take him down and sign him on."

"Yes, sir, feelin' better," said the boson, and snatched at Terrance's arm. "Steady, bucko! There'll be other Minnies—an' it's time for us to go."

"How"—Terrance's words stumbled—"how far is it we're going?"

"How far?" The boson chuckled. "To hell and gone, my boy."

The vastness of it swayed him, for the boson's words rang true. To Terrance he was speaking of the infinite, of vague and unknown places, but Terrance had his spirit back.

"Hell and gone!" he cried. "It ain't far enough. I may be beat, but wait till I get back! You wait! Just wait!"

"Steady! Steady!" The boson's voice was sad and steady as the wind. "It ain't so far by land, boy, but it's a long, long way by sea. A long, long way by water, boy, and it's time for us to go."

VII

AND it was a long, long way by certain routes around the world and back. Terrance lived a song of Homer before he saw New York again, for other Ulysseses still make their voyages to other Ithacas, and other sirens, nymphs and Cyclops still lurk along the surf, and other Penelopes still wait and weave and ravel

It was May at Coney Island, and late in the afternoon. The air was cool as yet, but full of promise of genial times to come. A band was playing near the boardwalk, and further inland came shouts and rattles from huge machines of mechanical amusement. The boys and girls contrived to sit on the sand, two by two, and watch the surf in spite of the cool weather. And Minnie was there that afternoon, with Martin McCloy beside her. Martin had on a blue suit, neatly creased, and a gray fuzzy hat. Minnie wore a dress that was much too thin. Her hands were clasped about her knees, slightly pudgy hands which moved restlessly now and then, but her eyes were soft and tranquil

"Kid," said Martin, "are you happy?"

"Yes," said Minnie, "I guess so."

She was looking toward the horizon edge and not at Martin's square, cool face.

"Say," said Martin, "haven't I busted myself takin' you up and down the chute-the-chutes and on the steeplechase, and up to the moon, and down to the center of the earth? Ain't that enough to make anybody happy?"

Minnie stirred uneasily and shivered slightly, for her dress was very thin

"Martin," she said, "I wonder what he's doing now?"

Shall we sing a song of Homer? Is it true that thoughts fly around the world? It was noon at Port Said just then. Noon was on the sand and noon glowed from low mud walls. Terrance was hurrying along a narrow alley. The sun made his hair like flame and reddened his nose and cheeks. But a light of relief was in his eye. Before him, above a narrow doorway, was a roughly painted sign:

BAR
AMERICA SPOKE HERE

It was a low dark room with chairs and tables. A thin foreign-looking old man was inside. He looked with narrow eyes at Terrance's torn coat and cracked shoes. He was a queer man, but everything was queer.

(Continued on Page 133

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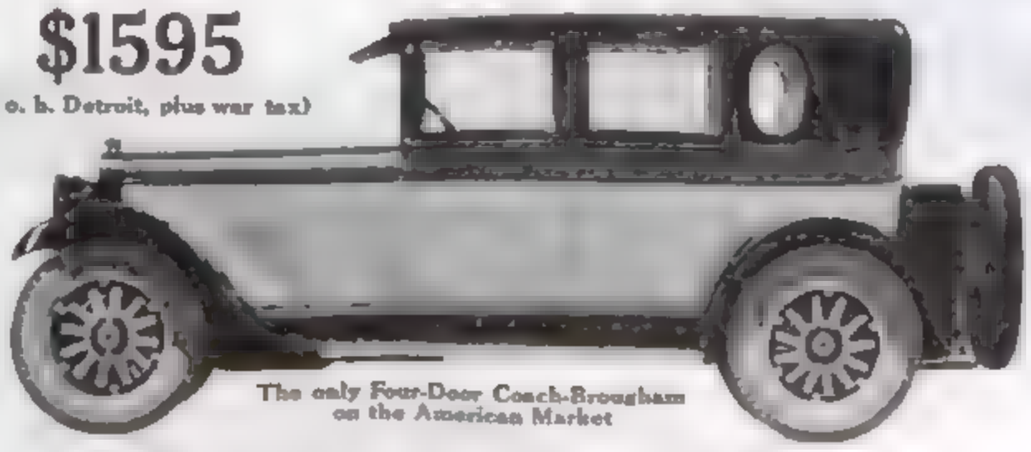

The only Four-Door Coach-Brougham on the American Market

(Continued from Page 130)

"What you want?" he asked suspiciously, in a curious, foreign voice.

"I want to ask a question," said Terrance. "Where's New York?"

The old man looked at Terrance's tousled hair and broad chest and sloping shoulders in an astonished way.

"Where's your ship?" he asked. "You are a sailor, yes?"

"To hell with my ship!" answered Terrance. "I jumped my ship. I want to know, where's New York?"

"New York?" The old man blinked and waved a thin hand vaguely. "New York is in America."

"Yes," said Terrance more loudly; "but where the hell's America?"

"Ah!" The old man smiled thoughtfully. "Ah! The gentleman wishes to go there? So, so. All right, I get you there, by Allah!"

He stepped quickly to a shelf and brought down a bottle and a glass.

"I'll get you there," he said. "Yes, yes. And now you are hot? You need a nice cool drink, by Allah!"

. . . . . .

It is a song of Homer we are singing. Voices awoke Terrance. Again his head was aching. He opened his eyes and started to his feet. He was back again in the forecastle of a ship, minus his coat and shoes. He stared at rows of new faces peering at him from tiers of bunks.

"Hey!" he called. "What ship is this?"

"Steady! Steady, boy!" someone said. "You're on the Mary Runkley, bound for Yokohama."

"Yokohama!" Terrance shook his head. "Say, is it near New York?"

A roar of laughter was his only answer—loud and puzzling laughter.

"Fellers," said Terrance, "what's the use in kiddin' a boy who don't know where he is? Honest, where's New York?"

"New York?" said someone. "New York? Why, New York's away to hell and gone!"

And once more everyone was laughing.

VIII

HELL and gone, the boson had said, is a long, long way by sea, where time and space mean nothing, and where men are lost like driftwood and wander from tide to tide. It was a long time before Terrance saw New York again, though he tried his best to get there, and always kept on trying.

And yet it did not seem so long in the monotony of months and years, for he knew he would get back. He was on a rust-smeared forward deck when he saw New York again. He was older and wiser, though his heart leaped and his head grew light when he saw it.

"Lookit!" cried Terrance. "There it is! I'm back all right, all right!"

Through vague wreaths of mist and smoke, Terrance saw the sight he had longed to see—tall buildings rising like castles of gods, distant, yet drawing nearer. They were the same, and it did not seem long since he had seen them last. He stood with his mouth half open, a towering, wide-eyed boy.

"Yes," he said; "yes, it's New York all right."

A deck hand beside him spat a stream of tobacco juice over the rail.

"Sure it's New York," he said. "What of it?"

"Nothin'," said Terrance. "But it's a hard place to get to once you get away. I've been tryin' to get here—if you knew how I've been tryin'!—and the luck always wrong. I've been to Capetown tryin', and to Rio, and I've been to London once. I don't know where I've been, but I always kept gettin' away the wrong way—you know how."

The deck hand nodded and appeared to understand.

"I know," he said. "I've been trying to get home twenty years and haven't got there yet. Things keep on interferin' one way or another."

"Ay, mate," said Terrance. "But now I'm steamin' in. . . . What's the matter with 'em? Why are we slackin' down?"

The buildings were growing clearer. It all seemed like an interlude, a wild, fantastic dream, now that it was behind him. Black faces, red faces, yellow faces—the land was closing them out. Spars and decks, and sky and water, wild, outlandish voices—they had only been visions on the road, and nothing in his life. He was no longer an atom wandering in vastness now that he was coming home. Terrance looked at his scarred and calloused hands, and his muscles moved heavily across his shoulders, and all the while his mind was speaking the word it had often spoken.

"Minnie!" it kept saying. "Minnie!"

"Ay," said Terrance Hobbs. "They drugged me in Lima and beat me up in Melbourne, and I got the fever in Manila and a broken leg at sea; but I'm coming back all right."

They were going down the Narrows, and the land was closing it out as wakening closes out a dream. He felt that nothing had been real. It could not have been real, for he was just the same.

He felt his heart beat faster. It was pounding like the engines on a stormy watch offshore. Niggers and white men, water as blue as bluing, black girls and white girls—they were nothing; all he had seen was nothing.

"Mate," said Terrance, and a wistful note in his voice that was almost like timidity made the deck hand stare at him, "will you tell me somethin'? What year is it, mate?"

"Huh?" Terrance saw the deck hand's eyes grow wide. "What's that? What year?"

"I know," said Terrance diffidently. "I know it sounds nutty, but I sorta been afraid to find out. I gave up askin' about it quite a while ago. I haven't liked to think about it, see?"

"Afraid to find out?" Incredulity made the other's answer loud. "Why, damme pink, you're loony! It's 1924."

Terrance took a step backward and passed his hand dazedly across his forehead.

"It's 1924!" he gasped, and the deck hand knew he was loony. Vaguely, Terrance was counting back.

"You're kiddin' me!" he cried hoarsely. "It can't be so long as that. Why, say, it couldn't have taken me that long to find New York! I couldn't have left four years ago!"

He saw the deck hand staring at him, and still he could not understand it. For a while he stood looking at his hands, and his mind cast gropingly about on distant courses, and everything ran together—faces, words and deeds. Time itself seemed compressed to Terrance, down to a mere blank pause; and then his eyes were bright again and his feet moved restlessly.

"Hey!" cried Terrance. "Why don't the Old Man push her in full speed? I've got to get ashore!"

Four years—it was not like four years. Aunt Bridget, the pool room—everything was fresh as yesterday, and his purpose held him still. Everything he was living for was beneath the haze among the buildings. A shout of laughter behind him made Terrance turn.

"Lookit!" cried someone. "The big red bozo's in a hurry, and he don't know what year it is—not what year!"

But Terrance was back at the rail again, staring down the harbor.

"An' what difference does it make," he cried, "when I'm coming just the same?"

They thought he was raving mad. Even the captain and the pilot on the bridge heard him and looked down amazed.

"Martin McCloy!" everyone heard Terrance's shout. "You're the one who did it, but I'm coming! I'm on my way!"

"Belay that noise!" The second mate snatched Terrance's collar. "What's the matter, man?"

"Nothin', mister," answered Terrance hoarsely. "But there's a guy I want to fight. He hit me when I went to wipe my eye." And Terrance looked so strangely that the second mate stepped back. "An' I've been tryin' four years to get at him, an' I'm in a hurry now."

IX

THE Seven Seas meant nothing and the mystery of watery space had done no good. Terrance was Terrance still, hopeful and firm as ever.

It was evening when Terrance got ashore. The street lights were on, and a halo of light was in the sky. After the motion of decks, the sidewalk was unsteady, causing Terrance to move with the rolling gait which is a legacy of salt water. Yet at every stride he felt new life surge through him, for he was on his way. To Terrance the smell of the streets was the smell he had always known. An Elevated train rattled above him with the same old restless sound. It seemed to him that he must have been dreaming, for nothing he saw was altered. He was moving through the streets he knew. The same crowd was pushing through them. The same shops were alight, and the push-carts were still lined against the sidewalks. He turned the corner, and there was School 37A staring down at him through darkened windows, and it made the illusion complete. Memories of pain and toil dropped from him and he felt absurdly young. He never thought of himself or of how he must have looked—a hatless, red-haired boy hurrying down the street. People stared after him, and someone called after him in an insulting voice, but Terrance did not care. He was on his way and that was all he knew, out of an interlude of nightmare and beyond all looks and calls. Suddenly Terrance gave a low cry and broke into a run. He was running toward a row of lighted windows. The Bijou Pool Room was still open.

Joe Garrity knew him. Joe Garrity had grown stouter, and the patch of hair that bordered his bald crown was gray, but it was evident that Mr. Garrity remembered.

"Terrance!" he cried, pushing himself out of his chair. "By the livin' spittin' Santa Claus, when did you get back?"

Then his voice failed him, as he stared at Terrance's wind-seared face and Terrance glared at him in a strange, fixed way.

"The boy's gone mad!" Mr. Garrity's speech ended in a whisper.

"Where's Martin?" The way Terrance spoke gave Mr. Garrity a creepy feeling. "Where's Martin McCloy?"

The whole room heard his call. Players at the tables turned toward him, and conversation was stilled automatically through that human prescience which foretells the approach of drama.

"Oh, my stars!" Mr. Garrity clutched at Terrance's arm. "Terrance, Terrance, you're not wantin' to fight again?"

"I asked you," cried Terrance, "where is he? Where's Martin McCloy?"

"Terrance," expostulated Mr. Garrity, "it's all over and done with. Can't you forget?"

"Forget?"

People were moving nearer, as fascinated as though some ferocious apparition had been conjured out of space. Some of them knew him, and some of them remembered. Terrance could see they remembered. He heard excited whispering and exclamations.

"Do I look like I'm forgettin'? What d'you think I'm here for?" Terrance swayed them, held them spellbound; yet he felt something queer in their silence. "Won't somebody answer me? Where's Martin McCloy?"

No one answered. Only a ring of curious faces stared at Terrance. Someone began to laugh, and someone else, until everyone was laughing. Terrance caught his breath. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He was home again, but nothing was right. Why were they all laughing?

"There, there!" Mr. Garrity was patting his shoulder soothingly. "There, boy! Don't make them all laugh at you. We're having a sort of a reception here tonight, and I'm glad you've come, but you can't fight Martin, boy. Why, Martin's ——"

"He's not dead, is he?"

Terrance's face was drawn with horror. But again everyone was laughing. It was sinister, the way they laughed. Surprise and weariness shook him.

"Fellers," he cried, "what's the use in laughing at a poor boy like me? Why do I always get the rough stuff? Have any of you ——"

His voice failed him for a second, and they must have seen the pathos and loneliness in his eyes.

"Have any of you been shipped away without a penny, without a friend? Ah, you think it's funny, do you? It ain't so funny as all that. Suppose you try it and try to get back home. Oh, it ain't funny, it ain't funny!"

"There, there!" interrupted Mr. Garrity. "It's done you good, it has. Boys ought to see the world, and you're a fine boy still. The boys aren't laughing at that. It's only to see you in here lookin' for Martin, when Martin's ——"

He paused and stared at Terrance incredulously.

"By thunder," he cried suddenly, "the boy don't know! Here, listen, boy!" Mr. Garrity was very kind. His heavy wrinkled hand was back again on Terrance's shoulder.

"Ain't you read the papers? No? Well, then you get this straight! You can't be looking for an argument with Martin."

But Terrance did not stop to listen. His heart had returned to its old savage beat.

"Is that so?" he said, with a warrior's rising inflection. "I can't, can't I? After runnin' all over the world to get at him? You show him to me and see if I can't!"

And just then there was a hush, a strange excited silence. Terrance moved a step forward, as everyone instinctively looked where he was looking.

"Martin!" cried Terrance hoarsely. "Martin McCloy!"

Out of a back room two men were coming, one a stranger to Terrance, a short prosperous-looking man, but Terrance knew the other. He was tall, and clad in a handsome new checked suit. A diamond stick pin glittered in his cravat and a stone ring was sparkling on his finger. His low tan shoes shone opulently and his black hair shone also. A gaudy sight, he was, a regal sight; but Terrance knew him in spite of all the glitter. It was Martin; it was Martin McCloy.

Everyone was stepping back as Martin approached, though Terrance could not see why, while Martin moved down the room with a regal smile, just as though he was the captain of a ship.

"Hey!" said Martin, and even his voice was superior. "What's all this? What's all the row in here?"

Then he saw Terrance, and stopped with one shining foot before the other. His hand gave a convulsive movement so that his ring sparkled like water.

"Terrance!" was all he said.

"You big stiff!" answered Terrance. "Don't look at me like that!"

"Are you trying to get fresh with me?" Martin moved nearer. "Don't you know what I am?"

"And what do I care what you are?" roared Terrance. "Now that I've got back!"

A confusion of sound interrupted them. Everyone was talking.

"Oh, my stars!" groaned Mr. Garrity. "It's just the same! Get ready to stop 'em, boys!"

"Martin!" cried the short man in a high voice. "Are you crazy! Think of what you're doing!"

But Martin McCloy still looked at Terrance and raised his hand with a lordly gesture.

"Shut up, the whole bunch of you! I can paddle my boat."

He threw back his head and expanded his chest.

"So you're back, are you?" he ended, with a light bantering laugh. "Well, that's all the good it does you, boy. You've not made much of yourself but do you know who I am? Shut up, all of you, an' let him be!"

There they stood in the smoky room, Martin glistening in his splendor, and Terrance in his ragged coat, each staring at the other, forgetful of where they were. And Martin smiled happily.

"Martin," said Terrance, "get that smile off your face and tell me quick, where's Minnie?"

Martin stopped smiling and looked quite sour.

"Minnie?" he answered. "Minnie? What's Minnie to you now? Not that she was ever anything—oh, no!"

"Hold him!" cried Mr. Garrity. A dozen hands stretched toward Terrance, but Martin laughed again.

"Leave him go," he said. "Do you hear me? Leave him go! I'm not afraid of him—never was afraid. Always was better than he was. I was always better."

"Martin," cried the short man—"Martin, you got to stop! You owe it to the public ——"

"Shut up, you!" roared Martin. "It's gonna be all right. Now, listen"—he turned back to Terrance—"don't you try to get funny with me, old doggo, or I'll knock you into next week. I can lick you with one hand tied behind me any time. Oh, I've been hoping you'd ease in so I could tell you. Who do you think you're talkin' to? Who do you think I am? Why, buddy, I'm light-heavyweight champion of the world!"

"You—you're what?"

Terrance stared at Martin in bewilderment. He felt numb and queer, and his knees were weak. He looked at Martin's diamond stick pin and lowered his eyes toward Martin's shoes.

"You're what?" he repeated, and the whole room seemed unsteady. For a moment he was unable to cope with thought.

"Aha!" Martin was laughing again. "I guess that slows you up!"

"Yes, Terrance," said Mr. Garrity, "it's right. He's champion of the world. I got him in the ring myself after you went away."

(Continued on Page 137)

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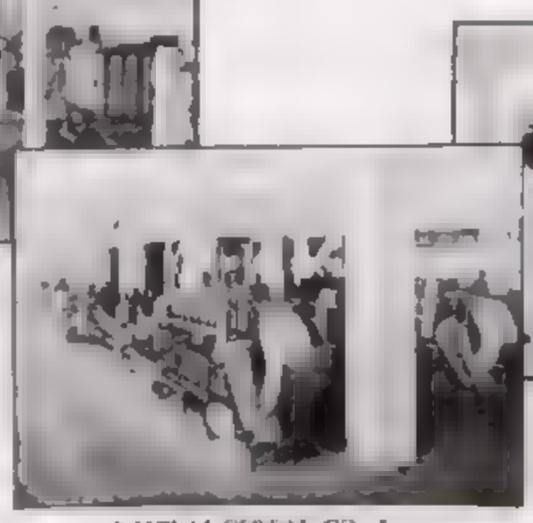

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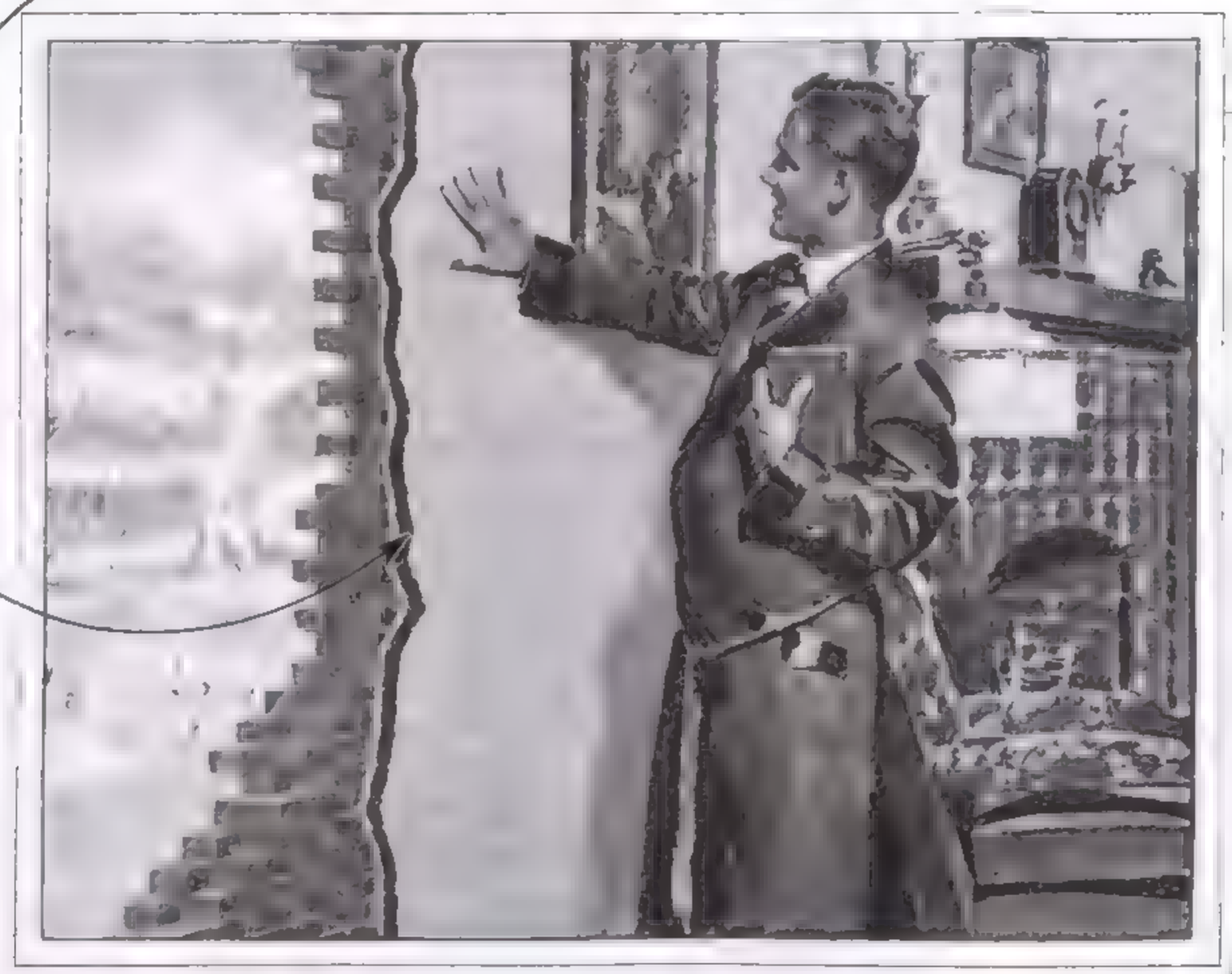

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This man has winter stopped, outside his house. His walls and roof are insulated—lined with Armstrong's Corkboard. Heat cannot get through cork as it does through ordinary building materials. It stays inside and the cold stays outside. With a *smaller heating plant* the whole house is comfortably heated, upstairs and down, at a saving of 25% to 30% in fuel bills.

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Armstrong's Nonpareil Corkboard Insulation

(Continued from Page 133

"And furthermore," said Martin, "I'm out of your class, see? But I'll do you a favor. I'll give you a chance to find it out. I'm waiting."

But Terrance did not move, and everyone was laughing.

"You're wise!" cried Martin. "I thought you'd know when to stop."

Slowly and uncertainly Terrance's lips were moving.

"The champion of the world!" he murmured. "The champion of the world! You're not kiddin' me? You the champion of the world? You—couldn't be!"

He did not seem to grasp it, but Martin made it clear.

"You don't believe it? Can't you read? Where've you been? You ask any of the boys if I'm not champion of the world."

But Terrance was Terrance still. His red head moved forward. His body trembled with unhallowed joy.

"Is that so?" he said. "What do you know about fightin'? I'll show you. You may be champion of the world when I'm away, you bum, but not when I come home."

Everything was clear again and straight Someone shouted a warning, but it was too late. Terrance's hand went upward with a jerk and Martin leaped back.

"Stop 'em!" cried Mr. Garrity. "Oh, Lord! They're at it again!"

Martin McCloy wiped a trickle of blood from his lips and snatched off his coat. Terrance stepped forward. It was the life once more to see Martin standing there.

"Champion of the world!" cried Terrance. "Not when I come home!"

"Martin!" shrieked the short man. "I'm your manager, and you've got to remember the public!"

"To hell with the public!" Martin was quite calm. "I'm an artist, see? I don't always want the money. Keep back! Don't try to stop it! Who wants a free exhibit? You watch me show him up! It ain't business, but I'm ready to oblige!"

"Come on," said Terrance. "Are you going to keep me waiting?"

Martin McCloy was never the boy for that.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Mr. Garrity. "They're just the same! Somebody lock the door! They're at it again!"

Both the boys were at it. An ocean voyage had done one of them no good, and for the other the passage of time was a failure. Martin came in with a snappy one-two, flush to the body and crack to the jaw, but he was slow in his get-away. The short man gave a frantic shout.

"Stop them!" he cried.

But he might as well have tried to stop the tide, for both the boys were at it.

"Shut up your noise!" gasped Martin

The blood was running from his nose and his shirt was smeared with crimson. They noticed that his face had a puzzled look, but Martin was not the boy to stop.

A minute later the outer world itself heard a curious piece of news. Officer McSweeney, the patrolman on the beat outside the Bijou Pool Room, was rudely interrupted by a short man tugging at his arm, and Mr. McSweeney was naturally indignant.

"What d'ye mean disturbin' me?" he demanded harshly. "Run along with you or I'll run you in."

"There's a fight down in the pool room," gasped the short man. "A fight!"

"And what's that to me?" demanded Mr. McSweeney.

"Not a regular fight," gasped the short man. "It's worse!"

Mr. McSweeney unlimbered his night stick

"It's not a killing, now?"

"It's worse!" cried the short man desperately. "There's a boy in the Bijou Pool Room licking the champion of the world!"

But it was stopped when they got there, automatically finished. A knot of men stared unbelievingly at the figure prostrate on the floor. It was Martin McCloy. Martin stared dreamily through glazed eyes and mumbled something through lacerated lips and moved his arms as though he still was fighting. Standing above him stood a red-haired boy with a grinning, battered countenance, whose shoulders swayed unsteadily.

"Be jabers!" cried Mr. McSweeney, suddenly forgetting conventional English. "It's Terrance home again!"

But Terrance was speaking to Martin, forgetful that a champion was lying on the floor.

"Any message for Minnie?" he asked

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Mr. Garrity. "He ain't forgetting anything at all!"

Martin raised himself painfully on his elbow, still dazed and slow of thought.

"Minnie?" he said. "Who said Minnie? She was a nice kid. We useter go to school. Minnie—yes, her name was Minnie—and we—useter—go to school."

His eyes closed wearily, as though it was hard for him to think, and there he lay, shorn and battered, but back at the schoolhouse door, oblivious while the world moved on. The short man was speaking wildly.

"It's assault!" he cried. "It's felonious assault! We came here to a friendly reception, and Martin was assaulted with intent to kill. There's law here, isn't there? I want the man arrested. Everybody saw it. It's assault all right."

"Assault nothing!"

Joe Garrity moved forward ponderously and grasped the short man's arm.

"It was a nice clean fight, that's all What's the matter with you, anyway? Don't you know fighting form? Why, man, you're ahead of the game! You've got another champion!"

Mr. Garrity pointed a thumb at Terrance's heaving chest, and as he did so the short man's expression changed. Terrance, who had turned away, was putting on his coat.

"Here!" cried the short man. "Wait! Don't go!"

But Terrance did not hear or heed. All words ran together in the one word. And his head rang with music of its own, and the world was beautiful fulfillment not to be disturbed by talk

x

"MINNIE," his mind kept saying. "Minnie"

The words kept time with the beat of his shoes as he hurried along the street, and with the beat of his heart, and his quickened breath. He scarcely noticed where he was going, but his instinct led him on up a side street to the right, and down another. The noises about him scarcely reached his ears, for his mind knew perfect peace. He felt no smart or ache, for they were lost in innate justice as he neared his journey's end.

It occurred to him that he had never asked where Minnie lived, but he did not worry. The road was too straight toward the ultimate to have a turning. He knew the Katsfuss family would be where they were always, and that Minnie would be with them. The dingy flights of tenement stairs were before him, and the gaslights. He hurried up them, slightly out of breath, and pounded on the door.

There was a moment of fleeting doubt as he listened, and then his doubts were over and all was at an end. Minnie had rounded out dramatic exigency. The Katsfuss door had opened and it was Minnie who had turned the knob.

It was the age of legend over again, for it is still the age of legend. It was Jason with the Golden Fleece and Ulysses home from Troy. Minnie stood with the gaslight hard upon her, as though she saw a shade. Nevertheless there was something wrong in spite of the perfection. Terrance stared at Minnie in an awkward, stupid manner, and began to rub one eye It was Minnie. He knew her eyes and hair, but her hair was not glossy as he remembered It was loose and straggling, with bits of curl paper going through it. He gazed at her dress. It was dirty and too small. He had crossed the world for her, and he was there. Yet he forgot what he wanted to say.

"Oh, my," said Minnie, "but you give me a start!"

Though it was Minnie's voice, again something was wrong. He had heard it in the waves and wind, but never so loud and shrill, and the sound bewildered him and tripped his tongue.

"Minnie, I'm back," he said, and his hands moved nervously.

"Do I look crazy?" said Minnie. "Can't I see? Well, what have you been doing? What's been keeping you so long?"

Terrance gave a slight start. He looked at her still, but not with a hero's look. A dull uneasiness crept over him, linked with memories of the past which he had nearly forgotten. It was women again, and questions. His mind gave a panicky jump. He was entrapped and impaled again.

"Come back, have you?" Her voice was breaking up his thoughts. Women—his thoughts plunged blindly. It was not Minnie he was thinking of, for somehow, she

...car, Sentry Three-bar

The Etiquette of Bumping

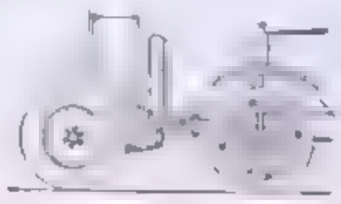
Prevalence of bumps in modern traffic calls for a few rules of conduct—not to mention suggestions for equipment

first, players with naked cars should be barred. They suffer heavy losses themselves and cause their opponents unnecessary embarrassment in having to apologize for the serious damage.

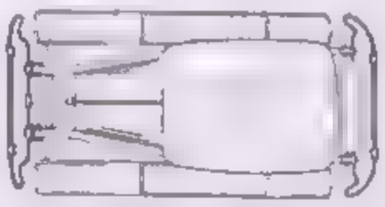
Hooking is a serious offense, as in golf. This can be prevented by choosing WEEDS (see Weed Sturdy Spring Bar or Sentry D shown below) Note the correct length bars with properly curved ends. This makes hooking practically impossible

Here's a double-bar bumper much like the Three-bar shown on the car above. It's both correct and handsome for medium weight cars.

Light car drivers who overplay the bumper on the car ahead should be shown no mercy. They can easily stop this by asking for WEEDS with the new Right-height fittings which raise or lower all WEED bars on light cars to the proper height. This makes their game fair and gives them some protection themselves



The diagram below shows the correct form for bumping equipment, front and rear. Note the compactness of WEEDS for close work, or ease in parking. Mark those deep spring bars and their correct curves



If you must bump—and you must, statistics prove it—be courteous, bump with WEEDS They are the best protection you can get for your car. Sold by Dealers, Garages and Accessory Stores everywhere. Ask for booklet, "*The Etiquette of Bumping*"

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Just as the good magazines are part reading—part advertising, so are blotters part utility and part advertising. They stay before the prospect longer—are read oftener—give more mental impressions from each printing impression.

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Sold by leading paper houses in the U. S. and Canada

was not Minnie any longer, but the epitome of women. "Well, why did you come back at all?"

He could not answer. He could never answer questions, and he asked a question himself instead of answering.

"Minnie, is that the way to treat me after all I've gone and done? Minnie, what's happened to you?"

Something had certainly happened. He had crossed the world to find her, and there she was, but why had he crossed the world? Surely there was something wrong. He was wrong, or Minnie was. Why was her voice so shrill? Terrance's head began to whirl. It had all been a mistake, a horrible mistake. The Minnie he had thought of was not the Minnie standing there.

"What's that?" she was saying. "What d'you mean—what's happened to me?"

"I dunno," said Terrance. "Only—I dunno—you don't look the same."

It was women again. Only a woman could be angry at such an obvious truth. Her hair was in curl papers, and she was fat—actually growing fat, and she must have known it. Yet nevertheless, her face flushed and tears came to her eyes, and Terrance felt more awkward than he had ever felt before. He felt sorry for her, and sorry for himself—very sorry. He even wished that he was steaming out of the harbor again, but he was not, and bleak his life was; he knew he must say something.

"There!" he said. "There, Minnie, I'm back, ain't I? I told you I'd be back."

Though everything inside him felt leaden, he was glad that he had said it, for it made matters better.

"Terrance," answered Minnie, "I know you did, but it's been so long—and Terrance, you've been fighting again!"

It was quite as obvious that Terrance had been fighting as it was that Minnie had grown stout. Her words were like old times, but nothing else. Yet out of disillusion and disappointment Terrance saw a light. Though Minnie was not Minnie, Martin was Martin still.

"Sure," said Terrance, squaring his shoulders; "fightin' with Martin again."

For a moment Minnie's eyes looked as he had remembered them.

"Honest?" cried Minnie. "Honest? With Martin?"

She did not have time to finish before Terrance answered.

"Say," he cried, "d'you think I'm afraid of him? Was I ever afraid?"

"Terrance!" cried Minnie. "Did you do it—did you do it because ——"

She paused and the tears returned to her eyes. She raised a hand in an attempt to smooth her hair and laughed brokenly.

"To think of you two fightin' about me still. I know it isn't right, but it makes me glad—sort of."

Terrance shuffled his feet nervously, and again he wished he was steaming out to sea or anywhere but there.

Her dress was wrong, her hair—everything was wrong.

"Terrance," began Minnie softly, but she stopped almost as soon as she started. There was a footstep in the hall behind her. They both turned to look. A little man with black curly hair and a greasy face appeared beside her in the doorway.

"Minnie!" he cried. "What's this—hangin' around and talking? Minnie, didn't you hear me call? Where's that sausage you was doing for me?"

"Shut up with you!" said Minnie sharply. "Ain't I coming?" And she looked at Terrance queerly. "Good-by, Terrance, I've got to go."

What was it that made his heart leap? It could not have been sorrow. She must have seen a change in him and read the question on his face.

"My husband works nights," said Minnie. "He's just got in and I got to get his supper now."

"Your husband!" Terrance's eyes were round. "Your husband!"

The figure he saw seemed to dance in front of him and to elude his sight.

"Don't you see him?" cried Minnie with a curious sort of laugh. "Don't you know him? He's Isadore Levinski, who used to go to school. We've been married three years now."

"Married three years?"

Terrance's hand went slowly to his head. For a moment everything was empty and everything was queer. He stared at Minnie and at the man beside her. Everything had gone for nothing and his world was tumbling down. Hate and fear, bruised hands and leaping nerves, all became lost in the blankness of his mind.

"But what about Martin?" he stammered

Minnie wrinkled her forehead.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know how it was, but Martin and I never did get on right after you were gone. Terrance, don't look like that! Terrance, didn't you know?"

Faces, words and faces—he saw forgotten sights and heard forgotten speech. Nevertheless, Terrance was recovering. Already he was feeling better. He was surprised at how well he felt.

"I was always a bonehead," said Terrance. "It's like me now to miss the word again."

Was he sorry? He did not know, but his mind was bright with a strange new light of reason. He was seeing matters in a way different from what they had seemed before. It had never been Minnie. He knew it as well as he knew he was standing on his feet. He knew the wiles of women, and for that little while he knew he could laugh them all to scorn.

Was Minnie what he had come back for? He knew it was not. He had come back for something different and had gained a greater glory.

"But what's the difference, anyway?" His voice had a new clearness. "Martin was a bonehead too."

Martin—suddenly he felt his heart warm toward Martin. He saw Minnie watching him in a bewildered fashion, partly with annoyance, partly with some emotion that was gentler, but Terrance did not mind. There was one matter that was right, if all the rest were wrong.

"What difference does it make," he ended, "with me and Martin champions of the world?"

AMERICAN, VERY RICH

(Continued from Page 17)

determination that the man who could not understand him would be a great fool. It is true that he knew only the present tense of our verbs, but he had a way of indicating the other tenses with a toss of the head, or by opening one eye and shutting the other, or by nodding over his shoulder in the direction of the future, and so forth. And we had observed that he was often in the company of Jean Laforgue, brother of the proprietor of the Cerf Blessé, who keeps a small café near the railway station.

"And what do you think? One day it was clear that Hiram Thrasher and Jean Laforgue had come to a business arrangement, because we observed that on the sidewalk outside the café there was a machine at work, attended by Hiram Thrasher.

"I will now describe to you this amazing machine. It was inclosed with glass at the top, and operated with essence—or, as Hiram called it, gazoline—and there were many wheels within. But the marvel of it was that into the top of this machine Hiram poured many kernels of white maize, which tumbled down into a basket over the flame, and soon afterward exploded and became fluffy white objects of large size. I assure you that within an hour all Sauzédon had gathered to see this remarkable phenomenon."

"*Zut!*" remarked Monsieur Desmarail, replacing his cuffs.

"It is true. The fluffy white product is known in the United States as popp-con, according to Monsieur Thrasher. Our French language is awkward in expressing some of the new and strange inventions. But you will understand when I say that this was *une machine à faire explosion aux grains de maïs.*"

"But why should one wish to explode grains of maize?" asked Monsieur Desmarail. "It has always been eaten by horses and poultry unexploded."

"Exactly. But this exploded maize was to be eaten by the people of Sauzédon. I confess I spent many a sou for the abominable stuff myself. Monsieur Thrasher drew off the exploded grains, placed them in bags and salted them so heavily that we were immediately forced to order copious glasses of wine at Jean Laforgue's tables;

(Continued on Page 141)

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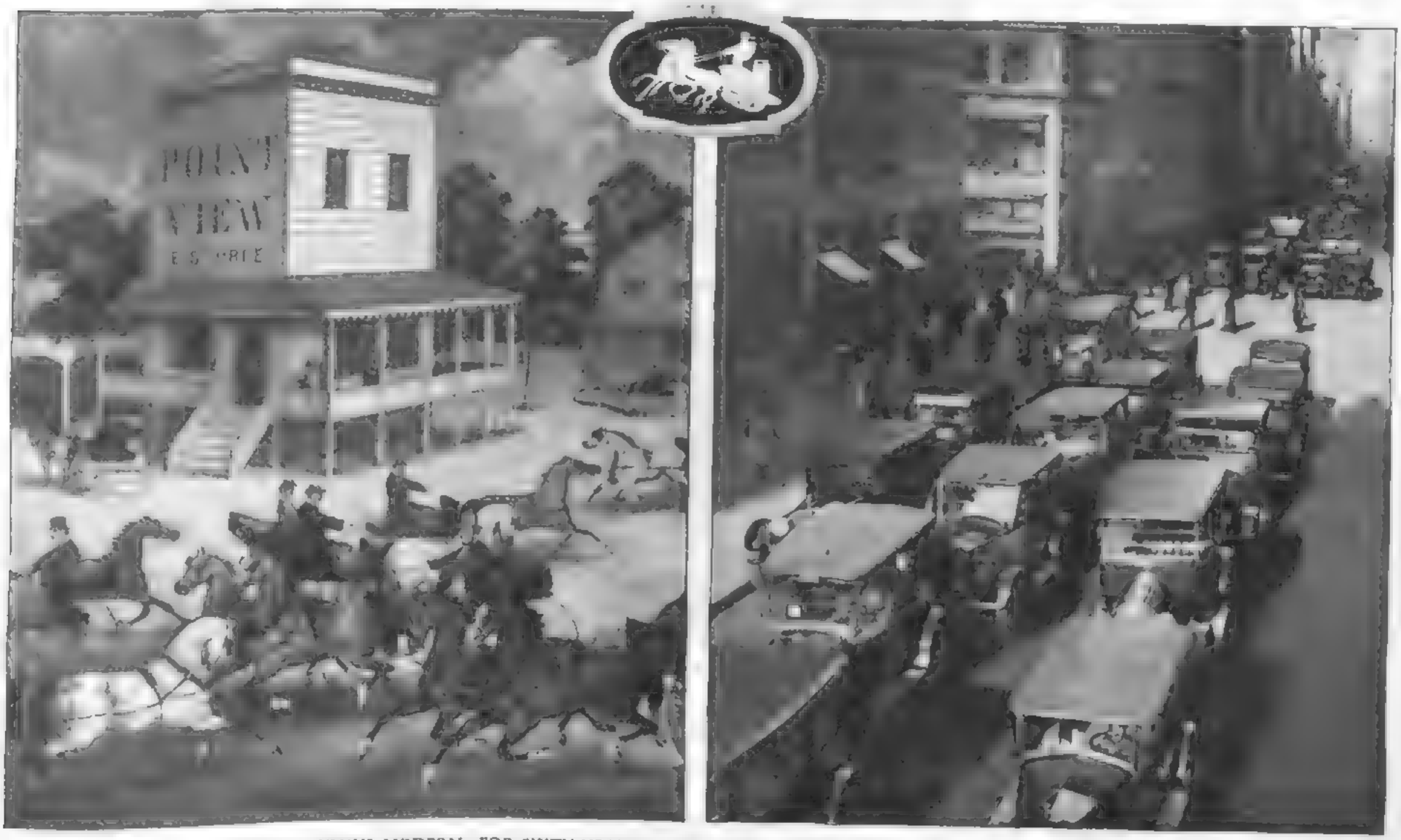

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In this sixty day period, upwards of 85,000 homes were added to the long list of over a million Eureka users. This means, that of all the electrically wired homes in America not provided with an electric vacuum cleaner on November 1st, *an average of one in every fifty-eight had purchased a Grand Prize Eureka by December 31st.*

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The Grand Prize **EUREKA** *It Gets the Dirt*

VACUUM CLEANER

(Continued from Page 138)

and this was the great sagacity of Monsieur Thrasher, because he had entered into a partnership with Laforgue to get a commission on every glass of wine sold as the result of the thirst created by his popp-con. A devil of a business they did, these ingenious fellows! It seemed likely that the whole available currency of Sauzédon would fly like magic into the purses of Monsieur Thrasher and Jean Laforgue.

"Not only the barefoots and the shirtless and the ragtag of the town, but also the very best people hovered around that machine to make explosion in grains of corn and ate of the silly product and then poured down great quantities of wine to quench their thirsts. Honest farmers drove into the town from miles around to buy this popp-con. That would have been a great thing for us merchants, but unfortunately, after spending all their sous for popp-con, how could the yokels spend any money for anything else?

"The more sous that were spent for popp-con, the more the cursed machine popped and the more demoralized our townspeople became and the fatter waxed these clever rascals—I call them rascals in a good sense, understood, for what were they but cleverer than ourselves, merely?—and the more angry became the merchants of the town. I confess myself to have been as peevish as anyone.

"So long as that machine to make explosions in grains of maize remained in Sauzédon, in the hands of Monsieur Thrasher, so long would we merchants remain impoverished.

"Monsieur Thrasher is now my son-in-law, good health to him, and I esteem him greatly for his thrift and excellence. But at that time I was angry. Painstakingly, I went through the town ordinances to discover whereby I could legally put an end to this popp-con business. First of all, I assessed a license against the machine, which was regular. Monsieur Thrasher paid the fee without demur. Then I found several other imposts and taxes, long forgotten, and levied those upon the devastating maize exploder; but Monsieur Thrasher paid them all without demur. Finally I was at my wit's end. I could think of nothing else but declaring a state of siege or invoking the power of the mayor to expel undesirable aliens; but I had the advice of Maître Pallissais, a wise man, on this subject, and he said it would be unwise.

"'Besides,' added Maître Pallissais, 'if the citizens of Sauzédon are such great simpletons as to enrich a wealthy American by eating exploded horse food, you would merely call the attention of the world to our feeble intellects by proceeding against them.' This was, indeed, wise counsel.

"Yet you can readily understand, my dear friend, that something had to be done about this menace. The merchants were hounding me day and night to exercise my power as mayor, and the townspeople were saying what a shame upon France and the Midi it was that a stranger should cozen them out of their money. Yet these same townspeople spent all their days and evenings—as late as nine o'clock, mind you—gobbling Monsieur Thrasher's popp-con and watching the wheels go around and drinking Jean Laforgue's wine, which he was now diluting in a rascally manner, though I cannot hold Monsieur Thrasher responsible for that.

"And unluckily for me, my wife and eldest daughter did nothing but sing the praises of this stranger, at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. I began to be very angry, because a man of family like myself does not like to hear a young upstart—as I then said in my spleen—constantly praised at his own board. It sadly diminishes a husband's authority. 'Such a man, American or not, I could wish to marry,' sighed my eldest daughter, rolling her eyes in a languishing manner.

"'Your father, though a worthy man, is not adept at making the social acquaintance of such masters of affairs,' said Anastasie, with a grimace. At this I was very wroth. What wish you?"

"I would have assassinated the villain Thrasher!" exploded Monsieur Desmarail darkly.

"Well, well, business is business," said Monsieur Clochette, with a smile. "But I was angry at the time. We held many conferences, we business men, and finally decided that there was only one thing to be done. If the silly people wished to become bankrupt through eating popp-con ——"

"How can one eat it?" moaned Monsieur Desmarail.

"Ah, my dear friend, you must know that it has been eaten in parts of France for many hundred years. But we in Sauzédon had not known of it. I think perhaps the Savoisiens eat it—they eat German dishes of many kinds. As I was saying, we decided that if the people were foolish enough to spend their money thus, it would be best for the merchants of Sauzédon to reap the reward. So we decided to form an anonymous society, or pool, to buy up the American's machine for grilling maize and run it ourselves. The which delicate business deal I myself was deputized to carry through. It was thus that Monsieur Hiram Thrasher ——"

"That name hurts my ears," sighed Monsieur Desmarail. "Is there no civilized equivalent?"

Monsieur Clochette smiled and continued:

"It was thus that Monsieur Thrasher began to come to my house, because I foresaw that great tact would be necessary. He came to dinner several times, and I will say that his demeanor was entirely unlike the do-bois. He was dignified, cold and secretive. He did not clap me upon the back, nor squeeze the servants about the waist, nor did he call my eldest daughter bébé-doll, as one of the do-bois once called Anastasie, to her great confusion. My faith, I began to entertain a great regard for him. Still, it was my duty to drive a hard bargain.

"I began by commenting upon the fact that novelties cease to entertain very long, and while I congratulated him upon his success with the machine for exploding horse food, I warned him that it could not last. This produced no impression upon the stranger, and my heart sagged. I noted a strange thing about this young man from the commune of Vermont. He was not much of a talker, and he had a face which would have been worth a fortune to a gambler in *bésique*. It was as unemotional as that of a Chinois.

"'Come,' said I briskly, at last, 'to our sheep! We wish to buy your machine for exploding horse food on the streets. It is a shabby affair, of no soundness as an investment; but we will take it off your hands, as a duty we owe to a citizen of that country which helped us destroy the Boche. How much?'

"'Four thousand francs,' replied Monsieur Thrasher; and the good Lord did not strike him dead, either, but permitted him to sit and smile.

"'It is an imbecility you speak; either that or you make sport of me,' was my answer.

"'Then I shall keep the machine for exploding the delicious food of the gods,' returned Monsieur Thrasher.

"'*Tiens!*' I cried. 'Will you take two thousand?'

"Indeed, I had no authority from my confrères to offer such a prodigious figure, but I saw that we must stake everything upon a resounding blow.

"'Four thousand francs today, five thousand tomorrow and one thousand each day in addition,' said this Rothschild of the popp-con business.

"What could I do? I could discern clearly that my very wife and eldest daughter were secretly in league with the stranger, in their hearts. I was defenseless against this man from the Vermont commune, where the males must be adamant and the females as rigidly virtuous as so many Lucrèces in a convent. I paid him his four thousand francs, but only after he had carefully weeded out the paper currency which, though acceptable in Calvados, Carcassonne and other places, was not really good money in the department of the Gard. My dear friend, I was positively thrilled by this American's perception! He came from generations of biters of silver, without doubt.

"Ah, you should have heard the heated words of my confrères when I told them I had bought the machine from Monsieur Thrasher! My faith, you would have thought I was in a conspiracy to rob them! Four thousand francs! Heated words passed, I assure you. But I am a man who has occupied a dignified office at the hands of my concitizens, and at last I informed them where they alighted, as my son-in-law, Monsieur Thrasher, drolly says.

"'Messieurs,' said I fearlessly, 'it was by your commission that I dealt with this man of iron. Take the consequences! Besides,' I added more gently, 'at the rate this man has been selling the exploded horse food, our four thousand francs will soon be back in our pockets and we shall begin to profit. Or, if the sale diminishes, at least the nuisance will have been abated.'

"At last they were mollified. Lots were drawn to see which merchant should install the machine outside his place of business. Myself, I did not draw. I am ex-mayor and it would not look well. The choice fell to Monsieur Vardan, the apothecary. The choice could hardly have been less happy, I assure you, my dear friend. Do you know Monsieur Vardan? No? Well, he is as dried-up and unskillful as the bitter herbs in his window. The profits were to be divided equally amongst us, except that Monsieur Vardan was to receive two shares in consideration of operating the machine.

"Transfer of the exploding machine was made in due form, certainly, and Monsieur Jean Laforgue clenched his fists helplessly as he saw the end of his brisk business in watered wine. Many people, hearing of the transfer, gathered to see Monsieur Vardan operate the demoniacal machinery. Monsieur Vardan, I tell you again, is a bumblefug. What does the idiot do but begin by setting the machine afire with the gazoline? In his effort to quench the fire, Monsieur Vardan was uselessly brave. He burned both hands badly. Somebody called the worthy firemen, but the firemen were not to be found, both being at a funeral, so it was necessary for us to put out the fire ourselves. The machine was damaged somewhat in appearance, but it would still work—that is to say, the wheels would still revolve.

"'We, the coöperative owners of the popp-con machine, gathered to see the first explosion of maize. Monsieur Vardan, with his hands greatly swathed in bandages, poured the maize in at the top of the machine and there was great excitement. He pressed the electric button and the machinery began to work. Round and round went the griller, and the flame poured steadily against the maize. But it would not explode. An hour passed! Mon Dieu, it was frightful! We perspired as though the flame were grilling us. But nothing exploded. Finally, in anger, Monsieur Vardan takes the maize from the machine and flings it into the street. Then he pours more maize, very clean and sweet maize, procured from the miller that very morning, into the throat of the machine. Again the flame was turned on. Again we waited. There was no explosion. We listened. There was not even a faint sighing from the maize. No fluffy objects dropped out into the space below. The dirty rabble—Sauzédon is not without its undesirable citizens, my dear friend—set up a derisive shout.

"'Get a man of spirit! Bring on the American! We want popp-con!' they shouted.

"'It is no use!' cried Monsieur Vardan miserably. 'The accursed maize will not explode! We are pears! The rascally American has swindled us. There is a secret to this exploding which he has not imparted to us.'

"Much angered, I turned to go in pursuit of the American. It flashed across me that by this time, without doubt, Monsieur Thrasher, with our four thousand francs in his pocket, was well on his way toward Paris. But I wronged the man. As soon as I cleared the rabble, whom should I see but Monsieur Thrasher, leaning against a tree, smoking a cigarette and smiling urbanely. He saluted me with great politeness. To my regret afterward, I was extremely rude.

"'Is it that you believe we are pears? You have done us a dirtiness! That wretched machine you sold us will not explode maize!' I said many severe things in my wrath which were not dignified.

"But Monsieur Thrasher continued to smile and did not lose his composure. Ah, my friend, with thirty such men as Monsieur Thrasher, I could conquer the world! And at such small expense! Such poise! Such urbanity! Such self-control!

"'But yes, it explodes maize very well. You have seen with your eyes,' replies Monsieur Thrasher.

"'*Allons donc!*' say I. 'This is rascally business. It explodes nothing. Nothing is effected in two hours, excepting the setting fire to Monsieur Vardan. Do you think we are pears?'

"'Not at all,' replied the American. 'I will look at the machine.'

"*Bien*, he looks at the machine, and what think you, my dear friend?"

"He had stuck the wheels with his chewing gum," suggested Monsieur Desmarail cynically.

"No, not that. But the fool of a Vardan had not obtained the exploding kind of maize. He had bought from the miller such maize as the horses are content to eat unexploded. It seems that the exploding sort is a specialty which, to tell the truth, I myself had never seen. The devil take all maize! And the devil take all apothecaries too! For by the time I returned with Monsieur Thrasher, the fool Vardan had taken some of the wheels off the machine and could not restore them. Two hours of work, and the only exploding was done by the machine itself! Several complicated bits of mechanism lay in the bottom of the box, where we had expected to see fluffy white things.

"Ah, it was horrible! It was bad enough to learn that we should have to send to a part of the United States called Indiane for the exploding kind of maize; but worse than that, the dunderhead of a blacksmith to whom we turned over the machine to be mended put all the wheels back in the wrong places. Monsieur Thrasher was extremely sympathetic. He said that there was only one man in Europe who knew how to mend such a machine, and this man was in Paris, and he would try to find his address. What think you? It was better to sell the machine back to Monsieur Thrasher and take our loss. It cut very deeply. Monsieur Vigneron, the grocer, who was a member of the pool, was so affected by his loss that he took to his bed. Monsieur Thrasher gave us two thousand francs for the machine, and, my faith, I cannot find it in my heart to blame him, for it was severely damaged; and besides, what would you? The man on top is the man who should profit. It is the law of commerce."

"All the same, I should think you would thereupon have hustled this crafty American out of town," declaimed Monsieur Desmarail, with a shrug of the shoulders. "True, I could respect the fellow, but I could not like him."

"My fellow tradesmen were not without having some such ideas, my dear friend. But figure you well that this Hiram Thrasher has with him a very charming manner, especially with the ladies, for though he is not beautiful, he seems to them a very tower of strength. Would you believe it, when our sorry popp-con venture became known, all the women in Sauzédon took the part of the stranger! Besides, there was another matter to be considered. In Sauzédon there are many young women of marriageable age, with small prospects, God knows, there being such a dearth of promising men nowadays; and secretly a dozen fathers and mothers had laid their plans to capture this vigorous and skillful American business man. My Anastasie, who knows everything which goes on, spread the whole affair before me.

"'Look sharp, my old pumpkin,' she said to me—she calls me old pumpkin as a term of endearment—'are you going to let these nobodies filch this estimable young man from our very hearth, and our daughter Marie being twenty-six years old this very January coming?'

"Indeed, I had been thinking along that line myself. For this Monsieur Thrasher had given such clear demonstration of his sagacity that, laying nationality aside, he would make any father-in-law proud. There is something—I don't know what—about him which is sadly lacking even in our own boys of the present day. Certainly he is not the kind to dissipate a fortune. It was generally believed that he was very rich. How could it be otherwise? Whenever he passed, the mothers would shake their heads and nudge their daughters and whisper, 'American, very rich.'

"Oh, well if he is rich ——" began Monsieur Desmarail, greatly relieved.

"One moment. You shall see. I am more conservative than Anastasie. I said to her, 'But Marie ——'

"'Leave Marie to me,' said my Anastasie. 'She is a good girl and no fool. I myself have brought her up, luckily.'

"I shook my head doubtfully, I can tell you. I have been a great reader, and I knew that among the Americans the young men and women are permitted to arrange their own marriages to suit themselves. They merely consult their parents in regard to their divorces. With us French people it is believed that love comes to men and women as a reward for living amiably together, but the Americans believe that love should precede marriage—the theory being that it will disappear very quickly afterward, I assume."

(Continued on Page 145)

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By starting with a new point of view, in the Wills Sainte Claire Six, C. Harold Wills has apparently arrived at a totally new standard of motor car value—*priceless quality.*

This is the first time that any one of the great engineers has ever deliberately set out to build a motor car that theoretically could *never be worn out.* How well he has succeeded, time alone will prove.

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The only six-cylinder engine ever produced in this country with overhead cams and valves.

Absolute interchangeability of all corresponding parts, proving the utmost in precision in manufacture.

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More thoughtfulness on the part of owners toward their tires and an interest beyond the sale on the part of the General distributor are a combination that makes for the success of one and the greater satisfaction of the other.

So, after your Generals have run 10,000 miles, drive to the General distributor. By giving the proper attention to the nicks and small injuries that result from big mileage he can add many months of service to the further mileage that is left in the tires.

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Longer car life, more motor power, less gasoline and longer tire wear are the four biggest economies to be found in tires.

The Mark of Leading Tire Values Everywhere

The

GENERAL

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—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 141)

"I do not like the Americans," said Monsieur Desmarail, shaking his head. "One day in Paris ——"

"I become too philosophical," went on Monsieur Clochette quickly. "A few more words and I have done. Where was I? Ah, yes, I was speaking of my Anastasie. She insisted that no better chance could possibly come to our Marie. She told me I must act quickly. So I did

"But, my friend, a great idea came to me which made me so cheerful that I sang. I really had made up my mind that Hiram Thrasher was decidedly eligible. Suddenly I became thrilled! You see, I am the father of eleven, all living, of whom six are girls, and it bears very hard on the father of a family in these days to provide dowries for such a bouquet of virginal flowers. It suddenly occurred to me: '*Tiens!* Clever as Monsieur Thrasher is, he is probably not aware of our dowry system in France, and possibly he will take Marie as she is, in her best clothes, and present something handsome to Anastasie and myself in addition.' This thought made me very gay. I sang. I whistled softly.

"Enough! I am the kind of man who makes up his mind quickly. Instantly I invited Monsieur Thrasher to dinner, and a very good dinner it was, what with the efforts of our cook and pastries from the confectioner and some of my very best wine. Marie was at her very best.

"Poor Anastasie! She had so corseted herself that she had difficulty in breathing. I would not exchange my Anastasie—no, not for Venus herself, but it must be allowed that she is an outsize. Sundry feminine tactics came into play, such as Anastasie telling the young man of the wonderful housekeeping ability of our daughter and indicating strongly in just what ways she would be superior as the wife of a clever and rising young man. We were extremely delicate, of course; we are people of pride; but still, if Monsieur Thrasher had not understood the drift of the conversation, he would have been a great ninny, which he is not.

"As for Marie, she liked the stranger well. My faith, though she kept her eyes in maidenly retreat most of the time, I perceived that sometimes she looked at him devouringly. That pleased me, for I love to see a little allurement between the couples before the banns.

"*Alors!* At a convenient time I took Monsieur Thrasher aside and we sipped an anisette together, and thus I addressed him:

"'*Tiens*, Monsieur Thrasher, you have seen our little *foyer*. Unpretentious as it is, and poor as we are, does it not remind you that every man needs the softening influences of his own fireside, presided over by a shrewd and affectionate woman?' This was in my most delicate vein, you perceive. Lest it should be too delicate to be effective, I added, 'Have you thought of marriage?'

"Monsieur Thrasher replied that he had been thinking greatly of marriage.

"'You are an American,' said I, 'and we do not as a whole think greatly of Americans in this country, though we cheerfully acknowledge that we owe much to you in our struggle with the Boche. Still, the American manners lacerate us. But, for myself, I feel that we have not understood the Americans sufficiently. My faith, if they are all like you, they are a most promising people.'

"This was flattery, I admit, but you cannot catch flies with vinegar. Monsieur Thrasher nodded gravely and thanked me.

"'I have thought of marriage,' he replied, 'but it is a serious matter. I must not make a mistake.'

"'My own feeling exactly!' I cried, shaking his hand warmly. 'You are a man after my own heart. *Tiens!* I should like nothing better than to own you as a member of my family. My daughter Marie is a treasure. You have seen her. You cannot know, as we her parents know, what a treasure she is. According to our custom, I take up this matter with you, as man to man. Figure you well what admiration I have for you, when I am willing to give you our Marie in marriage without even knowing your past history, your ancestry, your previous condition. I do not inquire whether you be rich or poor. I do not ask anything of you I give Marie to you as freely as—as the flowers give forth their perfume.' I became poetical, truly. But that is the privilege of a father who speaks of his dearest child."

"Ah, and what was his reply to that?" asked Monsieur Desmarail, greatly interested now, and leaning forward.

"Mon Dieu! You could have knocked me down with a feather, my dear friend Monsieur Thrasher looked at me intently from his gray-blue eyes and said coolly:

"'I am delighted that you have so much confidence in me. Your daughter pleases me well. I think we should be very happy together. She seems thrifty. But as to your giving her to me as freely as the flowers give forth perfume, I reply that we cannot do business on the perfume basis. I am a very promising young man, much desired. I come of a fine Vermont family distantly related to Georges Washinton. One of my ancestors designed the beautiful dome of the stet hatis at Montpellier, Vermont Commune, United Stets. How much money goes with your daughter Marie?'

"'Money! With my charming, my treasured daughter! Monsieur Thrasher, you speak a foolishness!'

"'I am sorry,' replied Monsieur Thrasher; but I could see that he was not sorry.

"'You abuse my confidence in you!' I repeated cholerically.

"Monsieur Thrasher bowed with frigidity and started to rise. Mon Dieu! There was a situation!

"I am a man of dignity, formerly mayor, but I could not see this promising chance slip by. I choked out, 'A thousand francs! Just to show the love I have for my daughter.'

"'You shockingly underrate the value of that sweet and desirable girl,' said Monsieur Thrasher. 'I shall not remain to speak of the lovely Marie in such low terms.'

"'How much then?' I cried in desperation.

"'Nothing less than fifty thousand francs would do her justice,' replied Monsieur Thrasher. 'But I realize that you have your responsibilities as a father of other female children. I shall not bear hard upon you. Make it twenty thousand!'

"I ask you, my dear friend, how can any one man, and an American at that, know so much about life and commerce? Still, there was this much about it—a man of blood and iron, like this one, would make a valuable addition to any family. I was willing to make sacrifices. I offered ten thousand francs, with tears in my eyes. No go! I rose to thirteen, fourteen, seventeen, nineteen, nineteen five hundred—and the young man was obdurate as a doorpost. Well, what would you? I am a poor man, but I must do my best for my children. Finally I wept and kissed my son-in-law on both cheeks and shook his hands and we made the bargain. But another such event would be my death.

"Thereupon we called in Anastasie and Marie. Marie was very happy to learn the arrangements. The young American kissed her respectfully. We sat and talked until it neared eleven o'clock. I motioned to Marie that she should go to bed. But this Monsieur Thrasher detained her.

"'It is not so in our country,' he said, with that winning smile of his. 'The parents always put out the cat and leave the engaged couple to talk over their affairs. Essay that on your piano, papa!' he cried, laughing, though I never quite understood why he wanted me to attempt to render the statement in music. I cannot play the piano moreover.

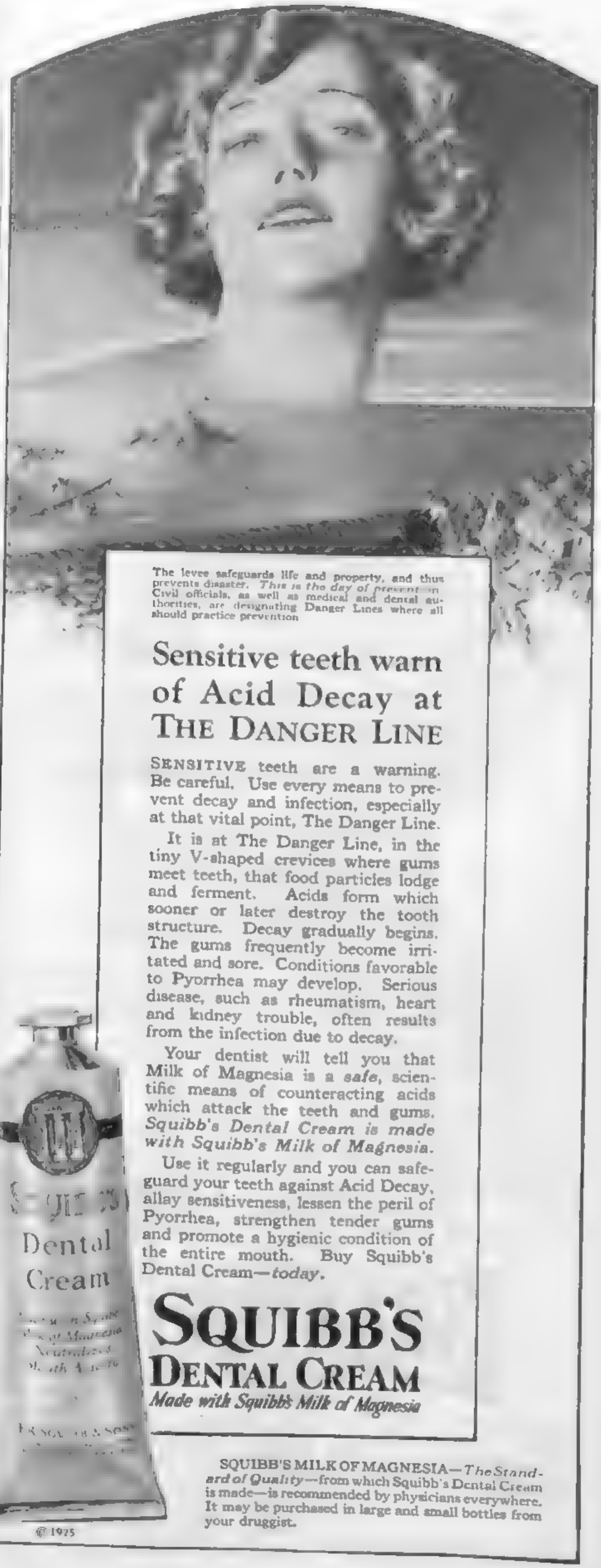
"I was not for leaving the young people together. It is not customary. I doubt its advisability. But again Anastasie took the lead, as women do in such matters. She threw an eye at me and we departed. At the top of the stairs we sat and listened. The young American was entirely proper. He gave Marie some stout kisses; but my faith, I could not blame him, as I remember my own youth.

"Anastasie surprised me very much by kissing me just as stoutly. There was much color in her cheeks. Old wedded people get sadly out of the habit of tendresses, more's the pity!

"And now, my dear friend, I have delayed you too long. Come home and see the sweet little children of which Monsieur Thrasher is the father. I regret that Monsieur Thrasher is not to be there. He operates the great motion-picture theater here in Sauzédon and cannot come to dinner. I wish you could meet him."

"Still, I do not like Americans," said Monsieur Desmarail gloomily. "But—was he rich?"

"It is what I do not yet know. An oyster makes a thunderous roaring sound compared with Monsieur Thrasher in exposing his private affairs. He says all people in the Vermont Commune, United Stets, are that way."



The levee safeguards life and property, and thus prevents disaster. *This is the day of prevention.* Civil officials, as well as medical and dental authorities, are designating Danger Lines where all should practice prevention

Sensitive teeth warn of Acid Decay at THE DANGER LINE

SENSITIVE teeth are a warning. Be careful. Use every means to prevent decay and infection, especially at that vital point, The Danger Line.

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FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 25)

the sparrows, it was in keeping with the tradition of a farmhouse, and it was sightly. When the cornice was in place I often stopped to regard it from different sides of the house; I studied it from across the road, standing beside a small stone dwelling, on the fairway of the golf course, as old as the Dower House, but melancholy with long neglect. I looked beyond the depression of the road at my roof, and then, casually, glanced upward: directly above me was a reach of the most delicate yet appropriate cornice imaginable! It was precisely what, without being able to realize its exact perfections, we had wanted.

The Dower House, from the hill of the fairway, seemed to be very long, impressive in bulk; it had the solidity of a ship set in an element that was at once foreign and a part of its being. The lawn of close dead grass rose smoothly up to it like the curve of an enormous brown-green wave. There were, now, in the evening, no lights in the windows; but that would be mended: they would shine out, soon, on a night formless like water—with a gayety of music.

There was, not long after, more than the cornice to carry our looks upward, for the chimneys of the Dower House had been capped in concrete; and the material and appearance of those elevated slabs worried me. Even in the dark, when they were invisible, and when I was away from them, I kept reminding myself that concrete had no place there. I didn't, on account of the persistence of that mental attitude, grow accustomed to them. The labor of covering the chimneys and, incidentally, the expense, hadn't been light; for once, it seemed to me, Mr. Okie found my care for detail exaggerated; yet, after an uncomfortable week, in which whatever I did was dominated by the thought of my improperly treated chimneys, I had to follow my tyrannical need for correctness into the sky.

They would have to be changed, I admitted; and another delay drew out until the right stone was located and delivered. Only a variety of blue slate, I understood, would withstand the alternations of heat and cold to which chimney tops were subjected; and when, finally, they arrived I was as much surprised at the size of the stones as I was by the hard closeness of their texture. In the air, above the cypress roof, the slabs had seemed small and thin; but, in reality, I couldn't move one.

A Solecism Corrected

A scaffolding was built against the wall of the house and extended diagonally to the chimneys; and, with a block and tackle, the stones were pulled up to the eaves. There the Italians, guided by Tony, foot by foot laboriously moved them into position. I had never seen men work harder, exert more sheer muscular and nervous force; and with a slim and precarious foothold. Watching them I was very uncomfortable, divided between the opinions that I had no right to make such a demand on men's vitality, and that I shouldn't be idly smoking on the ground, but toiling on the roof. Why, I wondered, didn't they tell me to go to the devil or lift my own stone slabs. Their living, their future, was not dependent on that one extreme effort. But it wasn't entirely an affair of money—they were discharging a part of the necessity of heavy labor most men were born into. It was as fixed as death. The bearing of the Italians was fatalistic rather than rebellious. There was a grim philosophy in the attitudes, the moments, of rest: their faces, while their chests heaved, were set; faces bronzed by the sun of Sicily that might have been bronze.

Then, when the variety of blue slate was in place, it very much resembled, the truth was, the concrete; it was as smooth, as rigidly geometrical, against the brief flare of a winter sunset. But I was, as well as disappointed, relieved—I had met my obligation to the chimneys of the Dower House.

There had been smoke whipped from them by blasting winds through even the most desolate stages of preliminary destruction; but it had been a thin plume, often no denser than a gray feather shaken from a migrating bird; now, however, with the furnace built into the cellar, the chimneys sent up reassuring clouds: the plumbers were below. Yet, liking them, I found that most of the wit accumulated at their expense was without justification. They were not so costly, and they were infinitely more social, than plasterers. I liked the blackened crucibles that held the fluid brightness of solder, the torches with audible blue flames and a general dexterity with pipes. They cut iron pipes with the nonchalance of carpenters at white pine. In spite of the obduracy of the metals they worked in, the general dankness of their scope of action, they managed, under sufficient provocation, to smile. They smiled although it was admitted that plumbing was a trial of the health—plumbers often went into a decline that ended in consumption.

The furnace—it was for hot air—was no less than gigantic; it filled the cellar to such an extent that the floor had to be dug up and lowered for a passage beneath its block tin pipes. There was a pipe for every register throughout the house; and, naturally, concentrated at the furnace, it all looked like a fabulous octopus with its tentacles thrust up in every direction. I asked Mr. Okie if it wasn't uncommonly large, and he agreed with me that it was at least ample. It was usual, he said, to multiply the calculated necessary heat by two, in that way making assurance absolute; but the furnace in the Dower House was four times greater than that required for the measured area. No matter what in the way of frigid weather happened, we would be kept warm.

The Old Furnace

That, I replied absently, seemed probable. I was thinking of coal. This occurred to him, too, for he began a move to enlarge the bins—one for the furnace coal and another, smaller, for the hot-water heater. He marked, with a flat piece of builders' chalk, where the main bin would reach; and that part of the cellar became, in consequence, a mere passageway. I remembered, but not with an unmixed affection, the old furnace. It had been, on its plane, as old as the Dower House, one of the first built for steam; and at regular intervals a dry smell of scorching would penetrate to us above, and we'd realize that once again—the windmill had borne our neglect in summer storms—we had forgotten to keep the boiler supplied with water. This, we believed, might at any moment result in an explosion that would blow us, the stone walls, into nothingness; and I'd hurry down and repair the mistake with a sensation of heroism slightly contaminated by fear. The explosion, of course, never happened; but why we didn't crack the boiler, turning cold water into it at the worst possible times, I couldn't imagine.

It was set in a pit, too deep for a single comfortable step, and for ten years we endured the nuisance of a small block of wood with a habit of turning under our feet. It did this when anyone was in a hurry or carrying a full shovel of coal. With practice I was able to stand on a board laid over the floor of earth and pitch the coal directly into the furnace door; but the opening was hardly wider than the shovel, and the least error would send a clatter of coal into the pit and against the near wall. Then I'd have to stoop, with a lamp in one hand, and pick up singly the pieces. Perhaps I'd be dressed for dinner, and Dorothy and a hired car waiting, not altogether patiently.

Something obstinate in my character would force me to recover every black greasy lump, and bitterly, one by one, I'd throw them into the fire. Or I might be late dressing, and Dorothy, in her perishable dinner clothes, would go down to the furnace, and I'd hear the faint scrape of the shovel on the uneven, the damnable, wooden flooring of the coal bin. She would come up with her skirts under her elbows, her hair and temper disarranged, and coal dust on her shoulders.

I knew all her dresses then—we discussed them for a week before they were bought, and consulted for a year about their minor changes. A dinner dress was a thing of unique importance; and, in the closet, it was covered by a sheet. Slippers did their full duty. I had a formal evening coat out of the remote past; but it had been made very much smaller after my long illness in Italy; and I was reaching

(Continued on Page 149)

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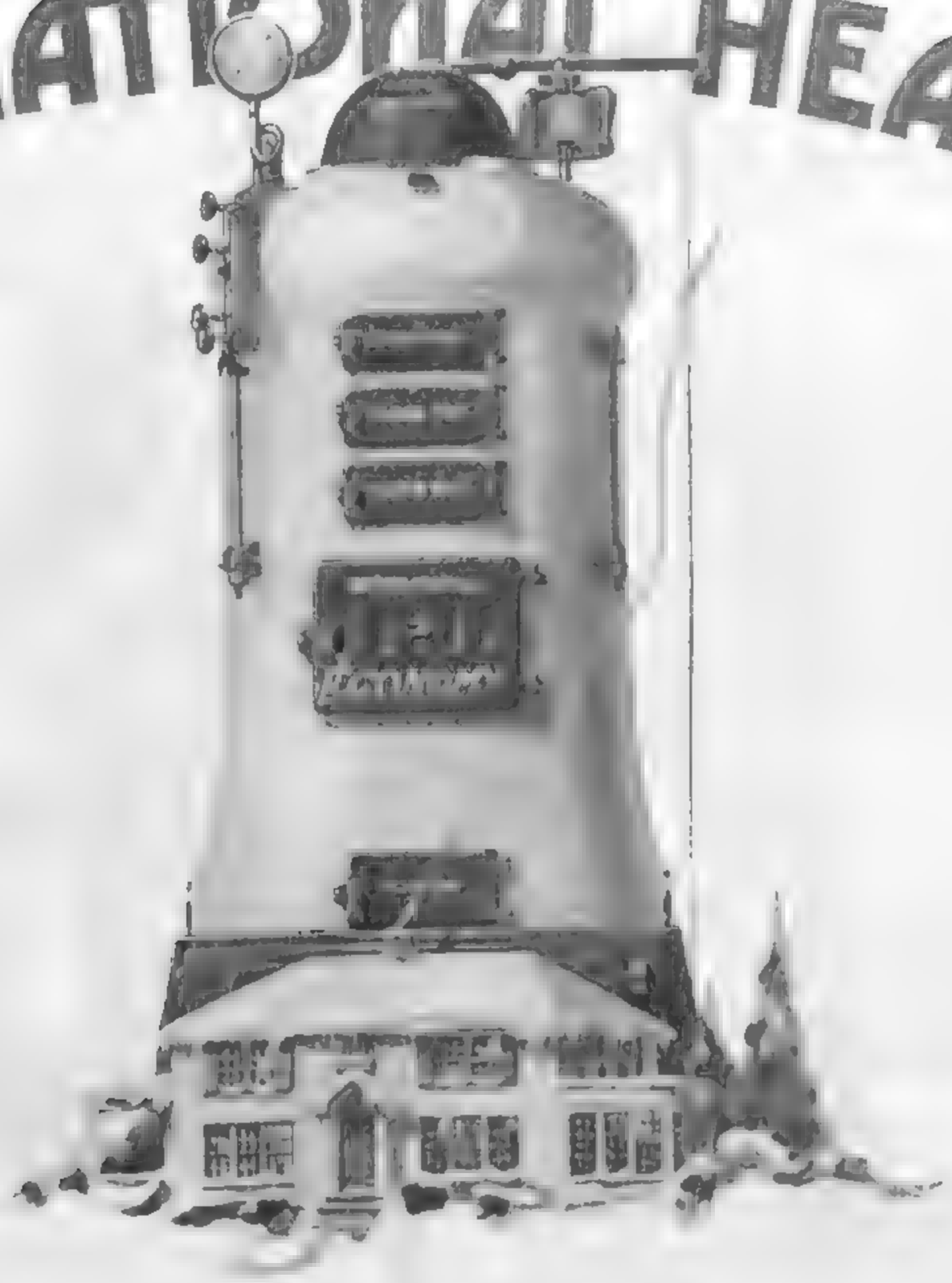
INTERNATIONAL HEATERS



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When you buy an automobile, one factor that influences your choice is the *stability of the manufacturing organization behind it.* It is a matter of confidence in the quality of unseen parts as well as assurance of good service throughout the life of your car.

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This is one reason why you are *safe* in buying *any* heating equipment if it bears the nameplate, "INTERNATIONAL."

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are so accurately designed and properly constructed as to serve the dual purpose of securing the *utmost value in heat* from the fuel and then *utilizing* the greatest amount of this heat. The result is a high degree of efficiency and a genuine economy of operation that owners fully appreciate.

This applies to the entire line of International "Economy" Boilers—hot water, steam and vapor.

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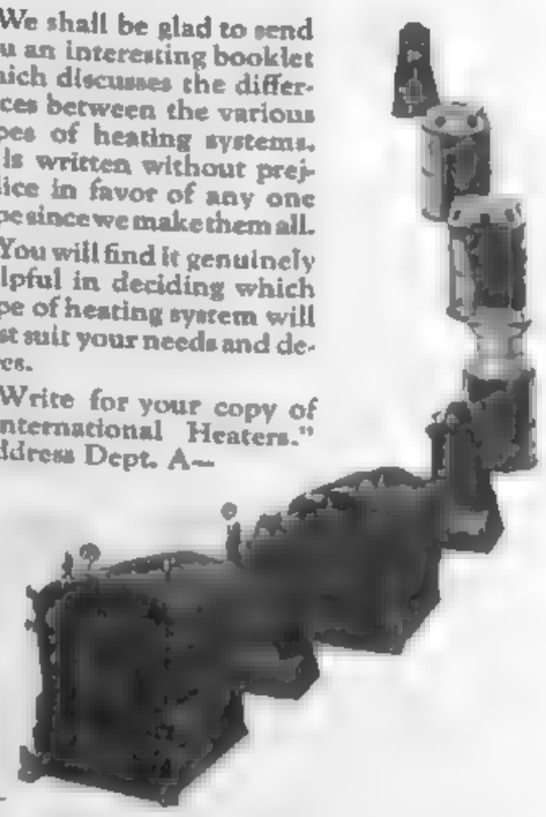
You will find it genuinely helpful in deciding which type of heating system will best suit your needs and desires.

Write for your copy of "International Heaters." Address Dept. A—



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INTERNATIONAL

STEAM AND HOT WATER BOILERS, WARM AIR FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS

(Continued from Page 146)

a state where it could only, with safety, be stood up in; the frock coat in which I had been married was long ago an impossibility.

Now, after Dorothy came back from New York, and we were going to a party, she seemed almost strange because of her unfamiliar and new dress. There was no trace in her bearing or appearance of the difficult years, sixteen of them, that had made up our life together. Her spirit was more vigorous, her grace more flexible, than when I had first seen her. Either the greater superficiality or superior depth of women kept them comparatively free from the marks with which time and struggle disfigured men. There was a costume she wore to dances in fancy dress—blue denim with exposed ruffled pantalets and a red wig with curls—and in it she was so young as to seem to belong to another generation than mine.

I had stopped going to such parties—somewhere I had lost most of my gayety—and often, just before she left, we'd sit in the dining room with two tall glasses filled with ice and a bottle of champagne—preferable to the gin she would be later offered We would sit and I'd regard her with a surprise touched with consternation, she was so—so contemporary, so much at home in a present set to music which exasperated rather than soothed me. In a word I had placed myself—I expected music to be soothing:

Quaint survival of a period sustained on the echoed waltzes of Johann Strauss! The lines of the popular songs of my youth today would be disdained by children; those I heard in the night clubs of New York startled a not inconsiderable experience, I wasn't, I hoped, censorious; I had said before that I didn't want to correct the present; no, my adaptability to change was over. I was like a clock that had stopped at an hour never again to return, or a marked date on a calendar of the year before last. Suddenly, without noticing it, my elasticity had departed, just as, after the term of use, it left rubber.

I went to parties where there wasn't formal dancing, and, for a while, sufficiently enjoyed them; but I soon got tired—midnight had the aspect of a purely hypothetical period, never reached. I wasn't able to attach myself to new people, to a fresh charm. It was all forced: I'd tell myself that the woman to whom I was talking for the first time was utterly engaging: I would proceed—but with mechanics where there had once been fervor—in the suggestion of later engagements; and then, riding home, her image would fade like a scene overtaken by night. My mind held the stamp of other, earlier, faces, the inflections of different voices. I fought against this, I denied it, but it was useless. With the door of my room shut, in the cool relinquishment of my bed, with a book to be read or dropped, the truth would envelop me—silence had become more valuable to me than sound, rest more grateful than any activity.

Back to Old Times

That was specially true after a dinner, a measurably young dinner, in my own house, where there was no escape from the lateness of a successful occasion. The phonograph relentlessly ground out a most modern music with, the rugs pushed aside, dancing keeping up and up its arbitrary rhythms. The mere laughter seemed to me incredible, shattering, in force; everyone but me was capable of simply inexhaustible pleasure. When, finally, they were gone—in our fixed habit—I'd put the house in order, lay the rugs, and gather the glasses and carry them to the pantry. The servants would have long gone into West Chester. I would empty the ash trays and conduct the dogs to where, on worn steamer rugs, they slept in the kitchen.

They, too, went willingly now, for they were old, their wheaten muzzles were gray. The quiet, the tranquillity of the Dower House, would surge back, stopping the sounds whirling in my head as though my brain had become a phonograph; the opened doors, in winter, would let in a bath of cold; and I'd listen a moment, subconsciously and vainly, for the slow loud ticking of the clock that used to hang on the kitchen wall. Even if it had still been there the pantry doors would have deadened its sound; it belonged to an era before the pantry, when the noises of the kitchen were almost equally shared with the dining room and beyond.

No matter who had been present, it was an enormous relief to have them gone, to be alone, silent. This had become true in the face of the fact that I liked the people who made up our life; in particular the men. I welcomed them very happily, and it wasn't my fondness but my vitality which sometimes sank before they went I had been, as a child, very much alone; and I suppose the mental habit which this bred was, the energy of youth departing, coming back. I had begun to regard a great many things in a way which even I recognized was old-fashioned, the fashion of the time of my malleability. A trait not discouraged by my increasing habit of looking into the past for the subjects of my novels.

Yes, in her red wig Dorothy was triumphantly alive; she was a part, a note, of the music of today. There were phases of her life in which I definitely took no part. It was a disturbing recognition that had perhaps, the noise would sink to a silence deepened by the soft flutter of snow all night against the panes.

In the morning Dorothy, who had been on the sleeping porch, would tell me that her blankets were white, and ask me to feel how cold her nose was. Her cheeks would be brilliant with color and she'd want, then, to dance—all day and through the next night. It wasn't unheard of for me to be annoyed by her mere exuberance. And for that, I began to think, for her activity of spirit, the red wig was a symbol. When she took it out of its box for a recurling at the hairdresser's, when Martha starched the pantalets, I knew that her unspent youngness was in the ascendancy; I prepared to hear the phonograph as she got ready; and I went for the bottle of champagne; it was so much better than the present gin, lighter and the talisman of a more amber mood.

The Kitchen Shelf

overtaken me in Mr. Miller's barber's chair—that the feeling of youth I had entertained was an illusion; but it had soon lost the disagreeableness of its significance. I was pervaded by the feeling that my present condition was better than the one it had followed. I was, for one thing, freer; but not yet, of course, free. I didn't long for a complete escape from the flesh; I wanted my pleasures to be at once keen and moderate, and to close, when I was tired, with the neatness of a book. Old age, death, I saw, were not, after all, so insuperable. With the thinning of the flame there was a lessening of the oil; the lamp, normally, cooled gradually to its extinction. Death was only a moment, a breath, on the lowered wick.

However, I didn't, solitary in my room, dwell on that, but on the night which, flooding through the opened windows, made the room one with its own profound immensity. At times it was brilliant with stars, and again luminous with moonlight, or a gale would sweep across the north wall of the house. Dorothy hated wind, it made her uncontrollably wretched, but I liked to hear it beating against the solid field stone of the Dower House; and then,

It occurred to me that, with no preparatory phrases, I had too abruptly effected the transition from the rebuilding of my house to its occupation; yet that was how it happened—suddenly we were sleeping there. But not regularly, upstairs: two informal beds had been brought in from the stable and stood in the lower front room, on the brown paper that still, everywhere, protected the floor from workmen's shoes. Hob and Marlow were outside under the little roof that covered a part of the terrace; and, for the first time switching off the new and elaborate system of lighting, we didn't at once fall asleep. We were tired but mentally aroused; and the strangeness of my surrounding—for the night—the sense of newness, the flat smell of plaster and the pungent smells of paint and varnish, kept my eyes turning toward the invisible bookcases, the latches and leather latchstrings of the doors, the candid blue of the ceiling.

I had the sensation of having come to the end of an existence: for thirteen months I had been closely involved in a world of building and builders, of carpenters and masons and plumbers and plasterers; Mr. Farra had controlled the activities of my days, with Mr. Okie not entirely unlike the moon above the tides; I was always in communication with one or the other or searching hastily for either of the two Mr. McCormicks. And now that was over—the Dower House was restored. I had a strong impulse to get up and, filling the room with light, corroborate what I sufficiently knew; it was amazing that, with a pressure of the finger, so much that was strange would leap into being—the fashioned apron at the top of the bookcases, the hearth carried through the passageway to the room beyond, the projecting beam ornamentally finished with a pin above the fireplace.

But Dorothy, I thought, was asleep, and I stayed quietly, darkly, in bed. The dogs were restless; I could hear them stirring outside. On my left was the door to a twisting stair leading above; we had found the traces of it, hidden by a familiar clumsy stairway, when the walls were torn down; and up the narrow circular steps I went—in imagination. I gazed at the closets with narrow strap hinges which terminated in hearts. I lingered in a bathroom, on the immaculate painted floor, touching the porcelain handles of silver spigots, examining the silk curtain of the shower bath, the light set in the ceiling, like a luminous white sunflower with sharp petals of tin.

It was all mine, and it was finished: it was an actuality. In the next room there was a paneling cunningly made by single repeated vertical boards; Mr. Okie had discovered it somewhere and brought a copy to the Dower House; opposite it a Franklin stove with brass finials was set in the wall; and the flooring of spruce, where the protecting paper was torn, showed sage green. Or perhaps it was a tone brighter than sage, a truer green. Beyond again, across a narrow landing, was the room, with peaked and deep-embrasured windows, where I was to sleep. Wide closets with bars for hanging clothes, and closets of long drawers for shirts, racks for shoes! A passage lined with spaces for linen led to Dorothy's sleeping porch.

Stirring Memories

I got up and, in a guarded voice, told the dogs to lie still. Be quiet! The night was thick with cloud; and again, in my visionary journey through the Dower House, I was on the upper porch. The pointed roof of the woodhouse was directly below me; I could just distinguish the gleam of its white painted wood. Charlie, when he was my gardener, had had no woodhouse; he had wheeled the logs up from the stable; and I wondered what he'd have thought of the changes in the place he regarded as his. Some he would have approved of, and others he would have condemned. I was certain of that. Charlie wouldn't have been carried away by any of it; he owned an aristocratic superiority to being impressed by worldly things. He took them admirably—such facts as a gallon of gin for granted.

But the first, the musical, Clarence would have been loud in amazement and praise; yet here, now, impotent. We needed a very different sort of servant; even William was skeptical of his ability to attend to all the woodwork Ben Thorn was painting for him. One man can't do it, he had informed me, in his excited tone. I adopted Dorothy's successful attitude and pretended that he hadn't spoken. I changed the subject and he left, shaking his head.

Such an imaginary excursion was well enough, in its way, but I wanted to be asleep, to drive all the stirring memories of the past, the surprising quality of the present, out of my mind. If we changed the Dower House every year my writing must go on without a break, line after line; a web that must hold us all up, Dorothy and Martha and William and Masterson and Miss McLeary and me; six people and a house of the solidest stone in no more than a web of words. Yes, and two dogs and as many automobiles! Sometimes, awake in the dark, it seemed more than I could humanly manage; next week, I'd assure myself, we would be thrown out on the hard ground of a public scorn. Everyone who knew us would covertly point out how I had always spent—or was it wasted?—my money. There were the oak frames of the doors with oak pins! They would have no trouble in finding material for their opinion. Or suppose what public I had did grow tired of me, what I thought was moving no longer move it.

(Continued on Page 153)

So that every family may benefit by modern banking aid

A story that interests everyone who has financial progress seriously in mind. How two great companies have joined —for greater safety and efficiency in handling your money

THE long journey to financial independence is shortened for every man and woman who will take advantage of the help modern banking offers. That is the opinion of every man and woman *who has reached this goal*.

It can be easily and definitely *proved*.

So, if you are now planning and working toward security and freedom from money-necessity, this story will be interesting and helpful. It tells of two great business institutions, now *joined to combine their efforts* in giving you greater safety and efficiency in handling and using money.

One is the largest manufacturer of bank checks in the world

Today, throughout America, thousands of banks supply their depositors with checks that are *protected* against check frauds.

These checks were the idea upon which, in 18 years, one of the two companies now joined grew to be the largest manufacturer of bank checks in the world. This company has been known as The Bankers Supply Company—now a division of The Todd Company. The checks are known everywhere—Super-Safety Bank Checks. Their purpose is to safeguard your funds while checks are in circulation—*after* they have left your hands, *before* your bank receives them.

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During this time another great institution, established 25 years ago, studied and worked toward the same end: greater protection for your funds, wider use of checks in handling money.

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How this interests you

Today the Bankers Supply Company and the Todd Protectograph Company join forces in a new and larger organization, international in scope, to be known as The Todd Company.

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Where two staffs of experts labored separately—in your behalf—today they will benefit by aiding each other. And *you* will benefit by *that*.

How and why:

"What has all this to do with *me?*" you say.

It *does* concern you, *does* benefit you—in the same way that you are benefited by the unseen work, in laboratories and shops, that puts electric lights in your home, that gives you the telephone, marvelous radio sets, and every great utility in modern life.

All this work and effort—*to protect your money*—makes it easier, more practical than ever before, to avail yourself of the vital assistance offered you today by the banks of your locality.

And modern banking aid is very real, very definite. It offers you many shortcuts to comfort, security, financial independence. It makes financial progress possible to *millions* who, unaided, *might never find the way!*

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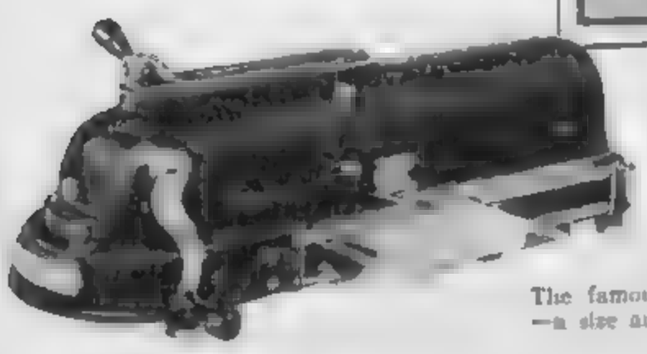

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Building financial independence needs tools, too. Not hammer and saw and pliers, of course—*but modern tools for handling money*.

Today, the most important money-handling "tool" in the world is a checking account! Every financial authority agrees to that. Every financial success *proves* it.

Right now, reading this, *you can prove it to yourself*. For there are *eight* distinct ways in which a checking account helps you handle money efficiently—*make it go farther—save it!*

The 8 great helps

A checking account removes the chance to *lose* money; to make errors in change; to pay bills twice (since a check is its own receipt for payment).

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A checking account gives you the respect and valuable friendship of a bank. And, finally, it earns for you the respect of people with whom you do business. These two considerations alone are worth dollars and cents to you—in counsel, opportunities and often success-building credit!

Much more than convenience

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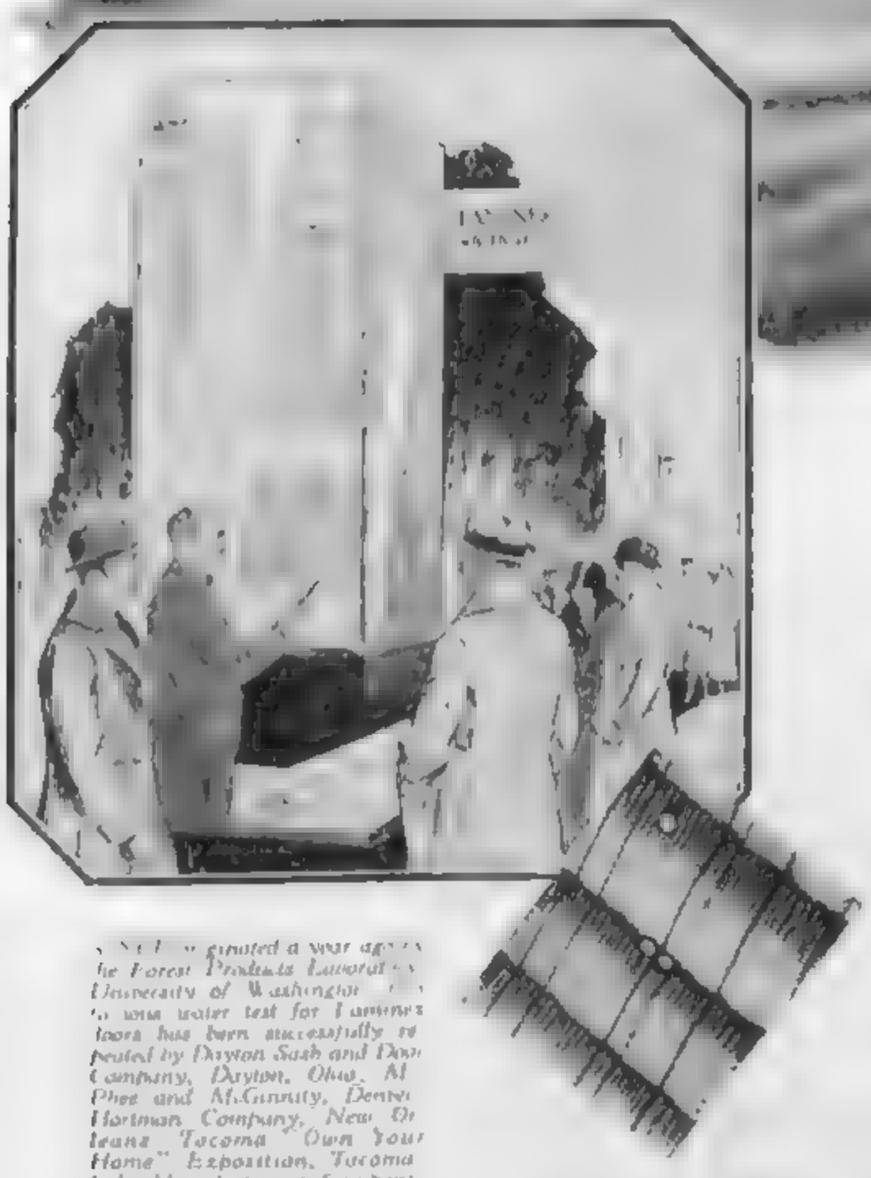

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Cross-section of wood as it looks through the microscope. The tracheids or wood cells expand in width when wet causing wood to swell, buckle and warp. When dry, they cause wood to shrink. By the Laminex process of building, a ... overcome this ... fault of wood

If a steam pipe burst, what would it do to *your* doors?

BITTER cold of a winter evening! Good old furnace fire roaring merrily! A sudden call away from home . . . . and the return . . . *a steam pipe burst* . . . . . !

What would the hissing, penetrating fury do to your doors? *That* depends on their construction! If they are Laminex—you're safe!

Common doors will warp and twist and swell tight under steam's inroads. It blisters their surface, leaving an ugly defect. The doors stick and jam—ruined!

It is the *proved stamina* of Laminex doors under steam and water—under heat and pressure—that has made them a national success within twelve months of the time they were announced. For Laminex is a wooden door that has been subjected to heat, water and strength tests at the University of Washington. It has survived the tremendous heat and deluge of water of great warehouse fires—has gone through floods—has stood every form of punishment . . . without warping, coming apart or being ruined, as nearly all other doors would do

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LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

(Continued from Page 149

It might easily be that any day my writing would show itself to have become brittle and lifeless, like the cast-off brown shell of a locust left clinging emptily to the indifferent live trunk of a tree. Or I could easily fall sick again, this time permanently. That wasn't a comfortable way to wear through the low hours from midnight until dawn; and some of it touched me the night of our return to Dower House. Dorothy fortunately continued to sleep; and it was bright morning before, waking sharply, any doubts were swept from my mind. We were, then, very cheerful: the Dower House was finished; it was, practically, paid for; and we were extravagantly busy. I couldn't begin to realize what Dorothy had to do; compared to the variety, the unsorted confusion, of the duties before her my responsibility was simple—the filling up of another small brown covered blankbook with sentences.

Martha and William, strange men and black women for cleaning, Dorothy herself, occupied the house with an activity to which I was only a hindrance. As I walked they cleaned before me and after; if I sat down, my chair was in the wrong place and I was moved; if I wanted to dress, there was a greater need to have the windows of the room I selected washed. There were piles of linen, curtain rods, baskets of clothes, on my bed. I was told to arrange the books on their shelves, and when that was well advanced I found that the white paint wasn't dry, my books were edged, smudged, with white. I explained this, showed the damage, to both Dorothy and Ben Thorn, but no one listened to me.

Well, I had restored the Dower House; and almost the first thing we did was to change the picture of the old house on our Christmas cards to the new. The former at once became a great rarity: though we had sent away hundreds, and I remembered nineteen left over in their blank envelopes in a drawer, we found, after long search, only one. It recalled the stone coal bin and low sloping roof, the iron-barred window and climbing rose at the back, the benches at either side of the main entrance leading, inconveniently, into the dining room. On one of the benches, but reduced to infinitesimal size, I was seated. We had an earlier picture still, drawn in sepia with the brush.

A long while ago, I remembered, before I had even thought of marriage, I had walked down a rough and narrow lane and seen above me on the left the gray and retiring stone dwelling. It had appeared, because of the surrounding tangle of bushes, the trees and the difficulty of the way, to be definitely apart from West Chester. Then it belonged in the country. It hadn't specially attracted me—a small obviously old house out of repair. I wasn't interested in the past of Chester County and—my writing was at its most hopeless ebb—it never occurred to me that I'd have a place—that place, least of all—for myself. I couldn't have seen how I'd ever manage a wife. And yet it's in my mind that even then, resting in the lane descending between its wildly grown banks, I said that I should like to live here.

The Unsuspected Future

Probably it was the peacefulness which attracted, promised to soothe, me; peace, outside or within, was infrequent then. Or, more probable still, the magic of locality that I was later to fall under so completely reached down and touched me, caressed me, with its hidden promise. It must have been twenty years ago; and if, walking on—twenty-four years old—I was ignorant of the tranquil beauty that, so much later, would envelop me; I equally escaped knowledge of the intervening time, the long sickness, like the return of the cloud, the shadow, which had lain over my childhood, the bitter disappointments and impossibly deferred hope.

I wish I could now see in detail that boy of twenty-four; not live with him again or restore him, like the Dower House, to that early state; a long glance would be enough. His state then would have been very low—it had just become plain that he'd never be a painter, and the graciousness of a love which had carried him, rapt from actuality, into the twenties, had been abruptly withdrawn. Not a premonition that he would write had offered him its relief; he'd have been the first to ridicule such a fantastic idea. Dropping down the Goshen Road, he would have turned to the left and climbed the long hill into West Chester that was to grow so familiar to him—and there he was lost to memory.

The Goshen Road, but it had become Goshen Avenue, was cleared of its bushes; on one side, where it dipped into High Street, was the smoothly sodded bank of my lawn, and on the other Mr. Marshall's white-fenced meadows; High Street was paved in concrete from West Chester to Pottstown, and it was never silent, never empty of the passage of automobiles; beyond, where there had been Indian corn, the cut slope of the golf course rose to meet the sky. Houses, as though they had been spilled out of the town, were streaming down hill; a detached row back of the Dower House reflected in its plate-glass windows the sun-brightened west; the lot next to my ground bore a large sign, For Sale; the marks, the march, of improvement! Set squarely, immovably, in the path of this the Dower House kept the isolation of a different day; I had written that it wouldn't be physically submerged by any near future I could conceive of, but what struck me more sharply now was the aloofness of its spirit: it might have been created for my special need, exactly the phenomenon, the stopped sun, I had no belief in and wouldn't write about.

Tenants of Other Days

The house, moved a few miles across the countryside, in which the first Howat Penny in America had had supper before he started on the coon hunt with Fanny Gilkan! The house in which the last Howat Penny died. It was strange how much stronger its influence was than all the loud disrupting pressure of the present—that stillness which instantly banished the echoes of parties. And this, too, wasn't a property of my stimulated imagination: people appreciably sensitive who came there for dinner were soon, after an hour, aware of it. Free from the clamoring of champagne, the rasp of the phonograph, the quiet flowed over them. It was the white walls, they said, the fires in the deep blackened hearths; but they fell short of the truth. Sleep there was more refreshing than in other places, and the whiteness of the walls, the depths of fireplaces, were blotted out then.

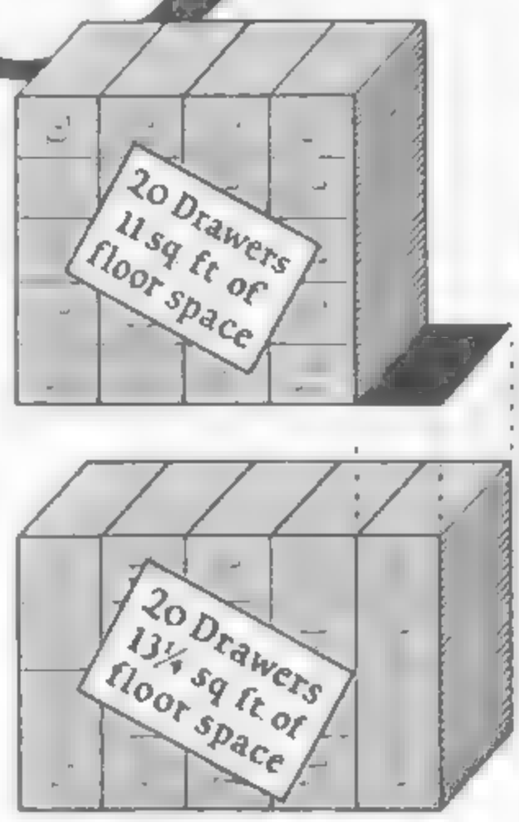
Yet, certainly, this didn't always happen; others came to whom the house was, simply, a house, comfortable enough and adequately—with that furnace in the cellar—heated. They ate and drank and danced with never a suspicion of what lurked, remained, about them. I hope they didn't know what I thought of them or said when they had gone. I held the Dower House, just as I regarded my writing, very highly—because of what it had saved me from, what it had given me. It might mean nothing to others, but to me it was nearly everything. When people told me they didn't like what I wrote I always had an impulse to answer, "Yes, but you should have seen what I was . . . at twenty-four." However, that would have had no bearing, no validity, with them; the good that even my worst writing had done was primarily for myself.

It was, again, the fourteenth of December; Dorothy's holiday preparations were already well advanced, I had an idea the turkeys were ordered, and Miss McLeary was telephoning to find why the Christmas cards hadn't arrived. I was reaching, I would reach in a very few minutes, the end of a part of the book under my hand; and then, uncomfortably late, I'd be drawn into city streets and stores massed with the celebrants of—of—could it have been that birth in the poverty of a stable?

After some days of rain it was cold again, but there was no promise of an appropriate snow; snow at Christmas seemed to have become another property of the past. New sleds were hurled against meager reaches of ice on pavements or in the gutters. The day of the fireflies, the long coasters with double runners and a wheel for steering, was over. Once High Street, a score of times through the winter, had been thick with them, slipping with a gathering velocity and long cheers down the hill and coming up with scarlet-cheeked youth on the ropes. Even with snow the automobiles made that dangerous now. There had been none when Lewis Jones, who was colored and skillful, guided Horace Butler's firefly, with its singing young load, on the swift far run into prosaic years.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue

5 drawer sections instead of 4 save floor space



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WALL PAPER

THE CONTENTED SOUL

(Continued from Page 13)

"You're a lucky guy," Petie interrupted. "I guess you've a right to be contented. When did this happen, you fat rascal?"

"We were engaged before I left Danbury," said Ackerman. "Sometimes I think I'd like to go back now and get married, but Evelyn's satisfied to let things run along the way they are until we're sure we can afford a home in easy commuting distance of New York; and if she's satisfied I certainly ought to be, and am—more than satisfied."

"I'll say you ought to be," observed Petie, and in that moment he felt that Ben Ackerman was hopeless. "I'll never say another word calculated to disgruntle you." And he never did.

"What I can't understand is how she came to accept me," said Ackerman. "I feel such an unworthy worm when I think of what she is and who she might have if she chose. The school principal where she teaches admires her tremendously, and there's another man who owns a hat factory and is quite wealthy who would propose to her in a moment if he had any encouragement, so her mother told me. And yet she takes a dub like me!"

"You probably have a lot in common," Petie suggested. "I judge she's like you, easy to please."

That went over the top.

"Kid on, kid on," said the fond lover, chuckling fatuously. "There's more truth than poetry in that, though. I guess, as you say, I'm just plain lucky."

"By the way, what did you think of those prunes at dinner?" Petie inquired.

"Why, they were all right, I thought," Ackerman answered wonderingly. "What about them?"

"Nothing," Petie said, yawning cavernously. "Well, I'm going to hit the door knobs, feller. Pleasant dreams! But you'd scorn to have any other kind."

Petie moved on a Saturday afternoon, when he would have plenty of time to pack. He was positive that he had told Mrs. Motherwell that in so many words, and when that decayed gentlewoman knocked loudly and sharply at his door at two o'clock and wanted to know when he was going to get out of there, he reminded her of the circumstance.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Barstow," said the landlady in her most landladylike manner. "You—told—me—that you would be out of the house by Saturday afternoon, and I'll thank you not to contradict me. That was what you said—'out of the house by Saturday afternoon,' and being accustomed to dealing with gentlemen who kept their words, I counted on you doing what you agreed to do, Mr. Barstow."

"My dear lady ——" Petie began.

"I'm not your dear lady, if you please," she corrected.

"True," Petie murmured. "Well, listen a moment, please, Mrs. Motherwell. I didn't know that —"

"It is now getting along for three o'clock, and at any moment ——"

At that very moment there came a mellow long-distance call from the colored maid on the floor below:

"Mis' Mothahwell!"

The landlady turned from the threshold of the door and, leaning over the banisters, screamed back, "What's wanted now?"

"You is. Lady with huh trunk heah."

"My soul!" ejaculated Mrs. Motherwell. Regaining her presence of mind, she turned venomously on Petie. "I told you so! Here's the lady I rented your room to, and you still here and the room not made up!"

"I'm awfully sorry," Petie apologized. "If I had known ——" He followed her to the stairs and had a glimpse of the new boarder standing in the hall. "I'll be through in about ten minutes, Mrs. Motherwell," he called to that lady's descending back. Then he returned to his room and began to jam his remaining effects into his trunk. Within the ten minutes he had forced the lid down, locked it and buckled the straps of his two suitcases. Then he went downstairs in search of Mrs. Motherwell and poked his head into the parlor.

He was not at all sorry to find that Mrs. Motherwell was not in the room. As he had hoped, the new boarder was, and she had taken off her hat and disclosed a permanent wave in her bobbed hair that no beauty-shop contraption had ever put there. It was hair to make a man hold his breath, too—a dark chestnut, clean and glossy as that fruit is when newly shucked from its prickly envelope; and her eyes matched it in color, but with a glint instead of a gloss, and nicely fringed in a darker hue. God had been very good to the young woman in the matter of eyes, as in other respects; and it is a reasonable theory that the devil had something to do with the glint in them.

It's odd how, merely looking at a person from a distance, with her face practically concealed by a low-set *cloche*, and standing in a gloomy hall, at that, a man may get a hunch that a closer inspection of her would be well worth time and pains. Petie had felt that hunch strongly. He now saw that with the hair and eyes that she had, the rest of her features might have been quite ordinary and she would still have got by unchallenged. But the rest of her features were not ordinary, exactly. I don't say that they were in the strictest mold of classic beauty; her nose might have been a few hairbreadths longer and her mouth a trifle smaller and hurt nothing; but, all in all, Petie's hunch amply justified itself.

The smile that ought to have been worth a million dollars illumined the young man's ingenuous countenance as he advanced and bowed. How in thunder did she manage to keep that Puritan collar and those wristlets so dazzlingly white for half a day in New York? And that spiffy little suit of snuff brown! Simple to severity, but class. Class, but not the expensive kind. Pitiably ignorant as most of us men are, especially when we run against the simple stuff in women's duds, there are a few of us who have an eye for the difference, and a working knowledge, picked up heaven knows how, of the little matter of cost.

Petie was one of these, and when he told himself, "Class, but not the expensive kind" he was right.

"I think I owe you an apology," Petie said.

The smile must have been improperly worked. At least it elicited no responsive upcurving of lips that—glory be!—had no repelling smearing of cosmetic carmine. Clearly this girl was advanced beyond the Piegan squaw's idea of personal decoration. No, she didn't smile back. She raised her eyebrows a fraction of an inch and said, "Yes?"

"I believe I've been making you wait for your room," Petie explained. "The fact is that I—I didn't know that you were coming, you see."

"It doesn't matter in the least," said the girl discouragingly.

"If I had, I'd have thrown my things out of the window sooner than have kept you waiting," Petie assured her.

"That would have been very unnecessary," she replied, without looking at him, and she took Mrs. Motherwell's copy of Bards of Dixie from the center table and opened it.

"And if I can make amends by carrying your trunk upstairs—or anything—I'll be delighted."

Fair enough, wasn't it? But before the young woman could accept or reject the offer, Mrs. Motherwell entered the room. She grinned amiably at the new arrival, and then, with a sudden sharp frost on her face, turned on Petie.

"Oh, here you are!" she said, with the peculiarly offensive emphasis that she had a habit of on occasions.

"Here I am," answered Petie cheerfully. "I was looking for you."

"Oh, were you?" She confronted him rigidly, her left hand clasping her right wrist at her waistline. "I was looking for you, Mr. Barstow. I wished to tell you that I cannot allow your baggage to be taken from the house until you have settled your account."

Petie actually gasped, as well he might, and reddened to the ears. The sanguine hue deepened as he observed that the new boarder was smiling at last—with amusement.

"Why—why ——" he stammered.

The enemy followed up her surprise attack.

"I'm sorry," she said malignantly, "but I will not be imposed on." This was the young man who had erstwhile entertained her paying guests with his witty remarks—nothing that you could take notice of—concerning the wholesome, well-cooked food that she served; who said "May I trouble you to pass the marge—I beg pardon, butter?" Who, on one occasion, put her to the humiliating necessity of applying corrosive sublimate in three of the rooms at one time, so that there was no use saying "You must have brought 'em with you"; who was never satisfied and perpetually incited rebellion and discontent. Hah! It was Mrs. Motherwell's great moment.

"Who's trying to impose on you? What do you mean?" roared Petie. "Didn't I offer to pay you last night, and didn't you say you couldn't make change and it would do as well today? Did I, or did I not?" he demanded. "I tell you I was looking for you just now."

He had never before roared at a woman that he could recollect, but this was too, too much.

The poor fish! Where would that get him? It was child's play for Mrs. Motherwell to smile disdainfully and direct an informing glance at the girl.

"It is not at all necessary to shout at me," she said. "I know what I know."

Who could deny that? Not Petie, who, furious, was fumbling for his bill book in the wrong pocket. She knew what she knew.

Everything derogatory was implied in that incontrovertible statement. Having found his money, the young man slapped bill after bill on the table to the amount due, and a little more, as in his agitation he mistook a five-dollar bill for a one. Then, with what poor assumption of dignity he could manage, he left the room, and a few minutes later a taxi bore him and his baggage from that unspeakable dump forever.

He was sore—raw and bleeding—and his wrath was not altogether directed against Mrs. Motherwell. He had himself to kick. What had been the matter with him? What had become of his sang-froid and savoir-faire, his repartee and all the rest of those French things signifying a nervy front and a quick comeback? What the dickens was it that made him blush and stammer and yield his hitherto well-tethered goat to that old hellion's triumphant possession? Was it the presence of the new boarder, whose final silvery giggle still tinkled in his still crimson ears? After some deliberation, he honestly concluded that the new boarder did have something to do with it.

Cogitating further, he admitted that in all his previous experience he had never met any female girl who had so intrigued him. Lookers a-plenty he had encountered; and, by the way, they usually smiled whenever he smiled, and the few exceptions to this rule he had easily thawed. Was that it? Might have been, and then again it might have been something else. Perhaps if he had been given a little more time he might have thawed this little icicle. Rotten luck that she had to be coming just as he was going!

Later in the evening he began to see the absurdity of the thing and recovered his sense of humor sufficiently to be able to laugh. But imagine a peach like that at Motherwell's, where the ladies, employed, all seemed either scraggy and collar-bony or unduly—"plump" was a charitable word for it! Imagine the flutter at the festive board when the new boarder made her first appearance thereat! Imagine old Walsh and Bennington and Clayton and the rest of the fossiliferous bunch tumbling over themselves and stepping on one another to win a kind word or a glance; and the younger set—Hawood, Parks and Wolcot—oh, boy! It would have been well worth while to stay on there just to see what happened, irrespective of any personal interest that a man might feel.

"Well, that's that," he said, having hung his last garment in the closet of his new room, closed the drawers of the Grand Rapids highboy on his shirts and dropped the lid of his empty trunk. He looked around the room with almost complete approval. It had a mantelpiece in it, a tiled fireplace with a gas log; there was a noble easy-chair that was absolutely easy although new, or nearly new; the pictures were by no means too bad; there was a silk-shaded lamp on a bedside table; the rugs were near-Daghestan and not a worn place in one of them. He readjusted his photographs on the mantelpiece and then lit his pipe and subsided luxuriously into the easy-chair.

(Continued on Page 158)

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This one reaches every *tooth every time you brush*

KEEP *all* your teeth clean and you will keep *all* your teeth. There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't reach.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

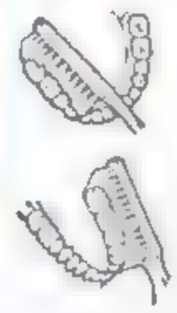
Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light, coral pink color which shows that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

Do you know it is easy to get teeth clean and beautiful? If you think it isn't, brush once or twice with a Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush makes the task a simple one. The curved handle, the saw-tooth bristle-tufts, the large end tuft and the tapered and beveled head combine to make brushing amazingly easy. Your teeth are clean in no time. You keep your temper and you save your energy.

Men and women are better-looking today. Smiles are brighter; teeth glisten. These whiter, prettier teeth you see everywhere. They are teeth that are really clean. They have no coating. The tell-tale marks of decaying food, of germs, are missing. These teeth owe their beauty to a brush, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Millions use it regularly to give their teeth a pearly whiteness.

Your Pro-phy-lac-tic saves you time because it is scientifically designed to save you time

YOU can see that the mouth of this woman is not as wide as her jaws. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won't reach the back teeth. Look at the photograph of the man below. There is no reason why this man should not smile often. He has sound teeth. By using a brush that reaches every tooth he keeps all his teeth clean and keeps all his teeth. Notice diagrams to the upper right. See how the curved handle and curved bristle-surface help.



The interesting diagrams at the left were especially prepared to show you the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush at work. Any brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic clean *between* the teeth. The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth.

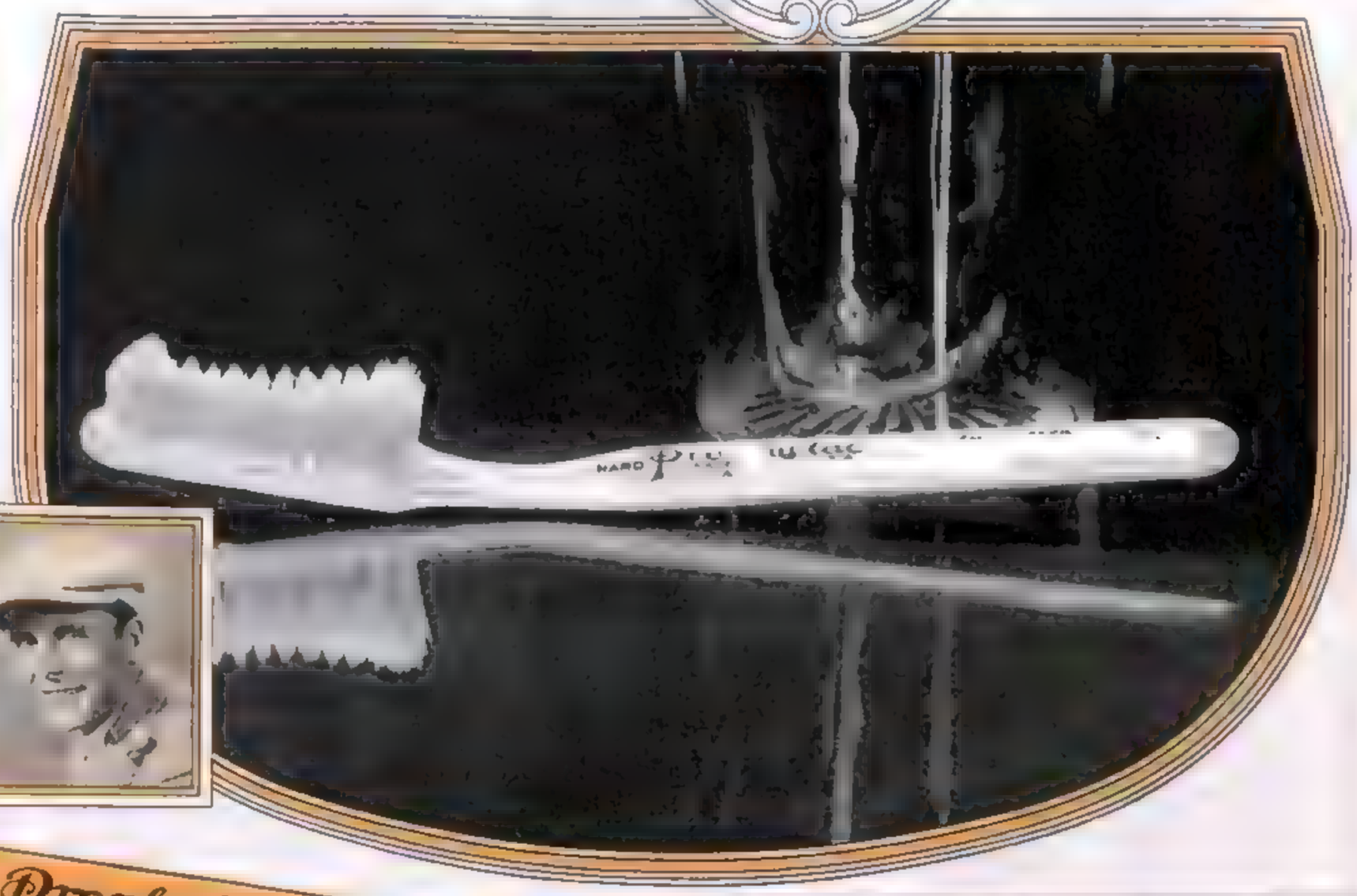
Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

* * *

free—

to one lucky reader of this advertisement — free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

FREE tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is "Is your brush hitting on all 32?" After reading the text can you supply a *new* headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 18, 1925.



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass. Dept. I—E1

Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped:

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(Your name in full)

The new multiple movement

Bates
Automatic
NUMBERING MACHINE

It would probably take this whole issue of The Saturday Evening Post to describe the different uses that Bates Numbering Machines are actually being put to. Lawyers use them for numbering accounts, cases, statements, properties, etc. Up-to-date druggists number their prescriptions with Bates Machines—there can be no inaccuracy. Banks use them for pass books, deposit slips, check books and customers' lists.

Wherever there is an office, a store or a factory, there is time and money saving work for one or more Bates Numbering Machines.

And now we have perfected this new Multiple Movement Bates Numbering Machine. It numbers consecutively (1, 2, 3, 4, etc.), duplicate (1, 1; 2, 2; 3, 3; 4, 4; etc.), triplicate (1, 1, 1; 2, 2, 2; 3, 3, 3; etc.), and repeat (1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, as often as you wish). The price of this new Bates is $16. up. Other Bates Numbering Machines $13. up.

The time that a Bates Numbering Machine saves and the accuracy it insures pay for the machine over and over again—look into it for your business.

Bates
Telephone & Radio Indexes

This indispensable time saver has taken the public by storm. By a twist of the knob you can find any one of 720 names and numbers in two seconds. Bates Telephone Indexes $2.50 up.

The Bates Radio Index is a directory of all stations, and lists cities, stations, wave lengths, with ample spaces for dial readings. It is a log as well as a directory that will give you any station in two seconds. You can buy Bates Radio Indexes from your stationer, department store or radio dealer. Price $3.00 East of the Rockies.

Bates Ajax
Automatic Eyeleter

You simply put the eyelets into the hopper and this eyeleter punches the hole, feeds and inserts the eyelet in one automatic movement. This wonderful eyeleter was first made for lawyers, accountants and general office work; its uses have rapidly expanded to industry for eyeleting tags, fastening pay envelopes, eyeleting cloth samples and a thousand and one other things. Price $7.50 East of the Rockies.

The best stationers and rubber stamp dealers everywhere sell Bates Numbering Machines and the other Bates appliances and will gladly show them to you. We will send you descriptive folders of any or all of these appliances on request.

THE BATES MANUFACTURING CO., Est. 1891

Orange, N. J.

New York Office, 50 Church Street

To the hundreds of thousands of users of Bates Numbering Machines the world over: For permanent clear impressions be sure to get genuine Bates Ink. It does not clog the machine, but acts as a lubricant.

(Continued from Page 154)

"I'm on my way," he said; "on my way." And when at last he knocked the ashes from his pipe he again spoke aloud. "I'll have to get news of her from Ben Ackerman," he said.

But it was long before he had any opportunity for a chat with Ackerman. The department of which he was now practically the head was on another floor of the big building that the big company occupied. Then Petie was out to make a record and became a very busy person, with his business very much on his mind. Once in a while Ben and he got into the same elevator and exchanged cordial greetings, and once or twice Petie urged his old companion to visit him in his new quarters; but Ackerman didn't show up, and, for reasons, Petie couldn't very well go to see him. You know how it goes. The current of affairs gets you and sweeps you along with a man for a way, and then forks and carries you one way and him another, out of sight and hearing, and presently out of recollection. And then time well occupied dimmed the image of the new boarder in Petie's mind. It receded, in a way, and only came forward by way of comparison when the boy was thrown into female society, which wasn't often in those busy months of the new job. So the autumn passed quickly and the air began to get quite a wintry snap, and that brought about a rather remarkable thing. Petie saw the girl getting into a Fifth Avenue bus going northward.

That is to say, he saw a winter coat with an upturned collar getting in—no more than the back of it, and just a wisp or lock of chestnut hair. In the instant that it took this coat to disappear, Petie experienced a jumping sort of sensation in his chest and throat that was entirely new to him. A queer thing! But it didn't prevent him from sprinting after the bus, which he might have overtaken in spite of its start but for a collision with a fool who was walking one way and looking the other. The best that Petie could then do was to swing on the bus next following and climb to the top, where from the front seat he could keep his quarry in sight.

Then, after ten minutes' watching in the bleak wind, his conveyance swung west on Fifty-seventh and the other went merrily on northward.

Personally, I think that Petie was mistaken. By long, long odds it wasn't the girl at all; but he insists that it was. I think he was in big luck that he was sidetracked, too, for he had quite an important business engagement and no time to lose chasing girls in busses. He had forgotten that, I surmise. But be it as it may, the memory of that bad ten minutes in Motherwell's parlor was galvanized into life, and the young woman's image became as distinct in Petie's mind as it would have been had he caught the bus in the first place and occupied a seat that faced hers. In time that image faded again, but the incident strongly indicated that it took little to revive it. You understand, Petie had never seen the girl in a winter coat.

And in the meantime another curious thing happened. Petie met Ben Ackerman coming out of Kraus' office one day—and didn't recognize him. Only when Ackerman spoke did Petie realize that it was indeed he. Had to look twice at the well-dressed stranger with the knife-edge crease in his trousers.

"Why, hel-lo!" cried Petie. "You don't mean to say that this is you and none other!"

"All that's left of me," replied Ackerman, smiling. "I feel considerably shrunken since I went in to see the chief. I think I've lost weight."

Petie took his arm and turned him about, gravely inspecting him.

"Where was the fire?" he asked at last.

Ackerman laughed.

"Oh, the suit? Why, I've had that over three weeks. I don't like it so well as I did at first. I guess I'd better have paid a few dollars more and had a good tailor. This is a ready-made."

"Doesn't look it," said Petie. "Fits you like the devil, which is the very latest style."

"But look at the hang of the coat! It makes me sick!"

"Quite all right. But what's become of the Danbury creation? As I recollect, and judging from its past record of long and faithful service, it had at least two more years to go. Some accident happen to it?"

"You're a great kidder, ain't you?" said Ackerman uncomfortably. "Well, how are you coming along? I was talking to a man in your department the other day—I won't mention his name—and he told me you seemed to be making good; but ——"

What the "but" was Petie didn't learn, for Kraus came out of his lair with his overcoat and hat on, and seeing the two young men, stopped.

"Coming to see me, Barstow?" he called softly.

"Yes, sir," answered Petie promptly and Ackerman passed on.

"Flattered, I'm sure. I've been waiting for you for the last five minutes. Come in and we'll thrash that Philadelphia matter out."

Petie followed him back into his room and they proceeded to thrash. Petie got his way of it, as he generally did. He was departing when the main squeeze called him back.

"Do you know that man Ackerman you were talking to?" he asked.

"Intimately, sir," replied Petie, without hesitation. "We boarded at the same place until a few months ago, but I haven't seen much of him lately."

"What kind of a man is he?"

Kraus turned his large, soulful eyes wistfully on his underling.

"Finest kind," replied Petie warmly. "Salt of the earth! One in a thousand!"

"Yes, yes," said Kraus wearily. "No doubt. I have no doubt of that at all. But has he the qualities that would expand in a higher position? In other words, is he ambitious and progressive, in your opinion? You might be hiring him and firing yourself—within the next twenty years, possibly, so I'd like you to think. Now would you promote him to Dwyer's place? You know that Dwyer is leaving us, I suppose."

"I heard so," Petie replied absently.

He was thinking hard. Kraus, with his wistful eyes fixed upon him and his undertaker's mug drawn down. Petie had an idea that he was being tested again. Kraus was always feeling a man out. What of this? It was a matter of business, of judgment, in which friendship or old acquaintance was not supposed to figure. How about it? Then happily came the recollection of Ackerman's new suit, his dissatisfaction with the really decent cut of it, and Ben's general air of smartness.

"As to that," Petie said coolly and judicially, "I'd promote him. I have reason to believe that he's expanding now, and progressing. I'd give him a try-out and keep an eye on him."

"Thank you," said Kraus. "I just turned down his application. Peaseley gets Dwyer's desk. But I'll keep your recommendation in mind," he added. "We'll see how he stands the gaff."

A week or two after this, Ackerman phoned up to Petie and asked for his address, which he had forgotten. Was Petie likely to be home that evening? Petie was, and would be tickled to pieces to see the old boy. Fine!

So Ackerman came. He was greatly impressed by the splendors of Petie's abode.

"This," said he, looking round the room, "is about what I ought to have. It's what I'm going to have, too, by George!"

"Take the big chair," Petie invited hospitably, drawing the not-so-easy one to the gas log for himself. "We'll light up the good old moss-covered hickory," he continued, striking a match and suiting the action to the word. "There, that's more cheerfuler. This is like old times. Why haven't you been up before, feller?"

"Well, I've been pretty busy, to tell you the truth," replied Ackerman. "I never did go out much evenings, you'll remember. No, I disagree. Not at all like old times. A big difference between this place and that rotten old hole where we used to sit. You were right to clear out when you did. It's getting rottener and rottener every day. I'm going to get out myself."

"You don't look quite so fat and happy as of yore," Petie admitted, looking at him with particular attention.

It was true. Ackerman's cheek bones showed; his nose seemed somehow longer and sharper, Petie thought; and had Ben's mouth always set in that grim, hard line? Petie thought not. Come to notice closely, Ackerman was beginning to show his Connecticut Yankee ancestry in his face. Certainly a few months had brought about a wonderful change in him.

"I say I'm going to get out," Ackerman resumed, "but I'm not sure that I'll be able to afford to. If we were working for a decent outfit I might; but the more you

(Continued on Page 159

THE RUG YOU WANT IS MOHAWK WOVEN

Fine Linen, Sterling~and a Karnak

The carefully prepared table will be set off best when the same good taste is shown in the dining room furnishings. And a Karnak with its closely woven pile and silk-like texture will do more than its part to impress the guests with a feeling of luxury, warmth, and restfulness. Worsted Wiltons of the highest grade, Karnaks typify the skill and honesty of manufacture that stand behind all Mohawk-woven rugs.

There is a rug, Mohawk-woven, that will suit whatever room you have in mind. A plain Chenille with a two-tone border; a seamless Axminster of artistic pattern, but modest price; Velvets, Tapestries—every type of domestic rug can be had with the Mohawk name behind it—your assurance of real floor-covering economy. Regardless of your needs or how much you have set aside to fulfill them, the rug you want is Mohawk woven.

KARNAK RUGS

Beauty ~ where pride demands it

"RUGS—AND THEIR DECORATIVE POSSIBILITIES" is an attractively bound book giving full information on the use of rugs in the home. Your copy is free on request. Or send 25 cents for a toy Karnak Rug 9 x 12 inches, a real rug for the child's doll house. Address our sole selling agents, W. & J. Sloane, Mohawk Adv. Dept., 577 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Amsterdam, New York

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A SPEEDY TRUCK $1095 f.o.b. Detroit

No other truck since the inception of the motor truck industry ever received in a few months time the national acceptance that has been accorded the Federal-Knight. Thousands of the nation's leading business houses have proved the economies of the Federal-Knight in operation.

To Federal dependability it adds the matchless economy of the famous Willys-Knight motor.

No other motor truck has this big advantage—a motor never yet known to wear out.

Less wear because of fewer parts. No carbon-cleaning, no valve-grinding. 50% savings in upkeep. 20% more power. Averages more than 17 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Our local representative will gladly demonstrate the Federal-Knight, in *your* work, without cost. He will help solve your delivery problem on the most practical basis—lower cost per ton-mile. Write for our transportation booklet "101 Reasons".

Unusual opportunity for Dealers in Open Territory.

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FIFTEEN YEARS of pioneering skill and experience go into the making of every Federal. Over $100,000,000.00 worth of Federals in active service. Models include: Federal Knight $1095; Fast Express $1675; 1½-Ton $2150; 2½-Ton $3200; 3½ to 4-Ton $4200; 5 to 6-Ton $4750; 7-Ton $5000; Light Duty Tractor $3200; Heavy Duty Tractor $4235. Prices f. o. b. Detroit for standard chassis only, in lead. Excise tax additional.

LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

(Continued from Page 156)

do—in my department, at least—the less they think of you. I've been working my fool head off lately; done good work, too, if I do say it; but where does it get me? Nowhere! Oh, I know you got a boost; but you just wait and see! They're making you earn more than they gave you, aren't they?"

"Sure," answered Petie, "and I'm willing they should as long as they can. Some of these fine days I'll be showing up at ten o'clock and playing eighteen holes in the afternoon and getting paid quite a little more for it; but I'll still be more than worth it. Listen, feller, as long as you're in the game you'll always be getting less than you're giving. It's one of these Mede and Persian laws. Listen some more! You take all the work they can pile on you and holler for more—hog it. Forget what they're paying you and play you're drawing down a million dollars and figure to give more than value received. And do not forget, ever, that Kraus' old-dog-Tray optics take in most of what's going on in the little shop. Never forget that, feller."

"Yes," said Ackerman bitterly, "and when I went to him a week or so ago and asked for Dwyer's job, he gave it to me with his blessing, did he not? He did not! And what's more, he jumped Peaseley right over my head into it. Pete, I'm twice as good as Peaseley. I tell you I'm good. I know it, and they know it; but they think I'm easy and ——"

"Cut that out!" Petie snapped. "Kraus generally has a pretty good reason for what he does, but he's not telling everybody what it is. That tip I just gave you is right from the feed box. I'm like a lady I once met up with—I know what I know. You do exactly what I've told you and you won't be sorry."

"Is that really straight, Petie?" asked Ackerman eagerly, and brightening perceptibly. "Has Kraus ever hinted anything to you about me?"

"I'm telling nothing more than I've told you," said Petie. "And I don't want to talk shop any more. I want to know what you've been doing with yourself these many moons. How are all the bunch at Motherwell's?"

"About the same as when you left 'em."

"Any new victims?"

"Yes, there's a bank clerk; works at the Botanical National. Seems to be a nice young fellow, but I'm not much acquainted with him. I don't think he intends to stay. Mrs. Ober's gone. They say she married again. I guess that's all —— No, there's Wolcot. He left. Had a row with Motherwell and quit. You remember Wolcot—always talking about movies and movie stars?"

"No other departures or arrivals, eh?" Petie tried to let the question seem a careless one.

"Let me see—yes, a stenographer. She works somewhere downtown."

"What kind of looking girl?"

"Not a girl, exactly. She must be on the shady side of forty. Yes, sir, you did mighty well to leave. That little electric light you've got by the bed must be great. A man can snap it on or snap it off any time in the night without getting up, and then ——"

"Back up," said Petie, who had been watching him closely. "What's the matter with you, Ben? You've got something on your mind. You're stalling, boy. Just tell me one thing—who got my room the day I went away?"

Ackerman laughed noisily.

"Can't fool you, can I? You saw her, didn't you? She told me she saw you."

"I faintly remember seeing some skirt under forty in the parlor as I was leaving, but Motherwell was taking my attention just then," Petie answered. "But who is her?"

"I might as well tell you, Holmes," said Ackerman. "She's Miss Mary Scott and she's an illustrator. You're fond of pictures, aren't you? She does quite a little commercial work—potboilers—but she's a real artist. You just ought to see some of the things she's done. Absolutely wonderful! I'll show you some of them sometime. They'll be fighting for her in a year or two—the big magazines; maybe less. While I think of it, Pete, you know the people who get out our house organ. If you'd put in a word for her ——"

"How come you're so darned interested?" Petie asked with a feeling of pallor.

"Well, it happens that she's engaged to me," replied Ackerman, with something of a smirk. "Congratulations are in order, old top. I'll say they are! If you knew what she has done for me already —— Say, you ought to see her, Pete! You couldn't have seen her very well that day. If you had you'd remember her"

"Ye-ah?" said Petie, inspecting his finger nails. "I—yes, I suppose I would."

Petie always played a good game of poker; in fact he was considerably addicted to it at one time. I don't think that anyone would have the least idea of the way he felt when Ackerman showed that royal flush, but he was absolutely shocked. Pained and shocked—by Ackerman's fickleness, of course. It is always a hard blow to a man to discover that a friend isn't at all what one supposed him to be—the finest kind, or the salt of the earth. But he congratulated the lucky man and listened with a creditable smile while Ackerman babbled on. Mary had had no patience with his, Ackerman's, lack of ambition. She had overwhelmed him with ridicule, stung him with sarcasm, goaded him, prodded and punched him out of his complacent acceptance of things as they were; she had made him realize how good he was, if he only thought so, and so forth and so on, until the listener's soul sickened within him and he shot a question.

"How about Evelyn, of Danbury, Ackerman? Did she throw you down?"

Ackerman had the grace to look ashamed of himself. It was with a mighty hangdog air that he began his explanation of the Evelyn affair; but he soon warmed up to his work and seemed to convince himself that he had acted for the best interests of all concerned.

"I don't think she ever cared a great deal for me," he said. "If she had, she wouldn't have been so darned well satisfied to have me stay in New York away from her."

He went on to say that Evelyn would no doubt find the school principal more congenial than he, and there was another chance for her; some old fellow who had a dinky little hat factory there—at least that might be so; he had only her mother's word for it, and the old lady might have been lying to lure on her daughter's younger suitor. But anyway, the school principal was a pretty sure bet. Evelyn had been mighty good about not holding him to his engagement, but then she may not have wanted to go on with it. And, you see, what a man gets in a wife is either a helpmate or a hindrance. Mary had helped him more than he could tell, whereas Evelyn —— Well, a man had to make his way in the world. With Mary by his side to stimulate, cheer and encourage him ——

"Gosh!" ejaculated Petie when his visitor had departed. "If it wasn't close to zero I'd feel like opening the windows to air him out. I'll do that little thing anyway." And he did, and chilled the room off until he began to shiver.

He felt very sad—unaccountably depressed; for after all, though he had liked Ackerman, there had been lots of other fellows whom, even in the Motherwell days, he had found far more congenial. Still and all —— "I suppose I am to blame for it to some extent," thought Peter. Poor Evelyn! She had been contented too; but she must have had a trust in her lover to sustain her. She would have her feelings, even if she did make her own dresses and hats. She had been very nice about the matter! The rotter! Did he think that a decent girl would sue him for breach of promise, or tell him that he had broken her heart? Now would she live out her days in lonely maidenhood, or would she take the faithful school principal?

Petie kidded himself a great deal about poor Evelyn that night—forced himself to think that his disturbed mental condition was due to sympathy with her, made as much of her woes as possible. No doubt he was sorry for her, but mainly he was trying to keep from thinking of poor Mary. Poor Petie, too, ridiculous as that may seem. Somehow he had secretly cherished the idea of meeting Mary again sometime, and then—who could tell? Now he was pretty certain that meeting her was the very last thing in the world that he desired. She would fade out of his mind if he could stop thinking of her, as she had before. Mary! Mary Scott!

And she was an illustrator. Petie would have been glad of that. He was one of that kind of highly capable business men who have an artistic streak that impels them to make bully collections of pictures and art junk generally as soon as they become rich enough and have time to devote to it. Beauty appealed to him and he had a naturally good eye for line and color. He had often wished that he could get to know an artist intimately.

But poor Evelyn!

It was about the middle of February before Petie had more than a glimpse of Ackerman. It would not have been more than a glimpse then if he had glommed him first; but here he came, before Petie could have any business elsewhere, and seated himself familiarly on the corner of Petie's desk. His air of confidence as he approached was most noticeable; he bore himself as one having authority, and he could hardly have had reason to complain of his tailor. Petie was a connoisseur of cravats, and in his judgment the necktie that Ackerman was wearing was more expensive than his own—which was somewhat extravagant.

"Don't disarrange those papers, Ackerman," said Petie, whose greeting had been smileless and perfunctory.

"I won't," said Ackerman cheerfully, and pushed the papers to one side. "Well, I've got it," he announced, with triumph in his voice. "I've just seen Mr. Kraus. Possibly you've heard."

"I have inferred that you were to be promoted," Petie answered.

"Assistant manager in the exports," chortled Ackerman. "Better than the Dwyer job. Pete, you gave me wise counsel the night that I was up to your place, and I want to thank you for it. I don't think that I would have slacked up anyway, but you were right to caution me. Quite some boost, and the best of it is the feeling that I've earned it. I don't want to take up your time now. I see you're busy; but come around and see me. I'm in a fairly decent place myself. Here, I'll write the address. Better give me a ring first, though. Glad to see you at any time, but I might be out, you know."

"I'll give you a ring first," assented Petie, and then for the life of him he couldn't help asking a question. "I suppose you'll be getting married soon now."

"We-ell, I don't know about that," replied Ackerman slowly. "Not soon, I think. You see, it takes money to marry properly, if you want the right kind of social connections. A bachelor, if he's presentable, can go anywhere; but when a man's married more is expected of him. If Mary had a little money it might be different, but she hasn't. She's a dear nice girl and all that; but she's poor, and none of her relatives or connections is in more than very moderate circumstances. Her father was a college professor, and you know how they pay them. Perhaps if I hadn't been a little precipitate —— Well, when a thing's done, it's done, and there's no use crying over it. I hope I'm not mercenary, but ——"

Now Petie smiled. He tilted back in his swivel chair and looked Ackerman in the eye.

"Ackerman," he said, "I really am as busy as the deuce, but I must tell you a little story. It was when I was a poor breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. You know, the miners there are pretty rough-spoken ——"

"I thought you told me you were a merry farmer lad," interrupted Ackerman.

"That was another time," said Petie coolly. "Come to think of it, it was when I was a cabin boy aboard a windjammer beating around the Horn. The first mate, who was a very profane man but just, had detected the second in some very dirty, mean conduct, so he called him aft—or it may have been forrard—and he said to the second, shaking his finger in his face, like this"—Petie got up and illustrated, so that Ackerman slid off the desk.

"'Ben,' he said, 'my opinion of you is that you are a ———————'" Petie filled in the blanks. . . . "'And I don't want to hold any intercourse with any such a —— further than is necessary for the working of the ship.' Get that, Ackerman?"

Evidently Ackerman got the general trend, for he turned pale and his back at the same moment and walked out of the office with considerably less strut to his stride. Petie sat down again and went on with his work. And thus was terminated any friendship that may have existed between these two rising young men.

One scene more to end this strange but not altogether uneventful history. It fell upon the merry month of May, when one kind of sap mounts in the trees and shrubs and plants, sending forth tender shoots and swelling buds, and another kind writes verses about it; also May in one or two of its thirty-one days is warm and sunny as well as merry, and then even such rural features as lower Central Park contains have their attraction. On such a day, all in the morning early, Petie Barstow went out of his way to walk through the park instead of taking the Subway at the Circle, as was his custom. It may have been the vernal air made him do this, or it might have been fate or something of that nature. At all events, he took the walk, and just before he reached the pond he saw a bench—and a back. *The* back, not the bench's only and a lock of *the* chestnut hair to make the thing absolutely certain. Honestly, that's the truth!

Petie turned right round and retraced his steps. The Subway for his, after all. It took some will power, but he was stocked up with that and he actually walked ten or fifteen paces before he stopped and reconsidered. He told himself that he must be mistaken, although he knew perfectly well that he was not. Accordingly, he took a short cut to the path above the bench and walked toward it at a not too rapid pace. But what was his consternation when he distinctly saw the figure on the bench snatch a handkerchief from her hand bag and dab her eyes with it in a quite unmistakable way!

She didn't see him at once; she couldn't have heard his approaching footsteps. She stuffed the handkerchief into her bag and gave her attention to a letter that was open in her hand. The next moment she had torn that letter across and across, with much energy, and thrust the shreds into her bag also, which showed unusual consideration for the KEEP-THE-PARK-CLEAN sign that wasn't there. As Petie approached, she averted her head. Petie stopped before her.

"Miss Scott," he said.

She had no right to be indignant. Young women of her pulchritude have no business to be sitting alone on park benches. But her first indignant look changed swiftly to one of surprise when she heard her name and saw who addressed her.

"Oh," she said calmly, "it's you."

But Petie saw the traces of quite recent tears.

"I must apologize for addressing you, Miss Scott," said Petie, "and if you tell me to go you won't have to speak twice. But I thought—I—I imagined that something had distressed you, and ——"

He came to a miserable halt. No *savoir-faire* whatever!

"And you wondered if you could help me in any way?" she inquired, the rather devilish glint returning to her eyes. "You would gladly throw yourself out of the window if that would do it? Didn't you offer to do that once? I know that you apologized. You must be of an apologetic disposition."

"No, it was my clothes I offered to throw out," Petie corrected.

"What made you think I was distressed?" inquired Miss Scott. "Because I was crying?"

"Yes," answered Petie. He was going carefully.

"A mistake. I was crying because I was angry—crying mad, if you must know. But I'm anything but distressed. I never felt so happy and relieved in my life as I do now."

"I'm very glad of that," said Petie seriously; so seriously that she looked at him inquiringly; but as he was silent, she spoke.

"I know who you are, of course," she said. "I distinctly recollect our first and last meeting"—she smiled at the recollection, and Petie made bold to smile too—"and I have often heard your friend Mr. Ackerman speak of you."

"He isn't a friend of mine." He felt he had to tell her.

"No? He said you were quite a friend of his."

"I was," said Petie. "I believe you are engaged to him, Miss Scott. He told me so."

"I was," said she.

You never saw anything so radiant in your life as Petie's smile was then. A million wouldn't have nearly covered it. And the blessed thing was that she smiled right back, and then, of a sudden, they both laughed.

"This grows interesting—very interesting," said Miss Scott. "I believe I'll consider it the equivalent of a formal introduction and invite you to sit down."

(Continued on Page 162)

Yesterday — in

Today even the simplest home can have this hidden comfort

Bare facts so strong they are being told only after three full years of proof

THREE years ago owners of costly homes were enjoying a degree of comfort that few men could give their families.

It wasn't costly furnishings—rich rugs, period furniture, tapestried walls. It was something hidden, something built into the house itself.

In winter it gave every room an even, healthful coziness—and saved enough on fuel to run a motor car. In summer it kept the whole house pleasantly cool. It produced a restful quiet.

And so, people in these costly homes were living better, sleeping better, enjoying a healthful comfort denied to most home-builders.

Then, suddenly, this hidden source of greater comfort was made available for *every* home. New possibilities of home construction were opened up. New standards of comfort and healthfulness were established.

The facts follow—facts so unusual that we have waited three full years to tell them. Now, backed by the accumulated proof of these years, they are set before you.

The secret of greater comfort

The secret of the greater comfort of costly homes is, in a word, insulation—heat-insulation. There is no mystery about it. Any architect or engineer can explain it to you fully.

Insulation is a scientific means of stopping the passage of heat.

In the walls of your ice-box it keeps heat from getting in. In the walls of your fireless cooker it keeps heat from getting out.

Similarly, in the walls of a house, insulation keeps heat inside in winter and outside in summer.

Hence, in costly homes, architects have for years used insulation to do what wood, brick, stucco and other ordinary building materials cannot effectively do.

With insulation they have prevented a 25 to 35 per cent heat loss. (Scientific tests show this much heat leakage through the solid walls and roof of a home built without insulation.) With insulation they have made homes that are delightfully cool in summer. Homes that are free from draughts, quieter, more healthful, better in every way.

Yet, hitherto, they have been able to do this only at extra cost—a cost prohibitive to most home-builders.

The most important building story ever told

Then, three years ago, an amazing new building material was given to the world—a wholly new material, different from anything made, grown or mined.

It was called Celotex Insulating Lumber.

Celotex made it possible for the first time, to build a completely insulated house practically without extra cost. It brought to every home a comfort few had before.

Since it was put upon the market Celotex has completely demonstrated its remarkable qualities. It has been built into thousands of homes. In every part of the United States it has revolutionized home-building ideas.

No building story has ever been of such importance to home owners as this story of Celotex—what it is, how it is used, and what it does.

What Celotex is

Years of scientific research lie back of the Celotex story. They ended with the discovery of remarkable qualities in a certain semi-tropical plant.

This plant was found to be an almost inexhaustible source of bagasse—sugar cane-fibre—one of the strongest and longest fibres known in any plant or tree.

A way was found to fabricate these fibres into building lumber which contains thousands of sealed air cells—the most efficient form of insulation known to science. Today a mammoth plant in Louisiana is producing millions of feet of it a year. It comes to you in broad, clean boards—strong, rugged, durable, possessing qualities that have made it the sensation of the building world.

Values never before known in any ONE *material*

Celotex is insulation. It has insulation or heat-stop value equal or superior to that of any practical and available insulating material on the market.

Celotex used on exterior and interior walls, is equal, as insulation, to three and one-third inches of solid wood, twelve inches of solid plaster, twelve inches of solid brick, or twenty-four inches of solid concrete!

Celotex has a greater ability to prevent the transmission of sound than deadening felts, and *eliminates* the use of such materials.

Celotex is a structural material. In walls it has many times the structural strength of the wood sheathing it replaces. This is a quality that no other insulating or sound-absorbing material possesses.

Celotex, by combining for the first time these three great advantages, enables you, at practically no extra cost, to secure for your home all the benefits of insulation.

Snow upon the roof of an uninsulated house when occupied melts rapidly due to the heat escaping through the materials with which the roof is built

Snow upon the roof of an insulated house is like snow upon the roof of an unoccupied house. It stays much longer, because there is no escaping heat underneath to melt it

How CELOTEX *is used*

Old types of insulation were extra materials placed between the walls of homes—an added expense. Not so with Celotex. Wherever used, Celotex *replaces* wood and any other form of insulation.

You use Celotex on the outside walls of your house and under the roofing, in place of the wood lumber known as sheathing. Test after test by unquestioned authorities has proved that a wall sheathed with Celotex is many times stronger and more rigid than one as ordinarily sheathed with lumber.

This use of Celotex gives you heat-insulation without extra cost.

You use Celotex in place of lath, as a plaster base. Plaster bonds with Celotex and produces a wall several times as strong as one made with lath and plaster. And a wall that is less likely to crack.

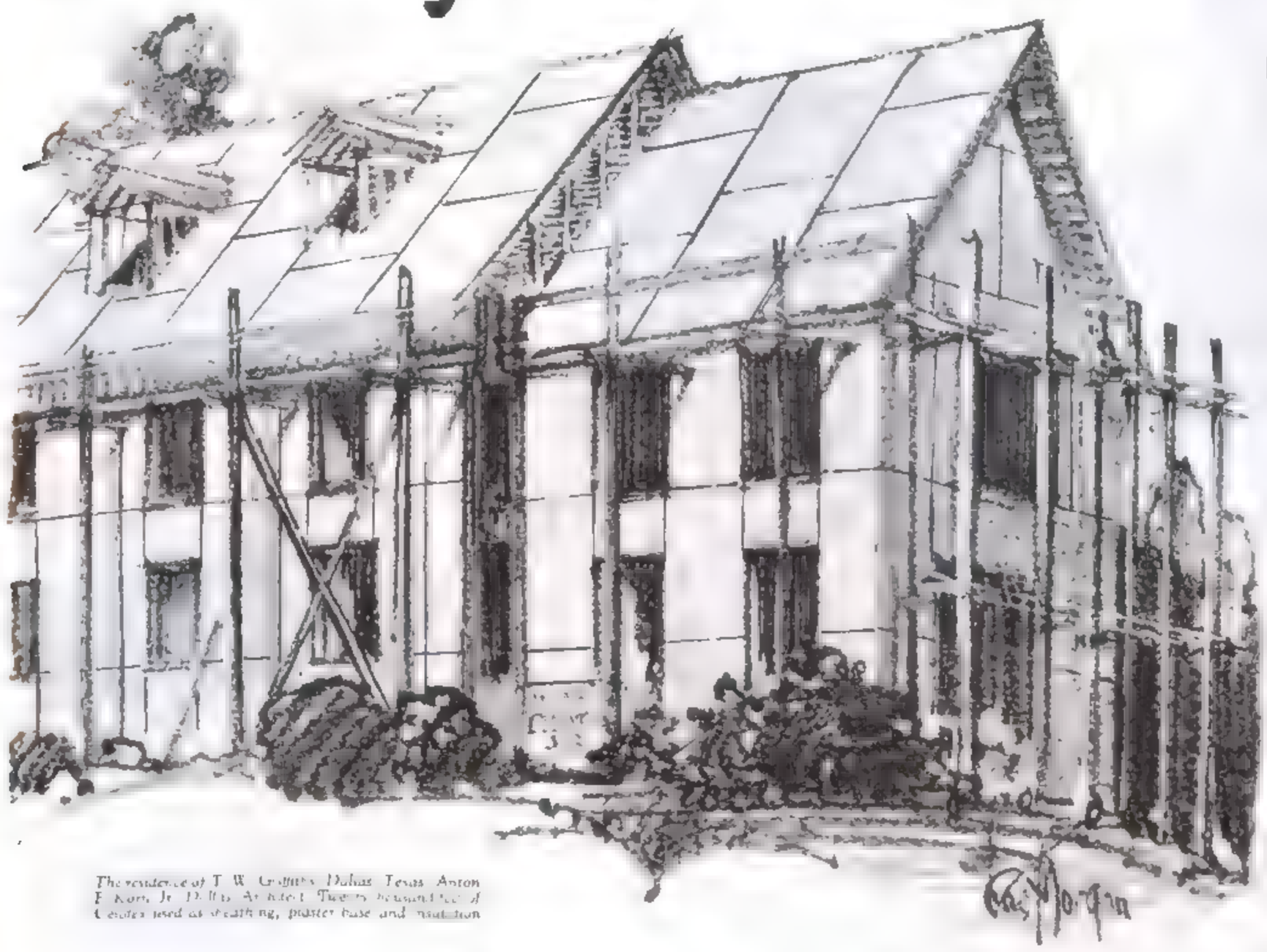
This use of Celotex also gives you heat-insulation practically without extra cost.

Thus Celotex gives you a home that is not only stronger but a home far more comfortable and healthful—yet costing little, if anything, more than the ordinary kind.

YOU *can have a home like this*

It is easy for you to have a warmer, better home than any old-type, heat-leaking

costly homes alone



The residence of T. W. Griggs, Dallas, Texas. Anton F. Korn, Jr., Dallas, Architect. Celotex is used as sheathing, plaster base and insulation

home in your neighborhood. Simply specify Celotex Insulating Lumber for sheathing, plaster base, interior finish, roof insulation.

Your home, so built, will have no "cold rooms," or "cold sides" when the wind blows from certain quarters. It will be free from draughts. You will find it easy to maintain an even, healthful temperature. *And your fuel bills will be cut one-fourth to one-third.*

If you live in a warm climate, Celotex will give your home a new degree of hot-weather comfort. During the whole summer your home will be cooler. There will be no stifling upstairs rooms at night. A restful, nerve-relaxing quiet will pervade it. In it you and your family will live better, happier lives.

If you are going to build your own home, use Celotex. If you are going to buy a completed home, make sure that Celotex has been used in its construction. If you are having a house built for you, insist upon Celotex being used. Celotex is everywhere available. There is no reason why you cannot have its advantages.

New standards of construction are being established by Celotex. Buyers of the future will be guided by them. Safeguard the future resale value of your home, as well as its present comfort—with Celotex.

Your architect, contractor or lumber dealer will be glad to talk these matters over with you. Write us for additional information on the value of insulation and how you can use Celotex Insulating Lumber to secure it without extra cost. Fill out and mail the coupon—now.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY
645 North Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Branch offices:

(See telephone book for addresses)

New York	Cleveland	Philadelphia
Detroit	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
Boston	Milwaukee	Los Angeles
San Francisco	Minneapolis	Miami
New Orleans	Indianapolis	Kansas City
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Denver	Salt Lake City	Dallas
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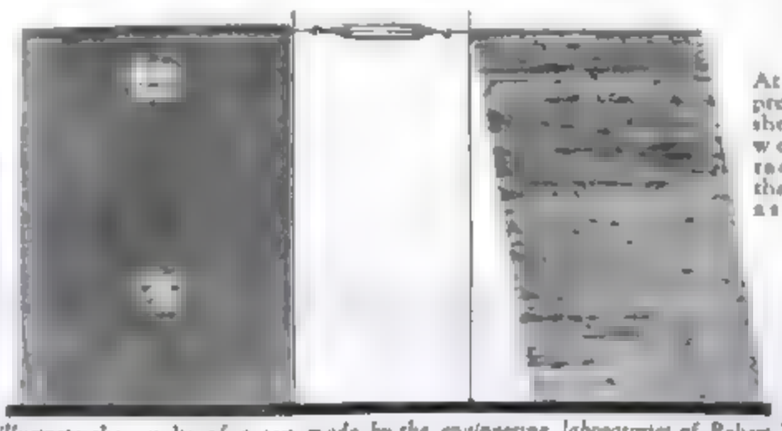

At a pressure equivalent to wind or tornado pressure, frame sheathed with Celotex Insulating Lumber was only slightly out of plumb

At 3/5 of this pressure, frame sheathed with wood was racked more than 11 times as much as Celotex

These pictures illustrate the results of a test made by the engineering laboratories of Robert W. Hunt & Company to determine the relative strength of Celotex and wood as sheathing. It was demonstrated that a wall sheathed with Celotex is several times as rigid as a wall as ordinarily sheathed with lumber

FACTS *about* CELOTEX

Celotex comes in stock sizes: Thickness, 7/16 of an inch; width, 4 feet; lengths, 8 to 12 feet

The weight of Celotex is about 60 pounds to the hundred square feet, making it easy to handle and economically applied

Celotex is sawed like ordinary lumber and is nailed directly to all framing

The great durability of Celotex permits it to be piled outside and handled just as wood lumber is handled

Any type of exterior finish—siding, clapboards, stucco, brick veneer, etc.—is applied over Celotex in the same manner as over wood sheathing. Any kind of roofing can be laid over it. It is used in all types of roofs to stop heat at the roof line.

Standard prepared gypsum or wood fibre plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex

Celotex is waterproofed. It can be painted and used as an exterior finish

Other Celotex uses

Celotex has many uses other than in homes. Mail the coupon for full information on any of the following

Interior wall finish—the interesting fabric surface texture of Celotex makes it admirably suitable for interior finish in many forms of beautiful wall treatment. It may be left in its pleasing natural finish, or painted, stained or stenciled

Industrial and commercial buildings—especially for roof insulation and sound quieting and to eliminate condensation of moisture

Acousti-Celotex used in auditoriums, theatres, churches, schools, offices, broadcasting studios, banks, etc., for acoustical correction

Small buildings—summer cottages, garages, mountain cabins, etc.

Special farm uses—stock barns, milk houses, potato and perishable product warehouses, vegetable and fruit storage rooms, incubators, chicken houses, etc

In homes already built—attic insulation, cool rooms, vegetable storage, interior wall treatment and all kinds of house alterations.

Refrigerator cars—Celotex is in use as insulation by the leading railroads and car builders of the country in more than 13,000 refrigerator cars.

Shipping boxes—specially manufactured Celotex, strong, light in weight, waterproofed, pilfer proof, thousands in use

A book of 25 homes for 50 cents

"Your Home", a book of 25 ideal small homes will be invaluable to you if you are building. Based on plans prepared by the Northwestern Division of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, an organization of architects controlled by the American Institute of Architects and endorsed by the United States Department of Commerce. Contains block plans, perspectives, descriptions, landscape suggestions. Embodies the most advanced ideals in design, economy and convenience. Complete working plans, specifications and bills of materials for any house in this book can be obtained at low cost. To get "Your Home", enclose 50 cents in stamps with coupon below.

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Put a cross in the square indicating the booklet desired

☐ Please send me free booklet, "The Hidden Comfort of Costly Homes", describing the general and special uses of Celotex Insulating Lumber.

☐ Enclosed is 50 cents in stamps for which please send me a copy of "Your Home".

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This is why
the head stays tight

THE Plumb Take-up Wedge! It makes every Plumb tool always safe to swing!

With it you preserve the balance, the striking power, the easy swing, that make you want the Plumb Hammer for your own the minute you first hold it in your hand.

A slight turn drives the wedge down, and the cone shape of the wedge expands the wood against all sides of the eye. Makes the red handle rigidly tight again in the black head.

The Plumb Hammer works with you from the first blow you strike with it. And the Take-up Wedge, exclusively Plumb, keeps it just that way through years of use.

Good hardware stores everywhere carry Plumb tools—red handles fitted tight into black heads—

With the Take-up Wedge, Plumb exclusively, to *keep* them tight!

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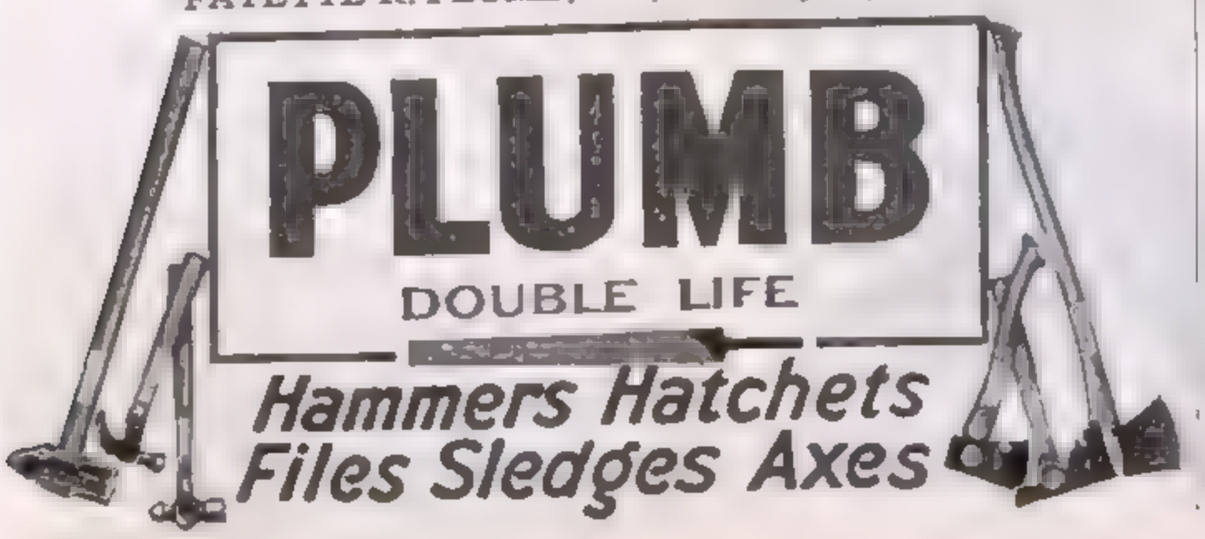


(Continued from Page 159

"It's a happiness that I never dared hope for," he told her, with fervid gratitude.

And it was the truth, and he was still exercising a tremendous amount of restraint and self-control and conservatism; yet she seemed to think that he was moving too swiftly, for her smile faded and she said, "Yes?" in the frigid tone she had used to say the same thing at their first and last meeting. But she relented, and said more kindly, "I am rather surprised that you recognized me."

"I'd know you anywhere, any time, any place and in full Ku-Klux regalia," declared Petie, taking heart of grace and letting a little go. "I saw the back of your coat getting into a Fifth Avenue bus nearly six months ago. I chased the bus, but I failed to connect with it and missed you. And this time I recognized you before I saw you."

"How clever of you!" she remarked. "I wonder how you do it. But now tell me about B—Mr. Ackerman. Why don't you keep your friends?"

He would rather have told her how much lovelier he found her than he had even imagined; how absurdly happy he was to be sitting beside her, listening to that delightful voice of hers, looking at her—oh, a thousand things. He only said that Ackerman was the first friend he had ever failed to keep, so far as he knew.

"And he's the first I've ——" Mary Scott checked herself, and a charming blush—just a little one—appeared on her cheeks. "I was about to get too confidential," she laughed. "But he told me that you were always lecturing him about his want of ambition," she continued. "So was I. It exasperated me generally, and at times I felt awfully sorry for him. And I was new to the city and rather lonely, so I undertook to reform him. I'm afraid we both made a great mistake, Mr. Barstow."

"I've thought that too," observed Petie. "I guess I understand," he added gently, for she was looking away from him and fumbling in her bag again.

"Toy balloon!" she exclaimed savagely. "Puffed up—oh!"

A bewildering creature, this, with her sudden changes of mood.

"I could almost be sorry for him," Petie said grimly. "But not quite. I mean because he's due to pop today with a loud, reverberating report. I have it on very good authority that he isn't quite so good as he thought and will have to take the consequences. But we won't talk any more about him."

They talked of other things, and they left the bench and talked more as they walked, finding no end of things to say and to laugh at. A certain subject being taboo, Miss Scott did not mention then that the letter that she had torn up was from Ackerman, more or less delicately renouncing his fond hopes of happiness with her, owing to the unfortunate incompatibility of their temperaments—and this after she had been wondering for months if it would really break his heart and spoil his life should she confess that he had grown insufferable, impossible, and that it could never be! A really humorous situation—what?

They proceeded in the general direction of the ducky little studio that Mary and a woman friend had taken together. Petie was crazy to see her work and couldn't wait. No, he had nothing in the world to do this morning. It was a holiday—a day off—a red-letter day. She must have believed a part of this, at least. By this time he was quite thawed out.

To beguile the way, Petie told her a story of his childhood, which he said shed light on a queer kink in his character. His parents were as indulgent as the parents of an only child usually are, and as they were pretty well to do, little Petie had almost all he wanted; but when he had reached his fifth winter he wanted, very badly, a sled that he didn't get. It was a perfectly beeyutiful sled, red, with certain decorative curlicues on it in orange. But alas and alack! When Petie's father went with him to the store to buy it, the sled was sold. Gone! Irretrievably! Other sleds were produced, sleds that the storekeeper foolishly and falsely asserted were better, finer, stronger, more expensive; but, weeping, Petie would have none of them.

"I wanted the one that I had fallen in love with," Petie explained. "No substitutes, no other curlicues; in brief, no other sled. As the old song says, there was only one sled in the world for me, and as I didn't get it, I remained all of my boyhood sledless. I'm precisely like that still."

"I think that you were a very stupid and pig-headed child," said Mary Scott frankly. "And besides, I don't see the point of your story."

"You will," said Petie. And she eventually did.

(THE END)

I've just got to add to the record this little incident, making it as snappy as possible. Time, a little more than three years later; place, the Penn station; *dramatis personæ*, running redcaps, passengers debarking from an incoming transcontinental train, a group of expectant people standing about the platform gates. One of the latter is a tall, broad-shouldered, well-dressed, perfectly groomed man still on the vigorous side of thirty. He looks very anxious; scans with straining eyes the oncoming tide of passengers, his head jerking this way and that. Suddenly he rushes forward, a million-dollar smile on his face, and then abruptly stops, looks foolish and apologizes to a lady.

"Hang this mob!" he mutters with a sort of desperation.

Just then another and a very personable lady who has been watching him from behind, with a mischievous glint in her eyes, grabs him by the arm and says, "Petie!" He whirls. "Mary!" he cries, and embraces her publicly, although people have been arrested for that very thing. She extricates herself and laughs at him.

"But where were you?" he demands. "I didn't see you. Were you on that train? Where's the kid?"

"Right here," she answers, indicating a sturdy infant under whose weight a smiling nurse girl is staggering. "You don't know your own son either. Come! The porter has the suitcases and I gave the baggage man the checks for the trunks. A taxi, porter. Well, nice boy, how have you been getting along without us?"

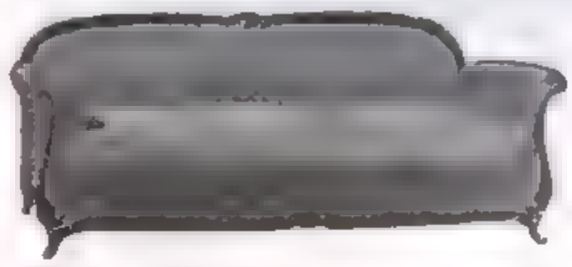
"Having the time of my life," he replied, squeezing her arm. "But what gets me is how I missed ——"

"You looked right at me," said the lady. "I passed right by you. You gave me a glance and then rushed madly off after another woman. All right for you, young man!"

Petie grinned.

"Well, it must have been that new hat you're wearing," he said reasonably.

Crescent Lake, Olympic National Forest, Washington



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These are all Davenport Beds

IF you go to a furniture store, and ask to see a Davenport Bed, and the merchant doesn't show you an attractive looking piece of furniture, it isn't because there are not plenty of attractive styles made.

More than eighty Davenport Bed makers are producing many beautiful designs; furniture that is fine enough for the most luxurious home; made in period designs, of beautiful woods often hand carved; upholstered with rich fabrics.

The fact that in each of these pieces is a comfortable, full size bed, with a mattress, the bed-springs wholly separate from the springs you sit on, is a fact worth while.

The Davenport Bed is as good a davenport as you can find; it is better for you than the ordinary davenport because it supplies a good bed when you need it.

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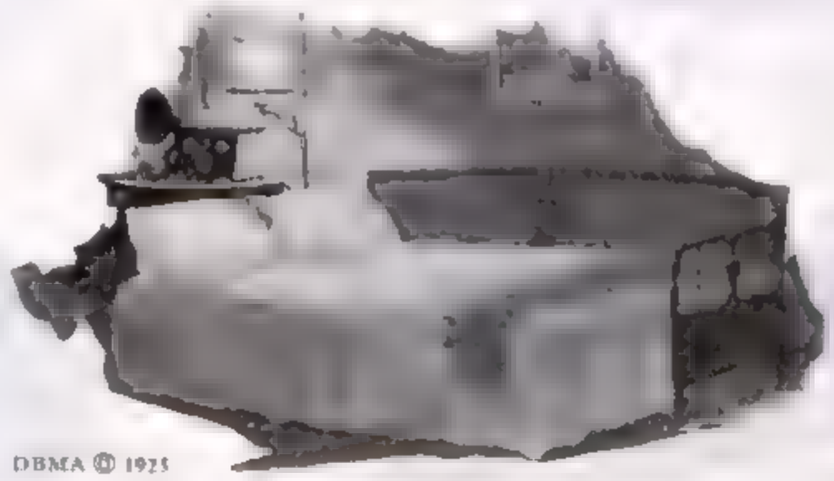

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The Davenport Bed

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Ripe Havana and domestic tobaccos, Sumatra wrapped.
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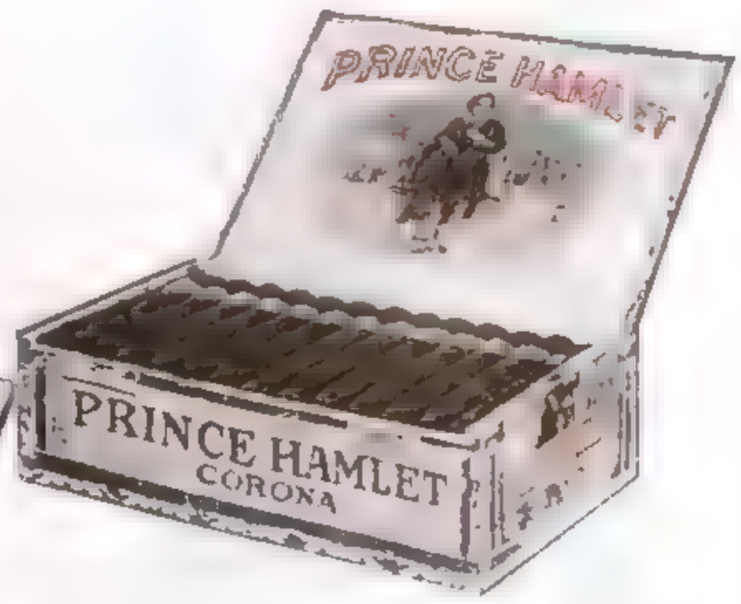

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BAYUK CIGARS INC.

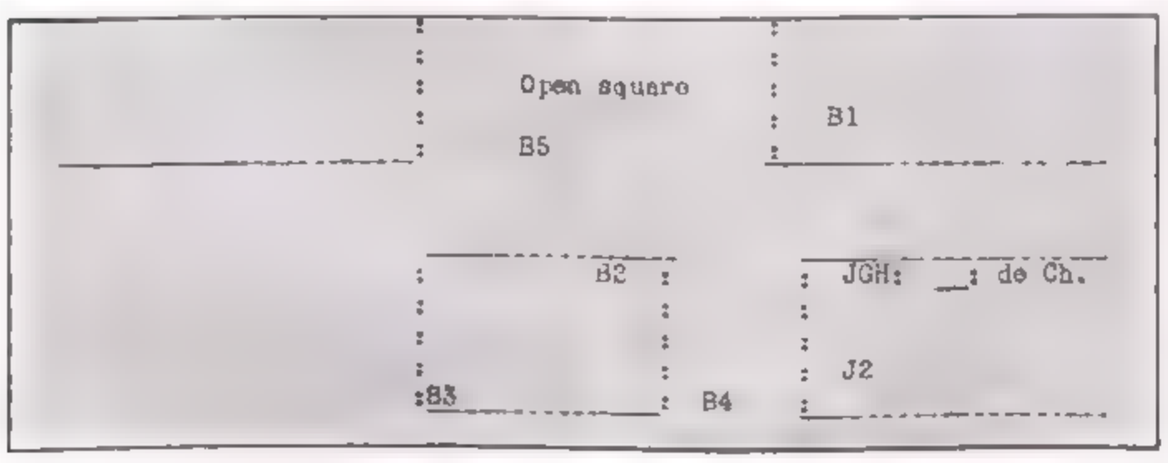
PHILADELPHIA

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

(Continued from Page 9)

for meat, a certain part for flour, and so on, so that if one were burned the supplies would not be thrown out of balance by the destruction of an entire component.

Yesterday we spent the day visiting an American division now training with the French. On our return trip, when within half an hour of the city, it became evident that, tempted by the full moon, the Germans were raiding Nancy the Beautiful. On each side the French anti-aircraft guns were firing. The flashes from the hidden positions of the batteries would first be seen, followed almost instantly by the flash of the bursting shrapnel in the sky. No airplanes could be seen by us, but the searchlights were playing across the sky and the flash of the guns was practically constant. As we came near, a section of the city lighted up with a rosy red—the flames of fire set by incendiary bombs. Fragments of shrapnel pattered down on the motor-car top, until my orderly on the front seat asked if I hadn't better put my helmet on, fearing one might go through the limousine top. As we drove in, the firing ceased and we congratulated ourselves that the raiders had gone. We had telephoned for rooms and came in and went directly to them on the sixth floor. The following is a little diagram of the location with reference to the railroad station, which has long been an object for destruction by German raiders:



I had the corner room on the sixth floor marked JGH and a bathroom led off from it to the right, and then came De Chambrun's room. About the time we reached our rooms the firing began again. We opened the blind in his room and looked out, but could see nothing except the flash of bursting shrapnel, some of which was pattering on the roofs near us.

I went to my room intending to shave and get a hot bath before dinner, and went to the bathroom in my underclothing, intending to shave while the hot water was running in the tub, and turned it on. Almost immediately there was a tremendous explosion and the window of the bathroom flew past me and filled the tub with broken glass to the depth of four or five inches in the hot water. The four windows in my bedroom all blew in, covering my bed and the floor with glass, as well as bringing in the curtains and part of the window frames.

The whole house of concrete trembled and swayed. Every pane of glass in the entire building was broken. The front was largely composed of plate glass in the ground floor and it all went in as though cut with a knife. Our motor was yet standing in front of the hotel, and the blast freakishly left the windshield, which was facing the explosion, and blew in the glass of one side entirely.

I grabbed my clothes and shut off the water and ran into De Chambrun's room. He had in the meantime gone down to the first floor, before the explosion, and was standing in the hotel office when it came. He was slightly cut on the head by a piece of glass. The whole hotel force, guests and all, were in the *cave voûtée*, as a vaulted basement is called which is the place of refuge from bombers. The bomb struck the place marked in the diagram as B1, which was another hotel, which at once took fire, adding to the rather stirring excitement. I asked for another room and decided to cut the hot bath for the present. We looked into the *cave voûtée* and found it full of people looking rather serious. De Chambrun and I agreed that we didn't think it would look very well for us to go there, and so we stayed above. The firing ceased, and gradually the people came up and preparations began for dinner.

We went into the darkened dining room; the lights were turned on and the room filled with twenty-five or thirty people, including ourselves and my orderly and chauffeur. Five minutes later, perhaps, the firing began again and everybody in the room ran for the cellar except our two soldiers and De Chambrun and me. Eventually things quieted again and others came up and dinner was resumed and ended. In the meantime the fire department was pumping away down in the street on our burning hotel across the street. I went to bed, and the firing almost immediately began again.

My room was on the same sixth floor, but at the part marked J2. Within a moment there was another tremendous explosion and B2 entirely demolished a building, as we found this morning. It shook our hotel like an aspen. There wasn't much doing in the sleep line, until finally about 12:15 the last firing died away and the Boche sought his own side of the line. Bombs fell at B3, B4 and B5, being the big 300-kilo bombs—660 pounds of dynamite and other high explosives. The firing would be silent a few moments, the Boche being apparently driven away; and then it would suddenly resume, and within a minute or two there would be a terrific explosion somewhere and we knew another bomb had dropped. Then the guns would chase the raider away again and the same thing would be repeated about twice an hour.

Without doubt they were aiming for the station and were rising to very great heights, then gliding down across the city and dropping these bombs and then getting away. The anti-aircraft guns only serve to keep them from coming too low, and seldom hit one. Nevertheless they serve a valuable purpose in keeping them up, otherwise they would fly as low as they pleased and drop their shots with accuracy.

It was a lively night. Doubtless the thing to do is to get into a cellar, but how can a brigadier general in the national army do that—especially if he doesn't do it right away at first? Doing it at first might look like a policy, but waiting awhile and then doing it looks like one was scared—which one was, but couldn't well admit it. Then, too, to go to bed and then get up and hunt a cellar wouldn't look well, and how would one in a cellar know when to come out and go to bed? So De Chambrun and I stayed in bed. But I wasn't very sleepy for some time.

This morning we visited the street. The bomb at B4 hit the street between buildings and dug a hole big enough to bury a limousine in. B2 and B3 completely destroyed the four-story buildings they struck. B5 failed to explode. As we left the city this morning we passed many other buildings that had been struck, but the explosions described were the ones that most interested us. Poor Nancy, I fear, is doomed as was Rheims. Hereafter I only visit her in the dark of the moon.

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
Mar. 15, 1918.

THE Commander in Chief is away escorting the Secretary of War through the line of communications, which we now call the services of supply. His mantle falls on my shoulders in the matter of offering hospitality to some of those that are being sent over now. There are two great, indefinite, easily stretched, hazy, ill-defined terms which can, like sweet charity, be made to cover a multitude of sinners if not of sins. One is propaganda. This is as useful a word as the threadbare old word "camouflage." It means anything or nothing. If there is anything that ought to be told, it will make good propaganda to let it out. If there is anything that ought not to be told, it would be good enemy propaganda if it got out.

The birth of the Third Liberty Loan is approaching. There must be some effort made to boost it. Seven L.L. orators have been here this week. There is among them one man of more than average intelligence, who eats with his fork, is not angry because the *petits pois* are round instead of square, and who seems to have heard of the places he is visiting before he came. The others are second-rate business men when they are not boys under age, and if the T.L.L. depends on them, our country is in straits before they start to talking. This group is the most helpless we have had. I had three of them to lunch, but realized by the time we had sat down that I had overplayed them. Our conversation, simple enough though it was, went way over their heads. I had them in the office to try to interest them, but found it hard to talk down to their level.

This rôle of entertainer is a penalty for living in the mess of the Commander in Chief. There is much of it to be done. It raises the mess bills beyond any value received, and it throws a great strain on one's temper when one is in a hurry and dislikes being bored. That dainty little thing about "suffer fools gladly" is surely one of the necessary qualifications of a chief of staff. Once in a while, though, an interesting man comes. Such was Colonel Repington, who visited us last fall. Another is Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Belloc, whose articles are being syndicated in certain United States papers, is certainly a fascinating, clever Englishman. He is forty-seven years old; has served six years in Parliament; married an American, a California lady, dead since 1914; and has written several books and for numerous papers. As a youngster, he enlisted as a private in the French artillery and served up near Toul and Nancy just for the adventure. He speaks French perfectly and has written some of the best stuff on the war.

He visited us last week and took luncheon with me. His conversation, a steady stream, was most interesting. He knows the prominent men of Europe, and there are few heroes to him. To him, Lloyd George, whom I very little admire myself, is a creature of Lord Northcliffe. He knows the British, the French and the German generals, and has Joffre high on a pedestal as the hero of the Marne. He recognizes the good in art; got down on his knees and examined the carpet in our sitting room, pronouncing it to be worth £400, and said our Spanish leather on the wall was painted and therefore modern.

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
Mar. 21, 1918.

I RETURNED last night from perhaps the most interesting outing I have had. The Commander in Chief sent me with Secretary Baker in his visit to the divisions in the trenches. I planned the trip on Sunday afternoon, the day the Secretary's party arrived. It was considered absolutely necessary to keep his visits a secret on account of the danger of the information leaking to the enemy and thus endangering his life and those of many men in the trenches, and that of course precluded his being accompanied by a drove of newspapermen such as would have been keen to follow him if his intentions had been known. He himself was in the plan and did not tell even his own secretary or General Black, who was of his party. The idea was to see as much as could be seen in three days, or rather two days and a half, for we did not leave here until Monday afternoon.

We breakfasted at five and started at 5:30—still dark here with the clock advanced an hour—and motored through the early dawn to the little village of Moyen, where a battalion from the Secretary's own state was drawn up to receive us. It was quite a setting for his first contact with the troops. The stars were shining and the sun just beginning to redden the eastern sky when this battalion marched past in review. Very sturdy and soldierly they looked, with the unmistakable air of men who have had their experience in the trenches. Not clean or spick-and-span, not much like militia such as they were a few months ago, but

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The only kind of impression the Woodstock Electrite can make is a *beautiful* one—each letter uniform in weight, in color, in clear legibility.

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real field soldiers swinging by at a good, steady step, their clothes showing signs of wear—and over it all the stars shining down, the German guns booming over the hills.

The officers were called to a little group at the roadside and the Secretary made them the first of several very clever little speeches I was to hear that day. He is extremely easy in his manner, speaks with deliberation and without apparent embarrassment or effort. He told of his interest in this particular battalion, of the interest of the whole country in the Rainbow Division, and bade them believe that he would take home the tale of their soldierly achievements

We soon arrived at an advanced headquarters, where the party was to be made up for the visit to the trenches. The limit in numbers in order not to draw the enemy's fire was to be three besides the Secretary Palmer had to go for the press. Menoher was entitled to go as commanding general. The regimental commander also had a right. So I stayed behind, wishing though that I might go. I hunted up Lenihan, who was just getting up, and had a second breakfast with him.

Just as we were finishing in came the Secretary's party, announcing that the enemy was shelling the road they had to travel over and that it was not safe to go in there. De Chambrun offered then to guide them to the trenches over in the Badonviller sector. So the colonel of the regiment dropped out, De Chambrun was substituted and the party drove off. They came back with glowing accounts of the visit; what the Secretary said to the men in the front line; that they tried to make him show a pass entitling him to be there; how a shell burst on the road within twenty-five yards of his motor. He told the men he had come to follow their lives from the landing place to the front lines, and that now he found them standing on the very frontier of freedom.

When the Secretary's party returned, full of delight at the success in finding him the experiences he desired, we decided to include in our run to Lunéville a small group of American graves of men fallen in action since the Rainbows have been in the line. As we arrived there a funeral procession came out of the streets of the little village near by—one of our men killed by shell fire the day before, Private Wilkinson of Missouri, a member of the Signal Battalion of the Rainbows. The body, in its plain wooden box draped with the flag, was borne on the shoulders of his comrades; the village priest and the chaplain of one of the infantry regiments led the procession behind the band; and crowding the ranks of his late comrades were several hundred French soldiers and civilians, among them some poor women, for a few are up there tending their crops and exacting their livings from an ungenerous soil, clinging to hope doubtless that the Hun will soon be driven back from France by these same Americans, or with their help.

The procession stopped at the end of the little row of graves, at a newly made grave. We all stood by. The usual impressive burial service was said, then up stepped to the head of the grave a French staff officer who said, "Private Wilkinson, you gave your life for your country. In the name of the French division commander I confer on you the Croix de Guerre," and laid the much-prized bronze cross on the end of the soldier's coffin Over us, just as the volleys were fired and the last taps was blown, was circling a German airplane at which our anti-aircraft batteries were firing shrapnel. There was little lacking to impress the scene on the Secretary's memory. As the band swung into the road playing a lively air—for the living must not long be depressed by thoughts of the dead—we walked along the little line of graves, and I called the Secretary's attention to the fact that each bore at its head the Stars and Stripes, and at each foot there was a tiny tricolor of France, showing that these men are considered to have died not alone for America but also for France

We hurried on, paying a brief visit to the French corps commander, General Bazalaire, and then to inspect a battalion of the old 69th New York, now wearing a higher number in a greater army. The battalion was commanded by a nice-looking Irishman named Donovan, wearing a bright, new-looking Croix de Guerre conferred on him by the French the day before. General Menoher called the attention of the Secretary to it, saying, "This officer is wearing this without warrant of law or regulations, Mr. Secretary."

The little Secretary replied, "I give you executive authority to wear that cross. If anyone questions your right to wear it refer him to me."

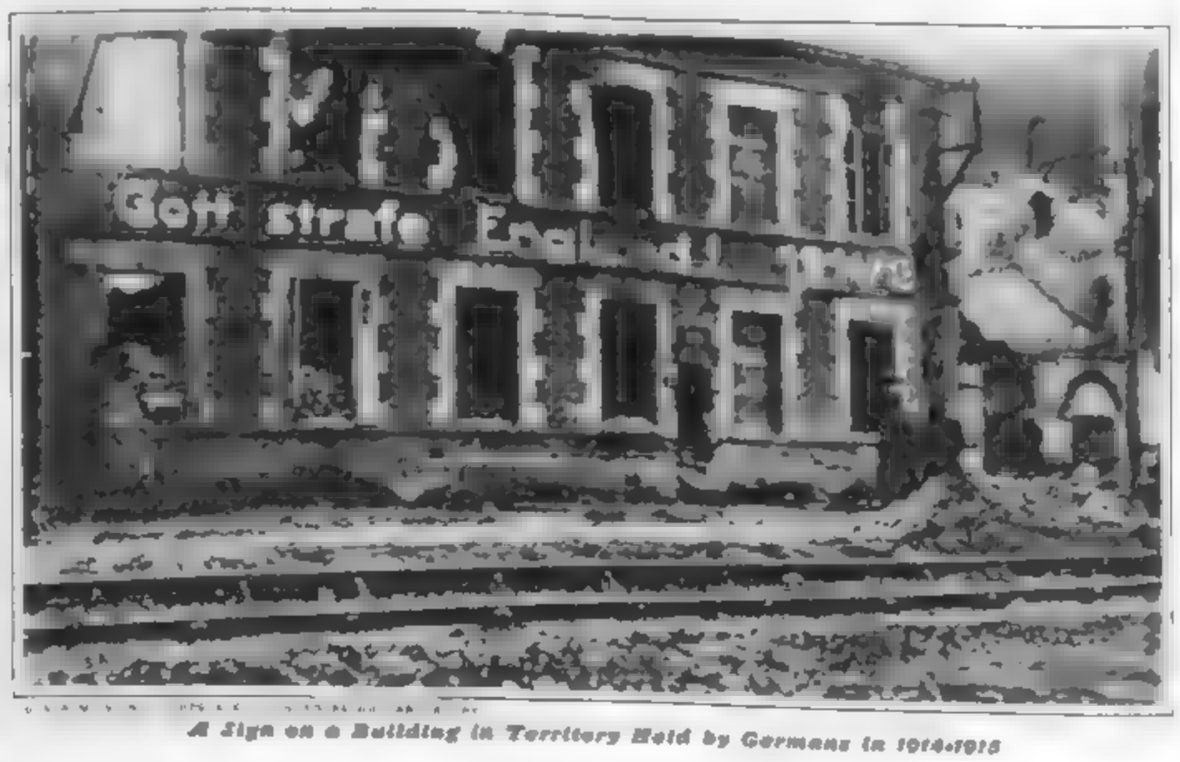
AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
April 8, 1918

I HAVE had in mind for some time the matter of my eventual rotation to the line, for both the Commander in Chief and I believe that the staff is better when recruited by fresh blood from officers just come from service with troops, and the line will be improved by the arrival of an occasional officer to give them the staff point of view. It is the basis of the detail system which was inaugurated in the time of Secretary Root.

The Germans reach it by a better method. They select in his comparative youth the officer who is to become a general staff officer and do it by extremely severe tests which practically insure only the selection of the most fit. Then periodically after that the officer serves with troops. That operates to concentrate the ambition and the effort of the staff officers—by staff officer I am speaking of the general staff officer, not the groceryman, the clerical staff, the ordnance expert, the lawyer or the doctor of the service—in the single direction of general staff service and eventual command, for their high commanders are chosen from these selected men, who have traveled, all of them, the same path of service and instruction.

That method also furnishes the indication why at the beginning of war we have to retire or otherwise get rid of numbers of officers who prove too stiff mentally or physically to exercise commands of general officers—men of from fifty to sixty—while the Germans employ officers up to seventy, and some of their best are more than sixty. The French sent 140 of their generals to the rear in the first year; the British have also put a number into the peerage or otherwise disposed of them. It is a fact that in middle age or more advanced age an officer cannot adapt himself to an absolutely new environment, new responsibilities, and especially the exercise of command when he

(Continued on Page 169)



A Sign on a Building in Territory Held by Germans in 1914-1918

The most romantic job in the world -

"Whatever you build you need Walworth"

IF you told a man who builds houses that he has the most romantic job in the world he would laugh at you. To him it is only the most practical.

He thinks in terms of brick, mortar, timber and pipe out of which he must make a building that will stand four-square to the weather. Yet these unromantic materials of his are "such stuff as dreams are made of,"—your dreams of the happiness and comfort of a home for your family.

TO *you* a steam heating system means a cozy house on a winter night when the snow buries your front walk and blots out the windows. Plumbing means the bathroom where your baby will splash about in a gleaming tub and play boat with his cake of soap. Gas connections mean having breakfast with your family every morning in time to catch the 8:15 to town.

THESE things are too precious to risk. They're certainly worth remembering one word for — the name "Walworth." To you as a home-builder *Walworth* stands for dependable installations of the pipes, fittings and valves which make life more livable. For it is the piping equipment made by Walworth that will carry water, steam and gas wherever you need them in your home. Walworth valves and fittings will hold these forces there, safe and ready, to serve you at the turn of a hand.

"Whatever You Build, You Need Walworth"

It may be a home or a factory, your own garage or a great power plant. You may not know the difference between a union and a gas cock. You don't need to. That's your builder's job. But it's a good idea to be specific. Tell him you want Walworth valves and fittings—and make sure that you get them.

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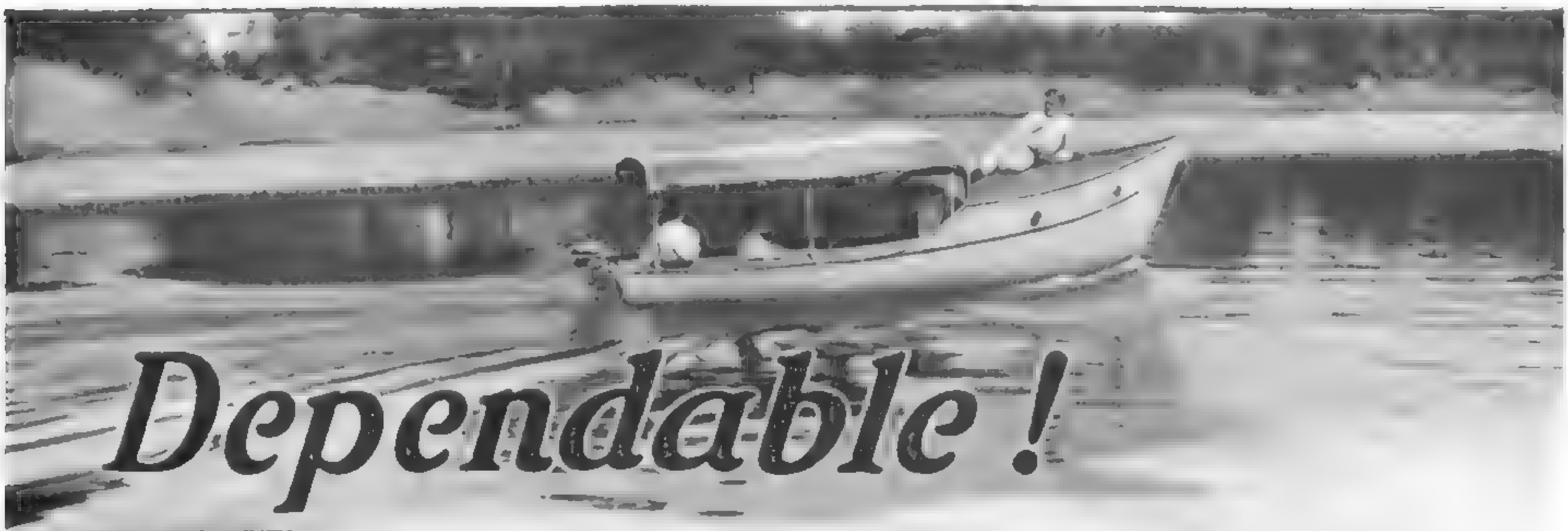

Dependable!

ASK any owner of a Johnson Outboard Motor why it is that he is so strong for his Johnson and nine times out of ten he'll say "Because I can *depend* on it."

The Johnson is the *dependable* outboard motor.

To L. J. Johnson starting out in 1920 to build an outboard motor, *"dependability"* meant just what it said. An absolute term—not comparative.

"Dependable"—not "unusually dependable" or "pretty dependable." Not even simply "more dependable than others." *Absolute dependability*—and nothing short of that.

Johnson approached the outboard motor from the *marine engineering viewpoint*—as a *means of transportation*, not as a clever novelty. He worked with the mark of absolute dependability as his goal.

The record of Johnson Motors shows how well he succeeded.

Their dependability and power have opened up a vision of the outboard motor that no one but Johnson had. Johnson sees the future of the outboard motor as a *marine power plant*—not on rowboats and canoes only, but on *larger boats*—up to 30- or 40-foot auxiliaries and cruisers.

The Small Cruiser of the Future

Already the practicability of a Johnson-motored *Outboard Cruiser* has been proven. Already the advantage of putting the motor outside and giving a small cruiser the space and accommodation of a much larger boat has been demonstrated.

The 22-foot cruiser "Outboarder" pictured above has been used all over Long Island Sound and adjacent rivers—in all sorts of weathers—with the most complete satisfaction. Its only power is a *standard Johnson Motor*. And it makes the remarkable speed of 7½ miles per hour.

It would not have been practical with any other motor without altering the design of the boat.

Why more Johnsons were sold in 1924 than any other make

The Johnson is the only outboard motor that can be attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering some styles of boats.

It has power and to spare—drives a rowboat 7 to 9 miles per hour and a canoe 9 to 12 miles.

It is the only *really portable motor*—

Weighs Only 35 Pounds

35 pounds—*complete and ready to run*—an easy one-hand carry.

The Johnson is vibrationless. Its only sound is a gentle purr. It is easy to start and *safe* to start. The way it handles is a revelation.

1925 Model Even Better than Predecessors

In the 1925 Johnson the power has been increased 25 to 30 per cent

The propeller is 9 inches in diameter instead of 8.

The Improved Super-Quick Action Magneto makes starting still easier

The patented Johnson Shock Absorber Drive is standard equipment. This Drive permits running over submerged obstructions without injury to the motor or propeller.

The remarkable weight of 35 pounds is retained

Get into the boat and see for yourself. The Johnson dealer will be glad to give you a free demonstration. If you don't know him, write for FREE catalog and we will send his name.

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Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS
GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

(Continued from Page 166)

has never before had the opportunity. On the other hand, at quite an advanced age an officer can continue to do well those things which he has been accustomed to do all his life.

The German high command, selected from a class which all its professional life has been doing command work in its general staff, continues in age to do well that which it has been trained from youth to do. The diversion of our general staff from legitimate duties as such in peacetime; the method of selection of officers for it; the attitude of some general officers toward it; the temporary nature of the detail, we detailing the line officer to a temporary tour on the general staff where the Germans detail the G.S. officer to a temporary tour with troops—all these things combine to give us at the outbreak of war a lot of generals of high rank who have but trifling experience in anything but administrative duties in time of peace. The exercise of authority, especially tactical authority, can but rarely be acquired in middle life.

Pursuant to the foregoing ideas of rotation between our line and staff, I asked the Commander in Chief to give me a brigade when he feels that my services can be spared from the staff, and he has promised to do it. This action is not unmixed with other motives, such as the actual desire for the experience, the slavish nature of the staff work in which I have been engaged for ten months, and the feeling that without a change I must ultimately break down or greatly slow up in efficiency, and the desire for promotion—easier to be earned with troops than at a desk.

The transfer of the First Division toward the Picardy front with the plan to give it a little open-warfare training before putting it in the battle seemed to be a good time for me to spend a few days with it and get out in the open air. I thought I should like to see exactly the routine followed under certain circumstances by a brigade commander whose conduct of affairs has been good enough to win for him the recommendation of the Commander in Chief for promotion to major general. So I asked to be allowed to join General Duncan and accompany his brigade on the rail trip, during its billeting in a new area and the subsequent open-air training.

In France all military trains are made up in just the same way. The soldiers all go in box cars, and when extraordinarily well looked after a little straw is scattered in the bottom of the cars. On all box cars the number of horses and the number of men it will carry are stenciled. Sometimes it carries the one and sometimes the other. When I think of the noise made on the border in 1916 because one or two New Jersey and Pennsylvania units came down there in our fine day coaches instead of tourist sleepers, it makes me smile when looking at these side-door box-car sleepers.

The officers travel in the ordinary French day coach, though sometimes in rare cases I understand that a wagon-lit car is provided. No such luxury awaited us. The one coach was built to hold thirty-two persons. There were thirty officers. Nicely calculated. One slept sitting upright if one slept, and I did. I took a blanket out of my bedding roll, tied a handkerchief around my bald head *à la* Filipino-with-a-headache and passed a fairly comfortable night in an erect position. Six of us occupied the compartment which, built for eight, had the two extra seats referred to above. Being separate from one another, they added nothing to the luxury of the trip. The disagreeable feature of the journey under such circumstances is the entire absence of any toilet accommodations of any kind whatsoever. I cannot think when I have before gone more than twenty-four hours without washing my face and hands.

The train made an occasional stop at the outskirts of some town, and then usually in the town itself.

One of General Duncan's staff had preceded us twenty-four hours to attend to the billeting. No one knew when we would arrive, so when we did we found the little town asleep. The policeman on watch was more asleep than anyone, but finally we were shown to the Château de Trie, owned by Madame la Marquise de Bonse, a widow whose husband died six months ago, whose nephew was killed the day we arrived, and whose son—only son—is an aviator with the French. The poor little lady got up and insisted on showing us our rooms. I slept until eight A.M. Duncan did worse—nine for him.

After luncheon General Duncan sent word by the interpreter to the little marquise and asked permission to present his officers. She sent word that she would be in the drawing-room in a few minutes, and we went in and were presented. She is a little lady of about fifty-five, I should judge, in deep mourning, very bright looking, gray hair that was once brown, brown eyes, and a very nice, gracious manner. She expressed herself as glad to be of service to the Americans, and asked us to consider the château as our house.

The château is a very old and a very cold one. The main tower is reputed to be 1000 or more years old. That, of course, is by no means the most ancient in France or Normandy, but it is fairly antique. In one of its rooms Jean Jacques Rousseau once lived for a while and composed part of his Émile. In the drawing-room hangs a plan of the château and grounds, the plan itself 100 years old. The walls are covered with ivy. When a château, with its grand seigneur, was the center of its little community it was complete with its own church or chapel, its own burying place and its own arrangements for defense. The retainers lived around the château and in time of attack sought refuge in it.

From this château run subterranean galleries in several directions, one especially to Gisors, two and a half miles distant, by which the retainers could gain entrance to the castle when it was besieged or by which the seigneur could sally forth and take his besiegers in the rear.

The life in a château is by no means ideal. They all have stone walls from three to six feet thick. It is always colder inside than out. The accessories of life are all either modern as the Victorian period or are lacking. There is much lovely old furniture. This region abounds in old châteaux. Near Lattainville, on a hill, there is a ruined one apparently. When we rode to it we found it to be by far the most picturesque that I have seen except the château of the Rohans at Josselin in Brittany. The top and towers seem to be in ruin, but actually it is in good repair below, is occupied, and the grounds are beautifully kept. The windows and the entire façade are very old Gothic, having the pointed arches, the inverted V. The mistress was ill, the domestic told us, else she would have been delighted to receive the American generals.

I am settled here for at least a week, unless the pressure for reënforcements forces our division into the line prematurely. The guns can be plainly heard to the northeast of Trie-Château.

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
April 12, 1918.

THE chief items of interest in this life of mine since the last entries in this chronicle have been persons. I suppose those are the chief items of interest in the life of anyone—persons and the events and scenes that cluster around them.

My tour with General Duncan's First Brigade was the equivalent of a leave of absence for me, with its freedom from responsibility, the opportunity to be on a horse half the day, and to get the contact with troops and mingle in the life of active outdoor command, looking to later command in the face of an enemy. At the end of the sixth day, however, while still hoping that my address at G. H. Q. had been mislaid, along came a letter from the Commander in Chief outlining something he wished to be done, and I felt that though I might stay a few days longer, my holiday, as far as its freedom from care and responsibility was concerned, was done. That night at midnight a courier came in with some more official letters, and before noon the next day I had a relayed telegram directing me to go to Paris to speak with the Commander in Chief over the long-distance telephone.

I received the message about luncheon time, so finished that and then drove to Paris, a two hours' journey. Meanwhile the Commander in Chief, with characteristic impatience, had handled in another way the matter he wished to speak to me about, and the official part of our 150-mile conversation was merely limited to telling me what he had done and directing me to follow it up in person next day with a visit to the headquarters of General Foch, the new Commander in Chief for the Allies in France. My motor car had its self-starter out of repair, so I had to remain in Paris for the night.

My four hours at Sarrus, General Foch's headquarters, were very dull. I betray no confidence in naming the place, for he has

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changed it since. I found there Colonel Wells, from General Bliss. "General Foch is one of the glories of France," according to my friend De Chambrun, and he is credited with the principal part of the victory on the Marne in 1914. He had been a soldier of reputation for years before the war, and is the author of some military books relating to the art of war. He is, however, sixty-seven years of age, and his eyes look very tired to me. He has associated with him the keen little Weygand, a little French general, who is said to be a very able staff officer. The remainder of his staff that I saw I did not think much of. He keeps in his vicinity constantly a reserve officer named Captain Popier, a man, it is said, of considerable business importance in France before the war.

Time went on, and at 6:30 Foch did not appear and nothing was heard of him. Seven and 7:30 came, and no Foch. Wells is not in the mess with General Foch, but in a staff mess near by. He asked me to dinner and I was inclined to accept, though knowing that if General Foch were there I should be asked to dine with him.

Popier did some fine maneuvering, typically French—he was apparently afraid to ask me to dine with General Foch without first seeing the latter; he was afraid to let me go to the other mess and risk a jumping from General Foch for that; and he kept the whole performance in suspense until after eight o'clock. He delayed the other mess; hinted at asking me and explained that the general might be in any moment, but did not ask me; but at a little after eight I accepted the other invitation and started.

Then he ran after me and invited me to the general's mess and included Wells and Hill, and so we went to the château. I expressed my hope that they would wait until General Foch came; but once having me on his hands, the efficient Popier then seemed keen to get the dinner over with before Foch should get back. So we sat down and were hurried through a simple meal, in the midst of which Foch returned. While he was getting himself ready for dinner we finished, and were escorted over to the headquarters office to wait, where finally, at about 9:30, I was summoned to see General Foch. My business consumed about ten minutes of his time and then I left. I was at Trie-Château and Duncan's headquarters by 1:30 A.M.

Tuesday afternoon I went with General Pershing again to the headquarters of General Foch, to whom was presented our hope that he would shape his plans so as to permit the building up of a distinctly American Army in his front at the earliest date possible, to which he acquiesced in principle. We were back in Paris for the evening and I finished a vaudeville performance rudely interrupted by the airplanes a few evenings before

One day back at headquarters and a telephone message summoned me to return to Paris to join the Commander in Chief for a visit to the British headquarters and London. I am getting fairly fed up on motor-car travel, but that was all there was for it in getting to Paris that night, so at 8:30 we started, the other one being Lieutenant Adamson, a confidential man of the Commander in Chief. Four hours for 154 miles brought us to the Paris palace at 12:30, an average of more than thirty-eight miles an hour. Some going!

The next afternoon, after a morning spent in talking over cablegrams and the general outlook, the general, Boyd, A. D. C., and I spent in going to Sir Douglas Haig's château and headquarters. We were received by a smart British guard and were made welcome by Sir Douglas himself. He looks much as he did in the last days of July, 1917, when I saw him last—the gray hair at his temples perhaps a little more evident; perhaps a few lines more in his fine, strong Scotch face, for he has fought Paschendaele and Cambrai and stood a month of the heaviest offensive ever seen in war since that date. He is a smart-looking soldier, always well groomed and immaculate, trousers creased, spurs shining, leathers well polished. His manners are by no means effusive, nor should they be; but he is quite cordial. I sat on his left at dinner—to which, be it regretted, we were fifteen minutes late. He has about him the same personnel as nine months ago, except that the chief of staff is now General Sir H. A. Laurance instead of Kidgell; Butler, the deputy chief of staff then, is now commanding a corps in the gallant Third Army; and the jovial Charteris, then the chief of his intelligence, is now relieved by Brigadier General Coxe.

General Pershing has long desired to pay a visit to the Canadian Corps, and we ran there that afternoon. Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Currie commands it. He is a man big enough physically to dwarf General Pershing, and has the bluff, cordial manner which we are accustomed to consider American. Both he and General Pershing voiced the thought that they understood each other's language.

He gave us a tea and had in his principal staff officers to meet the general. The two had to submit to a photograph afterward, a group also being taken of the remainder of us.

That night at dinner at the château the Earl of Derby was a guest, he being on his way to Paris as H. B. M.'s ambassador, and just relieved as Minister of War in the British cabinet. He was on the right of Sir Douglas, and I on his right. I was mortified by my general being late to dinner. Sir Douglas waited about three minutes and then took us in and we all sat down. General Pershing was nearly ten minutes late, and was evidently a little bit startled when he found that Sir Douglas had not waited for him.

I never sat through an evening of more interesting conversation. It was between Lord Derby, Haig and my own chief. Lord Derby was by no means guarded in his remarks, is witty, and quite took the lead in the conversation. He alluded to his embarking on a diplomatic career at his age—he is about forty-five, I should judge; perhaps less—whether he was expected to tell the truth or not. He said he didn't believe in coalition governments. After all, what one needs is an autocrat. Someone remarked that it had its advantages in war.

He said yes, and in peace, too, and he believed that the people were happier after all under a government that was prompt and firm—adding that promptness and firmness were not characteristic of a British government.

Then he said, looking at General Pershing, that our President was the leading autocrat of the world today. If he might be allowed a word of criticism, he considered that the President had not made the best use of both parties—that he still retains his peace-selected advisers of the Democratic Party. General Pershing said there were practical difficulties in using Roosevelt, if that was whom Lord Derby had in mind, to which the latter assented. He remarked that there was no one in the world carrying such a wealth of power in his hands, without much advice, as President Wilson.

He remarked that our War Office and theirs were organized along entirely different lines; that he had considered it his function to save the commander in chief from worry in every way, and to get him what he wished where he wished it. He appealed to Sir Douglas Haig to say if he had ever bothered him with opinions on the purely military side of his duties. He immediately added that he thought 75 per cent of General Pershing's responsibilities would be saved him by a proper administration of our War Department, or by a proper conception of its functions.

He described the great War Department characteristic of passing the buck, and said he sympathized with General Pershing in the mass of detail necessarily thrown upon him.

He turned to Sir Douglas Haig and said, "Bad lot, these politicians, aren't they?"

At which the British commander in chief laughed and said, "I don't know. I haven't had much experience with them."

Then everybody laughed, for the whole world knows how little Lloyd George has hectored the British Army, driving Sir William Robertson out of power and longing to do the same with Haig; and Lord Derby replied, "You are a qualified diplomat yourself. We shall yet see you as our honored representative."

After dinner the two commanders in chief, Lord Derby and the two chiefs of staff adjourned to Sir Douglas Haig's private office and agreed on the handling of the divisions that are coming from America to the British, as to their training, command, and the like. When we left, Lord Derby followed General Pershing out into the hall and said, "I see we shall be great pals. When you think my government or myself is acting the fool, I hope you will tell me so, and I'll do the same for you."

(Continued on Page 173)

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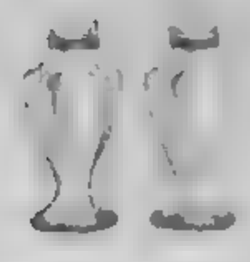

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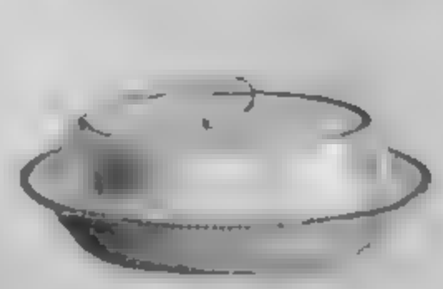

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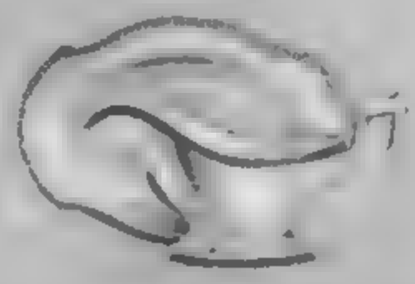

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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

(Continued from Page 170)

He looks a bit 'eavy, but 'e isn't, you know—now is 'e?

LONDON, April 24, 1918.

WE CAME to London Sunday afternoon, with rather a rough passage from Boulogne to Folkestone, escorted by numerous destroyers and an airplane, or rather seaplane. General Biddle met us, with Colonel Rethers, and escorted us to London and finally brought us up at the Savoy Hotel, where we were last year. Next day there were the usual calls on the American ambassador, the admiral, or force commander, as Admiral Sims is styled over here, and luncheon at the American Officers' Club, which is in a fine old mansion turned over for the purpose by Lord Leconfield.

In the afternoon there was an interview with General Sir Henry Wilson, the chief of staff, who succeeded Robertson some time since. The interview adjourned at an appointed hour to the office of the Secretary for War, Lord Milner, whose little book on The English in Egypt, written twenty-six years ago, was a Bible to me in Philippine days. He is an extremely forceful and able man. He was born in Germany of British parents and seems to have acquired a little of the blood and iron. At least he is the most difficult person to bring over that my general and I have attempted.

It is all on the question of how many troops shall go with the British and what they shall be. He wants all infantry and machine guns, and though protesting that they all look forward to the day when we shall have our American Army on the line as such, is demanding the things that will make that impossible, at least before 1919. Unfortunately, our home authorities seem to have committed us to it under the influence of that aggressive and brilliant man, Lord Reading, now representing the British in Washington. They commit us to it and throw the responsibility for the really important decision on General Pershing by attaching his consent as a condition to the way it is to be carried out—whether the men so brought are to be allocated to American, British or French units. Worst of all, they commit themselves to the agreement and do not tell us about it, and let the British spring it on us as a surprise. It is a very difficult situation in which to place Pershing.

We are due for another interview with Lord Milner this morning and have been working much of the night getting ready for it. Great things hang on what we are trying to do now.

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
May 14, 1918.

WHAT a busy year it has been since I reported to General Pershing in the War Department that afternoon of May 14, 1917! The Amexforce in France has grown since June 13, 1917, from less than 100 persons to 500,000. The Commander in Chief has grown from a major general to general; the chief of staff, from major of cavalry to brigadier general, U.S.N.A., has given way to a major general and has been rotated to the line, landing in command of a crack brigade of Marines.

My last entry in this chronicle was in London, where we went the last part of April to redeem the bad outlook for the organization of a national American Army on the western front, brought about by the influence of Lord Reading over our home authorities, inducing them to promise to bring nothing but infantry and machine guns to Europe for an indefinite period, thus postponing for a much longer indefinite period the actual organization of the divisions, corps and field armies necessary if we are to ever have a national American Army on the line.

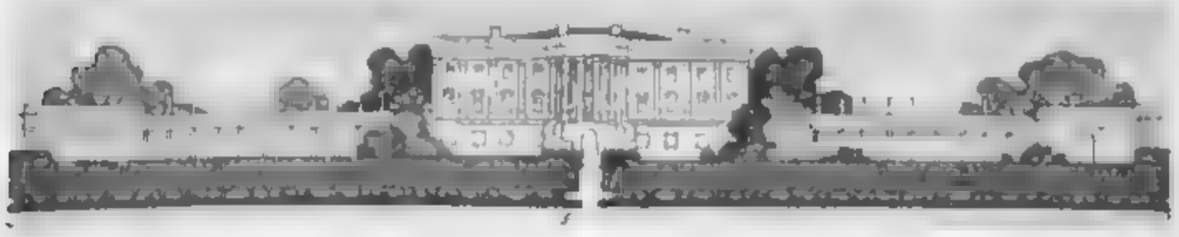
We—General Pershing—succeeded in convincing Lord Milner of the propriety of our requests, and a signed agreement was reached, promising infantry and machine guns for May, and leaving to the future the subsequent months. The British developed much shipping the existence of which had not been hitherto known, and claimed to be able to bring a much larger number of troops to Europe than we had been able to hope. The excess shipping is to be devoted to completing the divisions brought over, thus hurrying the day when our flag will appear on the western front with our men under their own generals. The agreement reached between Sir Douglas Haig, Lord Derby and ourselves on the last evening we were in British General Headquarters before going to England also looks to that end.

We returned via Boulogne, where the motor cars met us, and by previous arrangement hurried to headquarters, where we dined with Foch, General Bliss also being present. After dinner we discussed the agreement reached with Lord Milner. General Foch did not at first accede, the Commander in Chief reserving the news about the augmentation of British shipping until the last moment. A great light broke over the veteran Foch and he agreed to the numbers and organizations of troops without further parley.

Next morning early I caught a train back to headquarters and took up the grind again. The usual thing. Meanwhile the general lingered in Paris, coming home two days later. He had hardly arrived when a message came from Monsieur Clemenceau asking him to a conference at Abbeville with the British and Italian Prime Ministers, and the Ministers for War in those countries. General Bliss also was present, but was of no particular assistance to General Pershing in the conference that followed, which dealt with the matters treated in our agreement with Lord Milner in London. There was much diplomatic wriggling and side-stepping, but General Pershing, with his habitual directness, brought them to see matters in even a more favorable light for us than was secured in the Milner agreement. But he had a hard struggle. Our Allies disagree on many subjects, but they are a unit when it comes to casting lots for our raiment. They seem to look on America as a common resource, and while loudly proclaiming their wish to see America on the firing line as a national unit, resort to all manner of subterfuge to defeat and delay that eventuality, to which we look forward with so much hope. Eventually an agreement was reached. Not to get ahead of myself in this chronicle—General Pershing visited me yesterday and informed me that no sooner had the French and British Prime Ministers reached the agreement with him at Abbeville than their ambassadors in Washington began to besiege the President to abrogate its terms and send nothing but infantry and machine guns to Europe—a policy under which we can never build up an army of our own, under which the war can never be won, in my judgment, and with which America will carry no weight at the final peace table.

In the interval of two days before General Pershing went to Abbeville after our return from London we again discussed the advisability of my relief as chief of staff and going to a command. A medical board had found physically incapacitated for field service Brigadier Generals Alvord, Bradley, Walsh, Murray and Doyen. The last is brigadier general in the Marine Corps, his brigade consisting of the Fifth and Sixth Marines. The Commander in Chief said he could give me no better command in France than to let me succeed General Doyen with the Marines, and I agreed with him. After much reminiscence of the past, and some dreaming of the future, it was agreed that I should have the Marine brigade, known in the American Expeditionary Forces as the 4th Brigade, U. S. Marines, which constitutes one brigade of the Second Regular Division under Major General Bundy, the other brigade consisting of the 9th and 23d Infantry, in which Gen. E. M. Lewis has relieved Gen. Peter Murray. General McAndrew was selected as chief of staff. He is Dad McAndrew, of the class of '88, and a man several years older than myself, with an excellent reputation as a well-informed officer and an authority on school and training matters.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by General Harbord. The next will appear in an early issue.



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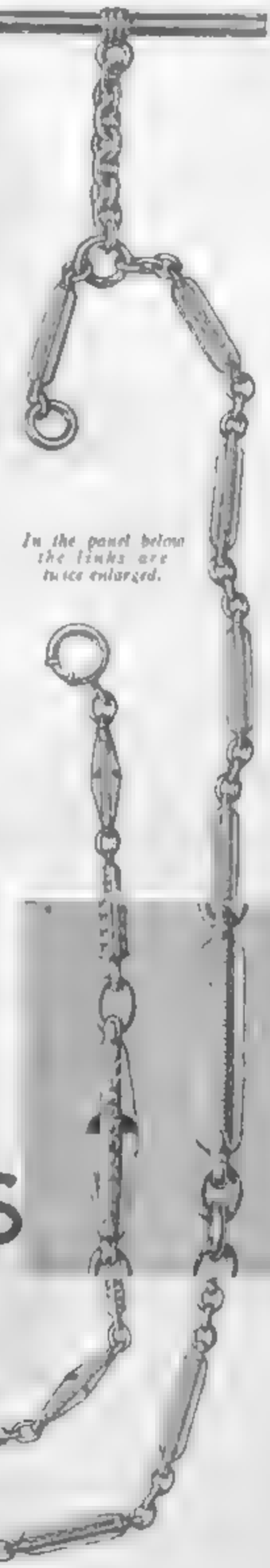

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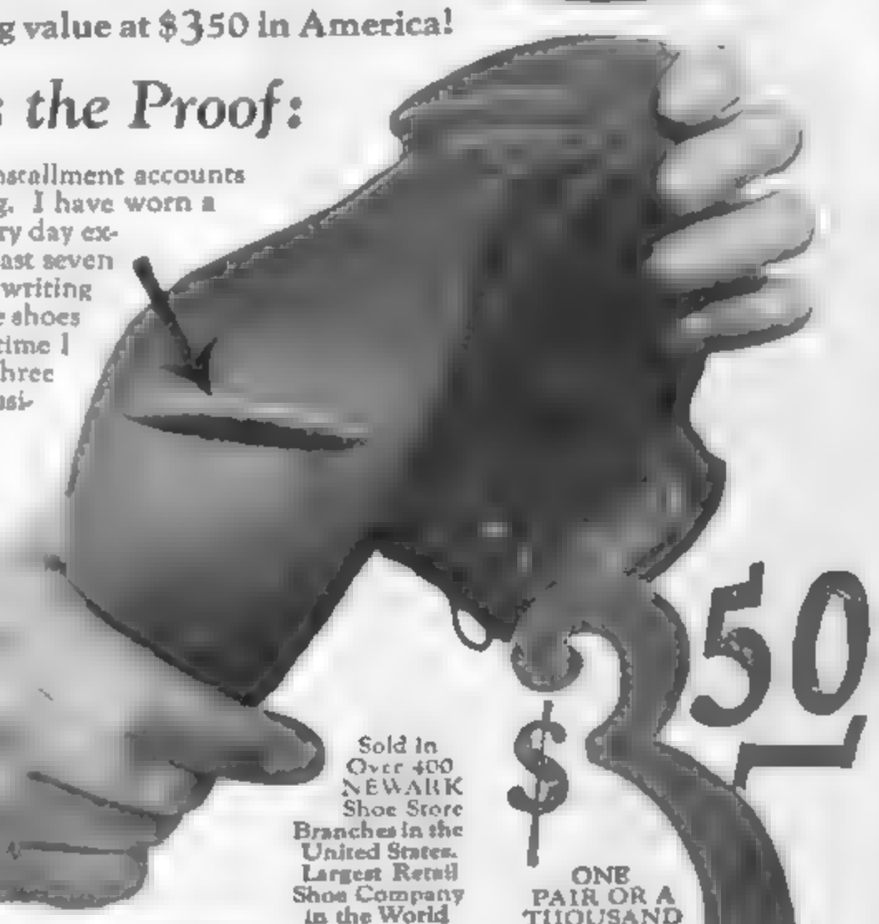

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They are made in popular leathers—and in favored styles and lasts—from the smartest young men's brogue lasts to the sturdiest work shoe.

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Stylish Ruskin Red Tan Pull in the new Broad French Toe Last. Goodyear welt long wearing *TufHide* Soles and Man-O'-War rubber heels—snappy perforated effect between vamp and facing, at

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THE AWFUL GLADNESS OF THE MATER

(Continued from Page 11)

refused to change itself in the slightest detail. What was laid out on the bed was not his dress clothes, but the most ghastly collection of raiment he had ever beheld. He blinked once again as a forlorn hope, and then tottered forward.

He stood looking down at the foul things, his heart ice within him. Reading from left to right, the objects on the bed were as follows: A pair of short white woolen socks; a crimson made-up bow-tie of enormous size; a sort of middy-blouse arrangement; a pair of blue velvet knickerbockers; and finally—and it was this that seemed to Dudley to make it all so sad and hopeless—a very small sailor hat with a broad blue ribbon, across which in large white letters ran the legend H. M. S. Indefatigable.

On the floor was a pair of brown shoes with strap-and-buckle attachment. They seemed to be roomy Number Twelves.

Dudley sprang to the bell. A footman presented himself.

"Sir?" said the footman.

"What," demanded Dudley wildly—"what is all this?"

"I found them in your suitcase, sir."

"But where are my dress clothes?"

"No dress clothes in the suitcase, sir."

A bright light shone upon Dudley. That argument with those two birds at the Drones had, he now recalled, been on the subject of fancy dress. Both birds were dashing off to a fancy-dress ball that night, and one bird had appealed to Dudley to support him against the other bird in his contention that at these affairs the prudent man played for safety and went as a Pierrot. The second bird had said that he would sooner be dead in a ditch than don any such unimaginative costume. He was going as a small boy, he said, and with a pang Dudley remembered having laughed mockingly and prophesied that he would look the most priceless ass. And then he had sprinted off and collared the man's bag in mistake for his own.

"Look here," he said, "I can't possibly come down to dinner in those!"

"No, sir?" said the footman respectfully, but with a really inhuman lack of interest and sympathy.

"You'd better leg it to the old girl's room —— I mean," said Dudley, recollecting himself, "you had better go to Lady Wickham and inform her that Mr. Finch presents his compliments and I'm awfully sorry, but he has mislaid his dress clothes, so he will have to come down to dinner in what I've got on at present."

"Very good, sir."

"I say!" A horrid thought struck Dudley. "I say, we shall be alone, what? I mean to say, nobody else is coming to dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said the footman brightly. "A number of guests are expected, sir."

It was a sagging and demoralized Dudley who crawled into the dining room a quarter of an hour later.

In spite of what moralists say, a good conscience is not enough in itself to enable a man to bear himself jauntily in every crisis of life. Dudley had had a good upbringing, and the fact that he was dining at a strange house in a bright check suit gave him a consciousness of sin which he strove vainly to overcome.

The irony of it was that in a normal frame of mind he would have sneered loftily at the inferior garments which clothed the other male members of the party. On the left sleeve of the man opposite him was a disgraceful wrinkle. The fellow next to the girl in pink might have a good heart, but the waistcoat which covered it did not fit by a mile. And as for the tie of that other bloke down by Lady Wickham, it was not a tie at all in the deeper meaning of the word; it was just a deplorable occurrence. Yet situated as he was, his heart ached with envy of all these tramps.

He ate but little. As a rule his appetite was of the heartiest, and many a novel had he condemned as untrue to life on the ground that its hero was stated to have pushed his food away untasted. Until tonight he had never supposed that such a feat was possible. But as course succeeded course he found himself taking almost no practical interest in the meal. All he asked was to get it over so that he could edge away and be alone with his grief. There would doubtless be some sort of binge in the drawing-room after dinner, but it would not have the support of Dudley Finch. For Dudley Finch the quiet seclusion of the Blue Room.

It was as he was sitting there some two hours later that there drifted into his mind something Roberta had said about Roland Attwater leaving on the milk train. At the time he had paid little attention to the remark, but now it began to be borne in upon him more and more strongly that this milk train was going to be of great strategic importance in his life. This ghastly house was just the sort of house that fellows did naturally go away from on milk trains, and it behooved him to be prepared. He rang the bell once more.

"Sir?" said the footman.

"I say," said Dudley, "what time does the milk train leave?"

"Milk train, sir?"

"Yes; train that takes the milk, you know."

"Do you wish for milk, sir?"

"No!" Dudley fought down a desire to stun this man with one of the Number Twelve shoes. "I just want to know what time the milk train goes in the morning, in case—in—er—case I am called away unexpectedly, I mean to say."

"I will inquire, sir."

The footman made his way to the servants' hall, the bearer of great news.

"Guess what," said the footman.

"Well, Thomas?" asked Simmons, the butler, indulgently.

"That bloke—the Great What-Is-It," said Thomas, for it was by this affectionate sobriquet that Dudley was now known below stairs, "is planning to go away on the milk train!"

"What?" Simmons heaved his stout form out of his chair. His face did not reflect the gay mirth of his subordinate. "I must inform her ladyship. I must inform her ladyship at once."

The last guest had taken his departure, and Lady Wickham was preparing to go to a well-earned bed, when there entered to her Simmons, grave and concerned.

"Might I speak to your ladyship?"

"Well, Simmons?"

"Might I first take the liberty of inquiring, m'lady, if the—er—the young gentleman in the tweed suit is a personal friend of your ladyship's?"

Lady Wickham was surprised. It was not like Simmons to stroll in and start chatting about her guests, and for a moment she was inclined to say as much; then something told her that by doing so she would miss information of interest.

"He says he is a friend of Miss Roberta, Simmons," she said graciously.

"Says!" said the butler, and there was no eluding the sinister meaning in his voice.

"What do you mean, Simmons?"

"Begging your pardon, m'lady, I am convinced that this person is here with some criminal intention. Thomas reports that his suitcase contained a complete disguise."

"Disguise! What sort of disguise?"

"Thomas did not convey that very clearly, your ladyship, but I understand that it was of a juvenile nature. And just now, m'lady, the man has been making inquiries as to the time of departure of the milk train."

"Milk train!"

"Thomas also states, m'lady, that the man was visibly took aback when he learned that there were guests expected here tonight. If you ask me, your ladyship, it was the man's intention to make what I might term a quick clean-up immediately after dinner and escape on the 9:57. Foiled in that by the presence of the guests, he is going to endeavor to collect the swag in the small hours and get away on the milk train."

"Simmons!"

"That is my opinion, your ladyship."

"Good gracious! He told me that Miss Roberta had said to him that she was coming down here tonight. She has not come!"

"A ruse, m'lady, to inspire confidence."

"Simmons," said Lady Wickham, rising to the crisis like the strong woman she was, "you must sit up tonight."

"With a gun, m'lady," cried the butler with a sportsman's enthusiasm.

(Continued on Page 177)

LUXEBERRY ENAMEL SPREADS CONTENTMENT

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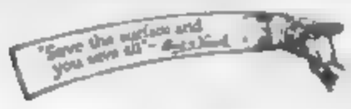

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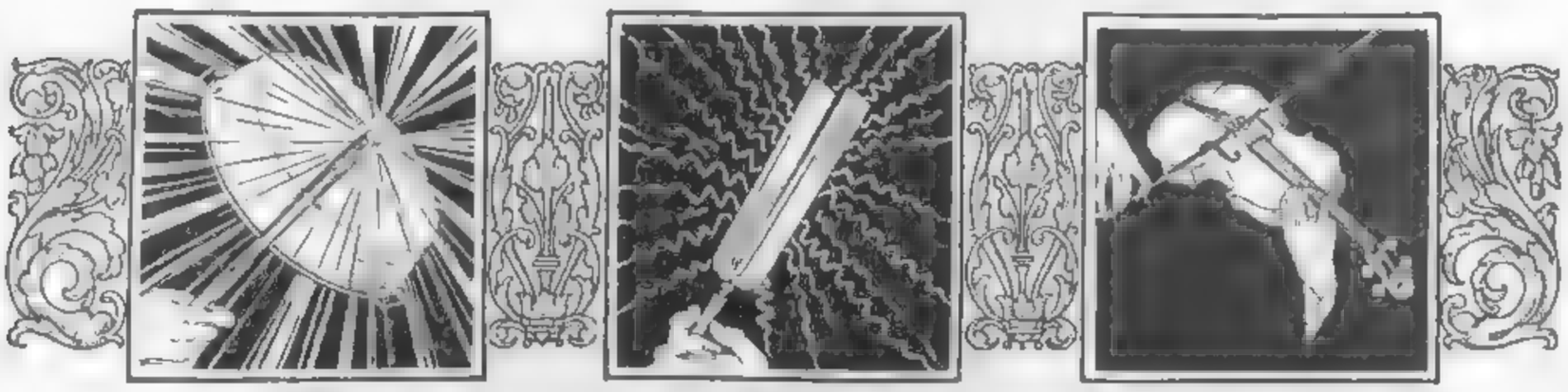


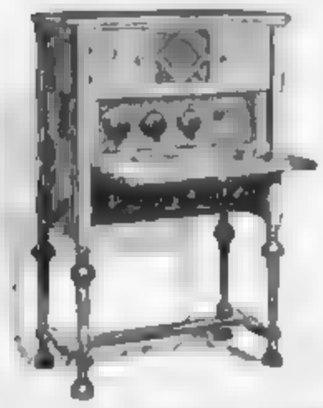
NOISE
(Non-periodic vibrations; unpleasant sounds)

PITCH
(Periodic vibrations, without overtones; sounds which have mere musical pitch)

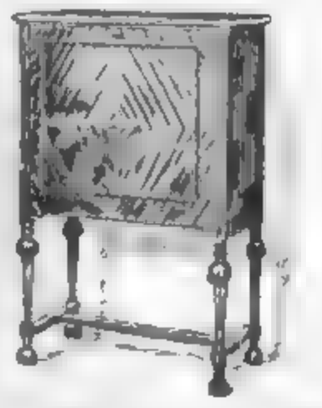
TONE plus desirable OVERTONES
(Tone color—REAL music)

In Radio, People want Distance—but they want TONE even More

Without desirable Overtones you get no Rich, Resonant Voice nor Tonal Beauty—You Miss the Supreme Pleasure in Radio



Console model, black walnut, equipped with loud speaker. Open. $300



Console model, black walnut, equipped with loud speaker. Closed. $300

How Pfanstiehl Reproduces the Most Delicate Overtones

ANY good radio set can get distance, simply by amplification. There is no distinction about that. To get tone quality is quite another matter. And tone quality is the real measure of radio reception. Radios differ in this respect just as pianos differ. You judge a piano by its ability to produce a beautiful tone. You judge a radio by its ability to *reproduce* a beautiful tone, from a distance.

In a piano, quality of tone depends upon the manner in which the overtones are produced and controlled. Without them you could have no richness or beauty of tone. You would have a colorless, uninteresting sound. You can get beautiful piano music only from a fine piano in the hands of a good performer. Paderewski himself could not get tonal beauty out of a poor piano.

Overtones Perfectly Reproduced

In radio you have a similar situation. It cannot receive a lovely voice or beautiful music unless it reproduces the overtones which make it beautiful, exactly as they are sent out in delicate vibrations from the transmitting station.

That has been an extremely difficult thing to do in radio reception, simply because radio engineers have not known how to control the forward stream of radio energy as it passes from circuit to circuit in the set. Some of the energy strays off and feeds back. That is what causes the uncanny noises you hear, noises which have to be choked down by a lot of complicated devices, and these distort the delicate supervibrations which make overtones in your reception. Your tonal beauty is gone, in exactly the degree that your overtones are distorted or suppressed.

The matchless beauty of Pfanstiehl tone lies in the utter absence of feedback to disturb the delicate supervibrations which make the overtones. These come through INTACT. There is no distortion whatever. The tone is full, rich and clear. You can enjoy exactly as transmitted the vocal charm of a beautiful singer or the tone color of a great violinist. What an immeasurable advantage that is!

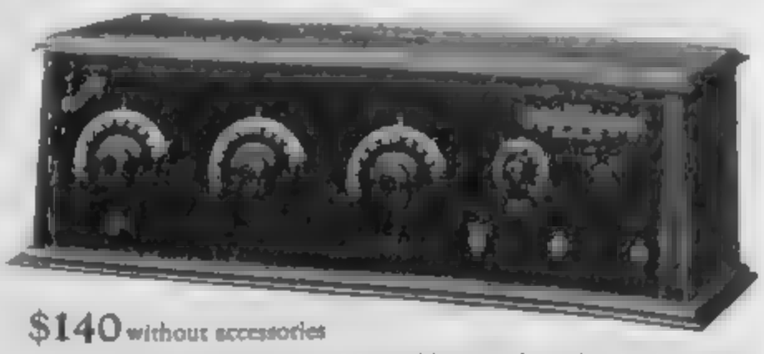
Distance, selectivity, volume, portability, are all values in radio which people want and can have to the extent that the maker chooses to afford them. There is no special problem about that. Radio science knows *how*.

Tone Beauty— The Big Problem in Radio

The big problem in radio is tone beauty, a full and true reproduction of voice or music EXACTLY AS TRANSMITTED. This problem has been fundamentally solved in the Pfanstiehl. It gets the same distance, selectivity and volume as other high-grade 5-tube receivers, but in tone it is matchless, for the reasons above given.

To any radio technician who is interested, will be sent a scientific explanation of the means used by Pfanstiehl to accomplish this result. The ordinary radio user is not so much interested in that. He wants the result. The way to get it is to have your dealer demonstrate the Pfanstiehl to you. That will bring quick conviction. You will never be satisfied thereafter with any radio set which cannot reproduce the delicate overtones.

Hear the new Pfanstiehl Overtone Receiver at your radio or music dealer's. If he does not have one we can quickly get it to him.



$140 without accessories

A 5-tube Receiver using the new Pfanstiehl system of tuned radio frequency

How It Was Accomplished—A Scientific Explanation

Pfanstiehl found that stray oscillations could not be removed by any mere circuit design. An entirely new structural relationship had to be devised, and that could be approached only after a searching analysis of the specific causes of oscillation. He found them to be twofold and dealt with each separately. One of these is the feedback due to electro-static coupling. This has two sources. The one between the elements inside the tube is of little consequence, although hitherto regarded as the most important. The other occurs between the wiring layout and the condensers. This Pfanstiehl eliminated by removing from the effective electro-static field, scattered throughout the set, all dielectric material which used to cause distortion. The other cause of disturbing oscillations is the feedback due to residual electro-magnetic coupling between the coils. This could not be wholly prevented before, but has now been completely eliminated by using a new type of inductance and by a different placing of the coils. In thus differentiating between these two separate sources of internal oscillation, Pfanstiehl has solved the trouble *fundamentally* by a process of discrimination, the only way it could possibly be done.

Unique "Station Finder" Takes the Guesswork Out of Tuning

A unique feature of the Pfanstiehl Overtone Receiver is a "Station Finder," which takes the guesswork out of tuning and enables even the inexperienced to tune this receiving set quickly and without difficulty. From the radio program in the daily newspaper or radio magazine, ascertain the "wave-length" of the station you want to hear and also the time at which it is scheduled to broadcast. 1. Find this "wave-length" or number on the lower scale. 2. Read the number directly above it on the upper scale, and set each of the three large dials to this reading. 3. Tuning may now be sharpened by adjusting the large dials slightly, one at a time, with the small vernier knobs below. Adjustment of the large dials to a fraction of a degree, enables you to secure the sharper tuning for best results from distant stations.

An Appeal to Radio Users:

Owners of fine radio receivers should agitate for the suppression of regenerative interference in the air and undesirable radio transmission. They spoil the enjoyable possibilities of pure tone reception. Do not be a radio nuisance yourself by using a set which radiates or transmits noises to your neighbor.

USERS: Enjoy a personal Pfanstiehl demonstration. Send this coupon for name of nearest dealer.

PFANSTIEHL RADIO CO.
11 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill
Where in this neighborhood can I see and hear the new Pfanstiehl Receiver?

*Your Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Pfanstiehl

OVERTONE RECEIVER

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DEALERS: Pin this coupon to your business letterhead. Get the Pfanstiehl authorized dealer proposition.

PFANSTIEHL RADIO CO
11 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill
Send us your dealer proposition for the Pfanstiehl Overtone Receiver

*Your Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 174)

"Yes, with a gun. And if you hear him prowling about you must come and wake me instantly."

"Very good, your ladyship."

"You must be very quiet, of course."

"Like a mouse, your ladyship," said Simmons.

Dudley, meanwhile, in his refuge in the Blue Room, had for some time past been regretting—every moment more keenly—that preoccupation with his troubles had led him to deal so sparingly with his food down there in the dining room. The peace of the Blue Room had soothed his nervous system, and with calm had come the realization that he was most confoundedly hungry. There was something uncanny in the way fate had worked to do him out of his proper supply of proteins and carbohydrates today. Hungry as he had been when waiting at Claridge's for Bobbie, the moment she appeared love had taken his mind off the menu, and he had made a singularly light lunch. Since then he had had nothing but the few scattered mouthfuls which he had forced himself to swallow at the dinner table.

He consulted his watch. It was later than he had supposed. Much too late to ring the bell and ask for sandwiches, even supposing that his standing in this poisonous house had been such as to justify the demand.

He flung himself back on the bed and tried to doze off. That footman fellow had said that the milk train left at 3:15 and he was firmly resolved to catch it. The sooner he was out of this place the better. Meanwhile, he craved food, any sort of food. His entire interior organism was up on its feet, shouting wildly for sustenance.

A few minutes later, Lady Wickham, waiting tensely in her room, was informed by a knock on the door that the hour had arrived.

"Yes?" she whispered, turning the handle noiselessly and putting her head out.

"The man, m'lady," breathed the voice of Simmons in the darkness.

"Prowling?"

"Yes, m'lady."

Dudley Finch's unwilling hostess was a woman of character and decision. From girlhood up she had been accustomed to hunting and the other hardy sports of the aristocracy of the countryside. And though the pursuit of burglars had formed up to the present no part of her experience, she approached it without a qualm. Motioning the butler to follow, she wrapped her dressing gown more closely about her and strode down the corridor.

There was plenty of noise to guide her to her goal. Dudley's progress from his bedroom to the dining room, the fruit and biscuits on the sideboard of which formed his objective, had been far from quiet. Once he had tripped over a chair; and now, as his hostess and her attendant began to descend the stairs, he collided with and upset a large screen. He was endeavoring to remove the foot which he had inadvertently put through this when a quiet voice spoke from above.

"Can you see him, Simmons?"

"Yes, m'lady; dimly but adequately."

"Then shoot if he moves a step."

"Very good, m'lady."

Dudley wrenched his foot free and peered upward, appalled.

"I say!" he quavered. "It's only me, you know!" Light flooded the hall. "Only me!" repeated Dudley feverishly.

The sight of the enormous gun in the butler's hands had raised his temperature to a painful degree.

"What," demanded Lady Wickham coldly, "are you doing here, Mr. Finch?"

An increased sense of the delicacy of his position flooded over Dudley. He was a young man with the nicest respect for the conventions, and he perceived that the situation required careful handling. It is not tactful, he realized, for a guest for whose benefit a hostess has only a few hours earlier provided a lavish banquet to announce to the said hostess that he has been compelled by hunger to rove the house in search of food. For a moment he stood there licking his lips; then something like an inspiration came to him.

"The fact is," he said, "I couldn't sleep, you know."

"Possibly," said Lady Wickham, "you would have a better chance of doing so if you were to go to bed. Is it your intention to walk about the house all night?"

"No, no, absolutely not. I couldn't sleep, so I—er—I thought I would pop down and see if I could find something to read, don't you know."

"Oh, you want a book?"

"That's right. That's absolutely it—a book. You've put it in a nutshell."

"I will show you to the library."

In spite of her stern disapproval of this scoundrel who wormed his way into people's houses in quest of loot, a slight diminution of austerity came to Lady Wickham as the result of this introduction of the literary note. She was an indefatigable novelist, and it pleased her to place her works in the hands of even the vilest. Ushering Dudley into the library, she switched on the light and made her way without hesitation to the third shelf from the top nearest the fireplace. Selecting one from a row of brightly covered volumes, she offered it to him.

"Perhaps this will interest you," she said.

Dudley eyed it dubiously.

"Oh, I say," he protested, "I don't know, you know. This is one of that chap George Masterman's."

"Well?" said Lady Wickham frostily.

"He writes the most frightful bilge, I mean. Don't you think so?"

"I cannot say that I do. I am possibly biased, however, by the fact that George Masterman is the name I write under."

Dudley blinked.

"Oh, do you?" he babbled. "Do you? You do, eh? Well, I mean ——" An imperative desire to be elsewhere swept over him. "This'll do me," he said, grabbing wildly at the nearest shelf. "This will do me fine. Thanks awfully. Good night. I mean, thanks, thanks. I mean good night, good night."

Two pairs of eyes followed him as he shot up the stairs. Lady Wickham's were cold and hard; the expression in those of Simmons was wistful. It was seldom that the butler's professional duties allowed him the opportunity of indulging the passion for sport which had been his since boyhood. A very occasional pop at a rabbit was about all the shooting he got nowadays, and the receding Dudley made his mouth water. He fought the craving down with a sigh.

"A nasty fellow, m'lady," he said.

"Quick-witted," Lady Wickham was forced to concede.

"Full of low cunning, m'lady," emended the butler. "All that about wanting a book—a ruse."

"You had better continue watching, Simmons."

"Most decidedly, your ladyship."

Dudley sat on his bed, panting. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before, and for a while the desire for food left him, overcome by a more spiritual misery. If there was one thing in the world that gave him the pip, it was looking like a silly idiot; and every nerve in his body told him that during the recent interview he must have looked the most perfect silly idiot. Staring bleakly before him, he relived every moment of the blighted scene, and the more he examined his own share in it the worse it looked. He quivered in an agony of shame. He seemed to be bathed from head to foot in a sort of prickly heat.

And then, faintly at first, but growing stronger every moment, hunger began to clamor once again.

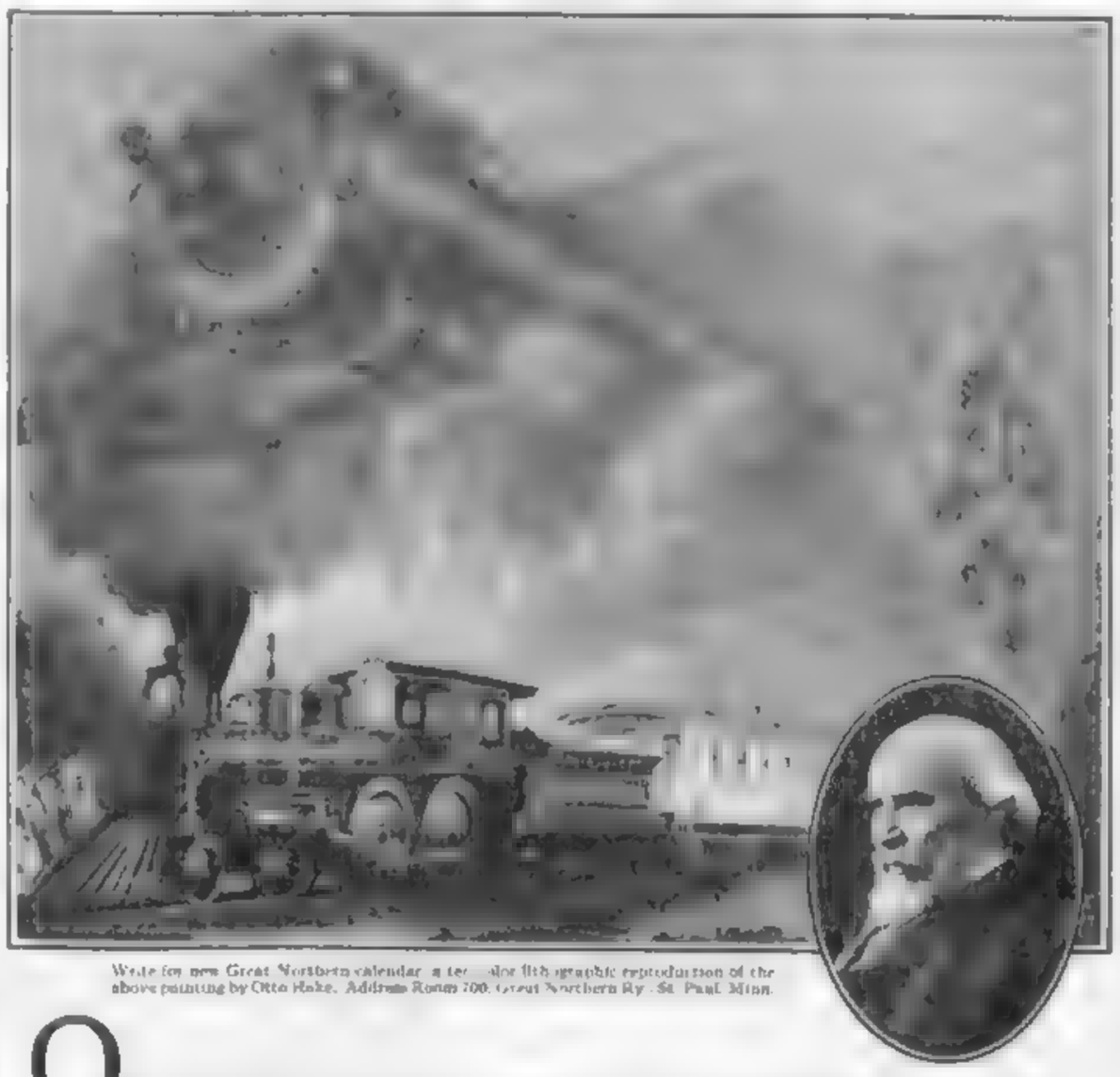
Dudley clenched his teeth. Something must be done to combat this. Mind must somehow be enabled to triumph over matter. He glanced at the book which he had snatched from the shelf, and for the first time that night began to feel that fate was with him. Out of a library which was probably congested with the most awful tosh, he had stumbled first pop upon Mark Twain's Tramp Abroad, a book which he had not read since he was a kid, but had always been meaning to read again; just the sort of book in fact which would enable a fellow to forget the anguish of starvation until that milk train went. He opened it at random, and found with a shock that fate had but been playing with him.

"It has now been many months, at the present writing," read Dudley, "since I have had a nourishing meal, but I shall soon have one—a modest, private affair, all to myself. I have selected a few dishes and made out a little bill of fare, which will go home in the steamer that precedes me and be hot when I arrive, as follows ——"

Dudley quailed. Memories of his boyhood came to him, of the time when he had first read what came after those last two words. The passage had stamped itself on his mind, for he had happened upon it at school at a time when he was permanently obsessed by a wolfish hunger and too impecunious to purchase anything at the school

THE NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

A VISION REALIZED



Write for new Great Northern calendar, a ten-color lithographic reproduction of the above painting by Otto Hake. Address Room 700, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Out beyond the upper waters of the Mississippi, into that vast domain of prairie, mountain and forest which lay between the Minnesota frontier—now the Twin Cities—and the shores of the far Pacific, a dauntless young pioneer of the middle nineteenth century looked and saw a fruitful empire sleeping.

Unknown, unpeopled wilderness then, the Northwest has become what it is today because of the vision and faith and indomitable persistence of that most practical of dreamers, James J. Hill.

Into pathless lands which stood as the Stone Age left them, where never the creak of wagon wheel had been heard before, he broke, not the foot-trails of adventurer or explorer, but the broad, firm roadbed of a great transcontinental railway, the mightiest and most daring construction enterprise ever undertaken by private initiative.

People followed, farms followed, mining and lumbering projects, in magnitude and value greater than any the world has known, began. Cities arose out of nowhere to take high places alongside the historic civilization centers of all ages. These, the one-time dreams of James J. Hill, came to reality within the span of his own business career.

Sixty-two years after the diminutive wood-burning locomotive, William Crooks, pulled the first trainload of passengers over the initial ten miles of track, the Great Northern Railway, now grown to a ten thousand mile system, put into service The New Oriental Limited, the finest train to the Pacific Northwest.

An all-steel, brand new, specially built, Pullman equipped hotel on wheels, The New Oriental Limited provides the last and longest link of de luxe passenger service between the Atlantic Seaboard and The Pacific Northwest. Traversing the distance between Chicago, Portland and Puget Sound direct without change in seventy hours, crossing the Rockies by the lowest and easiest pass behind giant oil-burning cinderless locomotives, the New Oriental Limited is the train to take for Glacier National Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver, California, Alaska and the Orient.

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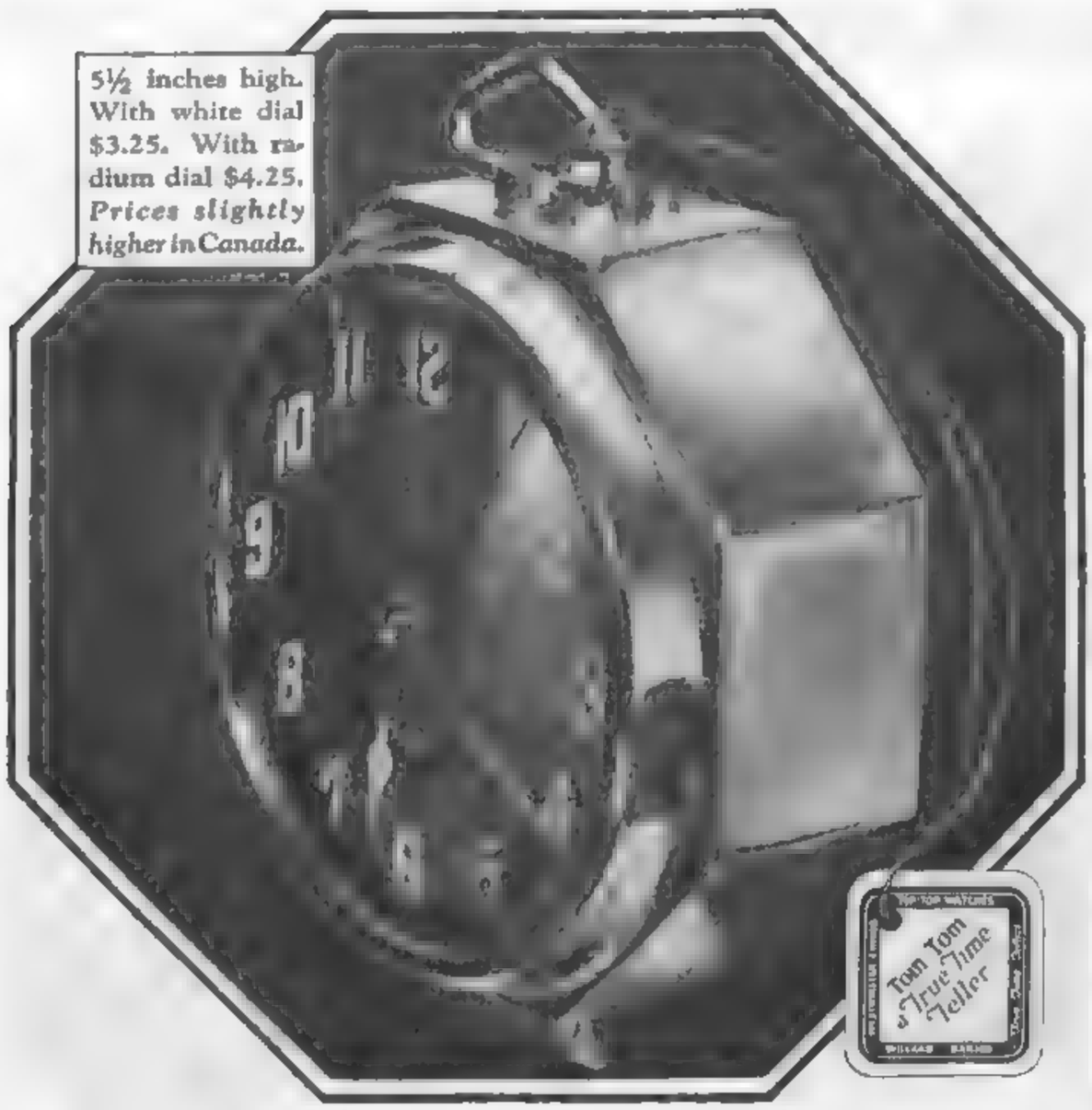
Finest Train to Pacific Northwest—No Extra Fare

"See America First"



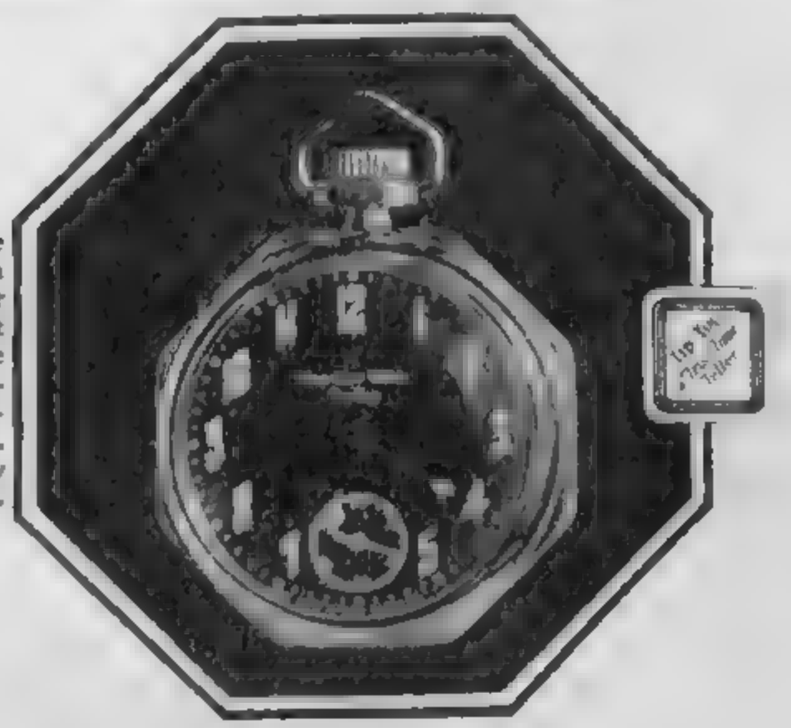
5½ inches high. With white dial $3.25. With radium dial $4.25. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

A brass-knuckled call for six-thirty

TOM-TOM will rouse you though you sleep the sleep of the seven sleepers! Though you have but one good ear and bury that deep into the pillow, you can't escape Tom-Tom's twelve persistent calls. That tom-tomming on the door of your mind goes on for *ten minutes*, with half-minute intermissions. You've got to wake up and get up to silence him.

But till his alarm shatters the silence, you scarcely can hear him . . . his soft steady ticking's so low. Even in a room with ten Tom-Toms, you hardly could hear them tick! Tom-Tom's a dependable timer. Tested for accuracy 48 hours, and ticking true for 40 hours after each winding. Note his thin, octagon shape and bowed glass front that lets you read his time at any angle of light. Special top-ring, cubist figures, handsome lights and shades in his polished case—he's a decorative fellow for almost any room!

Tom-Tom has a junior by the name of Tidy-Tot dial 2¼ inches. Same octagon shape, convex front, repeating alarm and silent tick. Go to your dealer and ask him to show you these distinctive clocks. The New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn. Clock makers since 1817.



Tip-Top, the beautiful octagon True Time Teller watch. With soft quiet tick. White dial $1.75. Radium dial as illustrated $2.75. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

shop to keep him going till the next meal. It had tortured him then, and it would, he knew, torture him even more keenly now.

Nothing, he resolved, should induce him to go on reading. So he at once went on:

"Radishes; baked apples, with cream; fried oysters, stewed oysters; frogs; American coffee, with real cream; American butter; fried chicken, Southern style; porterhouse steak; Saratoga potatoes; broiled chicken, American style ——"

A feeble moan escaped Dudley He endeavored to close the book, but it would not close. He tried to remove his eyes from the page, but they wandered back like homing pigeons.

"—— brook trout, from Sierra Nevadas; lake trout, from Tahoe; sheepshead and croakers, from New Orleans; black bass, from the Mississippi; American roast beef; roast turkey, Thanksgiving style; cranberry sauce; celery; roast wild turkey; woodcock; canvasback duck, from Baltimore; prairie hens, from Illinois; Missouri partridges, broiled; possum; coon; Boston baked beans; bacon and greens, Southern style."

Dudley rose from the bed. He could endure no more. His previous experience as a prospector after food had not been such as to encourage further efforts in that direction, but there comes a time when a man recks not of possible discomfort. He removed his shoes and tiptoed out of the room. A familiar form advanced to meet him along the now brightly lit corridor.

"Well?" said Simmons the butler, shifting his gun to the ready and massaging the trigger with a loving forefinger.

Dudley gazed upon him with a sinking heart.

"Oh, hullo!" he said.

"What do you want?"

"Oh—er—oh, nothing."

"You get back into that room."

"I say, listen, laddy," said Dudley, in desperation, flinging reticence to the winds. "I'm starving, absolutely starving. I wish, like a good old bird, you would just scud down to your pantry or somewhere and get me a sandwich or two."

"You get back into that room, you hound!" growled Simmons, with such intensity that sheer astonishment sent Dudley tottering back through the door. He had never heard a butler talk like that. He had not supposed that butlers could talk like that.

He put on his shoes again, and, lacing them up, brooded tensely on this matter. What, he asked himself, was the idea? What was the big thought that lay behind all this? That his hostess, alarmed by noises in the night, should have summoned the butler to bring firearms to her assistance was intelligible. But what was the blighter doing, camping outside his door? After all, they knew he was a friend of the daughter of the house.

He was still wrestling with this problem when a curious, sharp tapping noise attracted his attention. It came at irregular intervals and seemed to proceed from the direction of the window. He sat up, listening. It came again. He crept to the window and looked out. As he did so, something with hard edges smote him painfully in the face.

"Oh, sorry!" said a voice.

Dudley started violently. Looking in the direction from which the voice had proceeded, he perceived that there ran out from the wall immediately to the left of his window a small balcony. On this balcony, bathed in silver moonlight, Roberta Wickham was standing. She was hauling in the slack of a length of string, to the end of which was attached a buttonhook.

"Awfully sorry," she said. "I was trying to attract your attention."

"You did," said Dudley.

"I thought you might be asleep."

"Asleep!" Dudley's face contorted itself in a dreadful sneer. "Does anyone ever get any sleep in this house?" He leaned forward and lowered his voice: "I say, your bally butler has gone off his onion."

"What?"

"He's doing sentinel duty outside my door with a whacking great cannon. And when I put my head out just now he simply barked at me"

"I'm afraid," said Bobbie, gathering in the buttonhook, "he thinks you're a burglar."

"A burglar? But I told your mother distinctly that I was a friend of yours."

Something akin to embarrassment seemed to come upon the not easily embarrassed Miss Wickham.

"Yes, I want to talk to you about that," she said. "It was like this "

"I say, when did you arrive, by the way?" asked Dudley, the question suddenly presenting itself to his disordered mind.

"About half an hour ago."

"What?"

"Yes; I sneaked in through the scullery window, and the first thing I met was mother in her dressing gown." Miss Wickham shivered a little, as at some unpleasing memory. "You've never seen mother in her dressing gown," she said in a small voice.

"Yes, I have!" retorted Dudley. "And though it may be an experience which every chappie ought to have, let me tell you that once is sufficient."

"I had an accident coming down here," proceeded Miss Wickham, absorbed in her own story and paying small attention to his. "An idiot of a man driving a dray let me run into him. My car was all smashed up. I couldn't get away for hours, and then I had to come down on a train that stopped at every station."

It is proof, if such were needed, of the strain to which Dudley Finch had been subjected that night, that the information that this girl had been in a motor smash did not cause him that anguished concern which he would undoubtedly have felt twenty-four hours earlier.

It left him almost cold

"Well, when you saw your mother," he said, "didn't you tell her that I was a friend of yours?"

Miss Wickham hesitated.

"That's the part I want to explain," she said. "You see, it was like this: First, I had to break it as gently as I could to her that the car wasn't insured. She wasn't frightfully pleased. And then she told me about you and —— Dudley, old thing, whatever have you been doing since you got here? The mater seemed to think you had been behaving in the weirdest way."

"I'll admit that I brought the wrong bag and couldn't dress for dinner, but apart from that I'm dashed if I can see what I did that was weird."

"Well, she seems to have become frightfully suspicious of you almost from the start."

"If you had sent that wire, telling her I was coming ——"

Miss Wickham clicked her tongue regretfully.

"I knew there was something I had forgotten. Oh, Dudley, I'm awfully sorry."

"Don't mention it," said Dudley bitterly. "It's probably going to lead to my having my head blown off by a loony butler, but don't give it another thought. You were saying ——"

"Oh, yes, when I met mother. You do see, Dudley, dear, how terribly difficult it was for me, don't you? I mean, I had just broken it to her that the car was all smashed up and not insured, and then she suddenly asked me if it was true that I had invited you down here. I was just going to say I had, when she began to talk about you in such a bitter spirit that somehow the time didn't seem ripe. So when she asked me if you were a friend of mine, I ——"

"You said I was?"

"Well, not in so many words."

"How do you mean?"

"I had to be awfully tactful, you see."

"Well?"

"So I told her I had never seen you in my life." Dudley uttered a sound like the breeze sighing in the tree tops. "But it's all right," went on Miss Wickham reassuringly.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Dudley. "I noticed that."

"I'm going to go and have a talk with Simmons and tell him he must let you escape. Then everything will be splendid There's an excellent milk train ——"

"I know all about the milk train, thanks."

"I'll go and see him now. So don't you worry, old thing."

"Worry?" said Dudley. "Me? What have I got to worry about?"

Bobbie disappeared. Dudley turned away from the window. Faint whispering made itself heard from the passage. Somebody tapped softly on the door. Dudley opened it and found the ambassadress standing on the mat. Farther down the corridor, tactfully withdrawn into the background, Simmons the butler stood, grounding arms.

"Dudley," whispered Miss Wickham, "have you got any money on you?"

"Yes, a certain amount."

"Five pounds? It's for Simmons."

(Continued on Page 181)

ONLY ONE WAY to keep teeth both white and safe

Restore the natural protective fluids of the Mouth Glands

WE brush our teeth more often than any other nation in the world—yet they mysteriously decay.

Dentists now know that this is due to an abnormal mouth condition—unsuspected but practically universal—which inevitably leads to decay.

It is known as Dry Mouth—the natural result, they say, of our modern, soft cooked foods, which require no real chewing.

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You can remove the acids of decay temporarily. By scouring with gritty pastes which endanger the unreplaceable enamel. By washing with strong substances that damage gums and delicate mouth lining.

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Recently, physicians and dentists have recognized that the mouth glands can be successfully stimulated. Today you can protect your teeth naturally and permanently from the acids of decay by a tooth paste that restores the normal alkaline flow of the mouth glands.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PERHAPS to your home, perhaps to another's, but wherever there's music and dancing, lights and laughter and a gracious hostess—there's where the young people go. And in a player piano equipped with the Standard Player Action lies the magic that sets them swinging through a waltz or trying a new step to a new fox-trot. Special expression and accent devices enable you to play any music in the way you want to hear it. The patented Standard Tracker keeps the rolls in place and insures perfect reproduction. The flexible striking finger gives the human touch. Air-tight construction brings out the mellow tone of the piano in its fullest volume and in its greatest beauty.

The Standard Player Action has been chosen by the makers of 125 different pianos. Its supremacy is assured, its superiority recognized. It is guaranteed for five years.

Regardless of what player piano you buy, insist on the Standard Player Action

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Look for and insist on the big "S" on the pedals of the player piano you buy. Sold by music dealers everywhere, in a wide range of prices. Convenient terms, if desired.

No effort is required to play the Standard Player Action. A feather-weight pressure on the pedals is sufficient. Every member of your family, including the children, will find it easy to operate.

(Continued from Page 178)

Dudley felt the militant spirit of the Finches surging within him. His blood boiled.

"You don't mean to say that, after what has happened, the blighter has the crust to expect me to tip him!"

He glared past her at the man behind the gun, who simpered respectfully. Evidently Bobbie's explanations had convinced him that he had wronged Dudley, for the hostility which had been so marked a short while back had now gone out of his manner.

"Well, it's like this, you see," said Bobbie; "Poor Simmons is worried."

"I'm glad," said Dudley vindictively. "I wish he would worry himself into a decline."

"Simmons is afraid that mother may be angry with him when she finds that you have gone. He doesn't want to lose his place."

"A man who doesn't want to get out of a place like this must be an ass."

"And so, in case mother does cut up rough and dismiss him for not keeping a better watch over you, he wants to feel that he has something in hand. He started by asking for a tenner, but I got him down to five. So hand it over, Dudley dear, and then we can get action."

Dudley produced a five-pound note and gazed at it with a long, lingering look of affection and regret.

"Here you are," he said. "I hope the man spends it on drink, gets tight, trips over his feet and breaks his neck."

"Thanks," said Bobbie. "There's just one other trifling condition he made, but you needn't worry about that."

"What was it?"

"Oh, just something very trifling. Nothing that you have to do. No need for you to worry at all. You had better start now tying knots in the sheets."

Dudley stared.

"Knots?" he said. "In the sheets?"

"To climb down by."

It was Dudley's guiding rule in life never, when once he had got it brushed and brilliantined and properly arranged in the fashionable back sweep, to touch his hair; but on this fearful night all the rules of civilized life were going by the board. He clutched upward, collected a handful and churned it about. No lesser gesture could have expressed his consternation.

"You aren't seriously suggesting that I climb out of window and shin down a knotted sheet?" he gasped.

"You must, I'm afraid. Simmons insists on it."

"Why?"

"Well . . ."

Dudley groaned.

"I know why," he said bitterly. "He's been going to the movies. It's always the way. You give a butler an evening off and he sneaks out to a picture house and comes back with a diseased mind, thinking he's playing a star part in the Clutching Hand or something. Knotted sheets, indeed!"

Such was his emotion that Dudley very nearly said "Forsooth!"

"The man is simply a driveling imbecile. Will you kindly inform me why in the name of everything infernal the poor, silly, dashed fish can't just let me out of the front door like an ordinary human being?"

"Why, don't you see?" reasoned Miss Wickham. "How could he explain to mother? She must be made to think that you escaped in spite of his vigilance."

Disordered though his faculties were, Dudley could dimly see that there was something in this. He made no further objections. Bobbie beckoned to the waiting Simmons. Money changed hands. The butler passed amiably into the room to lend assistance to the preparations.

"A little tighter, perhaps, sir," he suggested obsequiously, casting a critical eye upon Dudley's knots. "It would never do for you to fall and kill yourself, sir—ha-ha!"

"Did you say ha-ha?" said Dudley in a pale voice.

"I did venture ——"

"Don't do it again!"

"Very good, sir." The butler ambled to the window and looked out. "I fear the sheets will not reach quite to the ground, sir. You will have a drop of a few feet."

"But," added Bobbie hastily, "you've got the most lovely, soft, squashy flower bed to fall into."

It was not till some minutes later, when he had come to the end of the sheet and had at last nerved himself to let go and complete the journey after the fashion of a parachutist whose parachute has refused to open, that Dudley discovered that there was an error in Miss Wickham's description of the terrain. The lovely soft flower bed of which she had spoken with such pretty girlish enthusiasm was certainly there, but what she had omitted to mention was that along it at regular intervals were planted large bushes of a hard and spiky nature. It was in one of these that Dudley, descending like a shooting star, found himself entangled, and he had never supposed that anything that was not actually a cactus plant could possibly have so many and such sharp thorns.

He scrambled out and stood in the moonlight, soliloquizing softly. A head protruded from the window above.

"Are you all right, sir?" inquired the voice of Simmons.

Dudley did not reply. With as much dignity as a man punctured in several hundred places could muster, he strode off.

He had reached the drive and was limping up it toward the gate which led to the road which led to the station which led to the milk train which led to London, when the quiet of the night was suddenly shattered by the roar of a gun. Something infinitely more painful than all the thorns which had recently pierced him smote the fleshy part of his left leg. It seemed to be red-hot, and its effect on Dudley was almost miraculous. A moment before, he had been slouching slowly along, a beaten and jaded man. He now appeared to become electrified. With one sharp yell he lowered the amateur record for the standing broad jump; and then, starting smartly off the mark, proceeded to try to beat the best professional time for the hundred-yard dash.

The telephone at the side of Dudley's bed had been ringing for some time before its noise woke him. Returning to his rooms in Jermyn Street shortly before seven A.M., he had quelled his great hunger with breakfast and then slipped with a groan between the sheets.

It was now, he saw from a glance at his watch, nearly five in the afternoon.

"Hullo!" he croaked.

"Dudley?"

It was a voice which twenty-four hours ago would have sent sharp thrills down the young man's spine. Twenty-four hours ago, if he had heard this voice on his telephone, he would have squealed with rapture. Hearing it now, he merely frowned. The heart beneath that rose-pink pajama jacket was dead.

"Yes?" he said coldly.

"Oh, Dudley," purred Miss Wickham, "are you all right?"

"As far," replied Mr. Finch frigidly, "as a bloke can be said to be all right whose hair has turned white to the roots and who has been starved and chucked out of windows into bushes with six-inch thorns and chevied and snootered and shot in the fleshy part of the leg ——"

An exclamation of concern broke in upon his eloquence.

"Oh, Dudley, he didn't hit you!"

"He did hit me."

"But he promised that he wouldn't aim at you."

"Well, next time he goes shooting visitors tell him to aim as carefully as he can. Then they may have a sporting chance."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Outside of bringing me the blighter's head on a charger, nothing, thanks."

"He insisted on letting off the gun. That was the condition I said he had made. You remember?"

"I remember. The trifling condition I wasn't to worry about."

"It was to make the thing seem all right to mother."

"I hope your mother was pleased," said Dudley politely.

"Dudley, I do wish there was something I could do for you. I'd like to come up and nurse you. But I'm in disgrace about the car and I'm not allowed to come to London just yet. I'm phoning from the Wickham Arms. I believe I shall be able to get up, though, by Saturday week. Shall I come then?"

"Do," said Dudley cordially.

"That's splendid. It's the seventeenth. All right, I'll try to get to London latish in the morning. Where shall we meet?"

"We shan't meet," said Dudley. "At lunch time on the seventeenth I shall be tooling off to Australia. Good-by!"

He hung up the receiver and crawled back into bed, thinking imperially.

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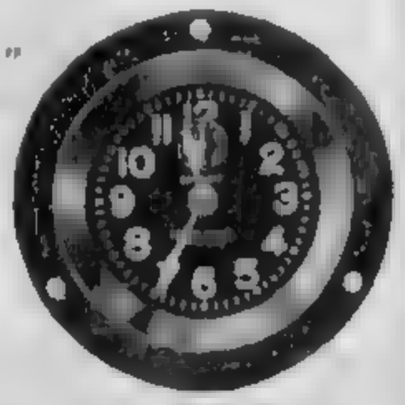

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ANOTHER HANDMADE ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 14)

And right here I find myself facing an oft-repeated question:

"Have I any luck in my hands?"

It is quite useless to dismiss the whole matter with a bromidic "There is no such thing as luck," because emphatically there is. That slogan was invented by the successful man who wants to think he did it all himself. The biggest men I have ever known, the wisest, and those of the greatest attainments, have been the first frankly to admit a debt to luck. They are so well aware of it that they one and all treasure some pet superstition, as Napoleon had faith in his star, or they shamefacedly admit that they attach importance to little tokens or pet suits of clothes—thirteens, Fridays, and all the rest of it. These fetishes are only so many acknowledgments of the existence of the element we call luck, for want of a better name.

Yes, there is such a thing as luck, both good and bad, for it is an active principle; and bad luck is not just the absence of good luck. It shows very plainly in the hand when its owner has either to a marked degree. In the ordinary ups and downs of life it won't be apparent. There is a distinct type of lucky hand, and it isn't remarkable for lack of obstacles either. It reveals itself in a clear evenness of line, a sort of unhurried, unfretted progression of the line of fate—the one that runs up the middle of the hand—and the regularity of the mounds. I have seen it in absolutely bad hands, which, by the way, are rare, just as really bad people are rare.

Luck seems to have nothing whatever to do with values. Obviously, it is no form of reward for virtue. On the line of life, of course, its application is to health. A double life line is protected. Those who possess it can have almost anything happen to them, and get up and shake themselves and be as good as new, like a chicken run over by a flivver. On the other hand, the possessor of a double life line is not necessarily one who needs it. Its possessor may go placidly through life with nothing hectic to report, the second line being there apparently only for the purpose of declaring, "In case you fall out of the fourth-story window, somebody will be there to catch you in a net"; just a nice, pleasant reassuring line, and by no means is it always present in a lucky hand.

Signs of Spotty Luck

Bad luck betrays its presence in the tangled, spotted, cluttered appearance of the fate line. Often, as in life, it accompanies the individual for only a short period. Sometimes it is spotty luck, seeming to come back to plague its owner from time to time.

Why is good luck? What is it? Is there some way we can capture and hold on to it? It isn't will; will has nothing to do with it, though will can overcome and force its way through. I have in mind a magnificent hand that has been developed largely in a battle with bad luck, and its owner has licked bad luck to a standstill. He knows he cannot hope for an even break, so when bad luck slips up on him it finds no point of attack. Preparedness is right there with a defensive campaign. Luck seems to have more to do with the nervous-thoughtful type of hand than with the purely physical.

Of course, here comes our old friend, subconscious mind, with all its train of retroactivities. But does the luck make the line first, or does the line reflect the accident of luck, as it were? Egg, hen—hen, egg?

I sometimes wonder if physicians give as much heed to the physical revelations of hands as I think they should. My experience has given me a very swift and exact sense of diagnosis. In one of my recent letters a young girl wrote me describing her hands, their contour, texture and temperature. I wrote her at once to go to a doctor. What she told me was a sure indication of defective circulation. Nervousness, anæmia and tubercular tendencies manifest themselves clearly; and mental defectiveness reveals itself in a lack of control, or, in some cases, by the slowness of reaction. A nervous hand may be either overmoist or overdry. The pores of the skin seem to react either way. Sensitiveness should not be confused with nervousness, though they so often accompany each other that they are mistaken for twins.

A Whispered Hint

"I'm dreadfully supersensitive," write and say so many.

When I am informed of this, I'm willing to lay a little bet that the answer is, "No, my dear, don't worry; you're only thoroughly selfish." Selfishness concentrates on the ego. Therefore the ego projects itself in every direction and gets occasionally bumped and consequently resentful. It's hurt, so it declares itself sensitive. It's a nice word and covers a multitude of sins Real sensitiveness is nearly always unselfish, for it presupposes that quality of imagination that identifies itself with the feelings of others. Such people seldom think of themselves as sensitive—they don't have time.

My statement that hands change seems to have surprised many of my readers. Of course they change. Lines fade or deepen, alter balance, harden, loosen; but they do remain true to their type, nevertheless. Palmistry has that element of the unexplained that is always so fascinating. It is a study that keeps setting doors ajar and giving strange glimpses. Of course, the subconscious mind is something to be deeply reckoned with. That submerged self is very observing. It is very likely that this secondary personality is aware of tendencies or the reactions of others on our own personalities, when our surface mind remains unaware of or refuses to register them because the intrusion is unpleasant. Psychoanalysis may give us help in solving some of these problems.

"I have an M in my hand. Doesn't that mean 'money'?"

How often I have had that question put to me! No, it doesn't mean that. You'll find that initial in nearly every baby's hand,

(Continued on Page 185)

PHOTOS BY DAFFORD BARNEY, N. Y. C.

The Author's Hands

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Fill them with water and the water freezes into perfect cubes of ice, just right for cooling beverages. Color the water and you get brilliantly colored ice that sparkles in the glasses.

Fill the trays with fruit juices and the resulting sherbets are delicious. Use the fruit itself and you will get tempting whole-fruit ices. Frozen custards, salads, cocktails and many other delicacies are just as easily prepared.

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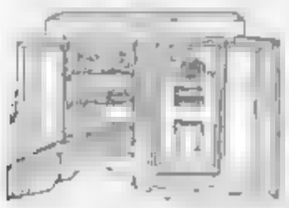

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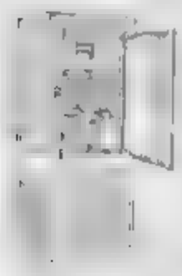

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Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 182)

and nearly every grown-up one. It is formed by the transit of the fate line across the head and heart, with the life line making the right curve. If it isn't present it is because the fate line isn't strong enough to cross—and that's too bad, and means the owner of that difficult fate needs to work a whole lot harder than she or he does.

"Shall I travel?" Another question that is always asked—at least by those with the itchy foot. "How good are you at pulling up stakes?" should be the answer. The hand will show the desire for travel, for restlessness is often deep-seated; but how hard it is for most people to sever themselves from a past, even a distasteful one! The traveler's hand is primarily the independent hand, the adaptable hand, and there is your answer.

"How about my life line? How long shall I live?"—another of the obsessing questions; and here is where experience has given me a severe lesson. A single example will serve to illustrate that tact is very necessary; that too much depends upon the answer to that question to give an unconsidered answer; that one can never tell but that one's lightly said, "There seems to be a serious break, illness perhaps, or an accident," may not produce a fear complex. It's only safe to touch upon those disasters that lie in the past. It is best to be guarded and very certain that the inquirer is not going to pigeonhole the reply for future use or excuse. Chickens come home to roost, sometimes not looking at all like the same chickens that departed therefrom.

Not long ago I had occasion to argue with a friend who, having been advised to undergo a slight operation had, contrary to her reputation for good sense, flatly refused to consider it. To my amazement she informed me that I had told her on reading her hand that death should have no terrors for her, as she would never know when it came, and therefore nothing was going to induce her to take ether. Picture my dismay. I had thought I was giving a most comforting assurance. I should have known better. We know too little to make such statements, and that abrupt termination of the life line, anyway, was years and years further along, if the indication was to be read at all. I had to point out the exact spot and eat my own words and predict a ripe old age, before I could erase the impression I had unwittingly made.

Weary Kismet

One must make very sure that what is being said is correctly understood. Sometimes I have changed my selection of words two and three times, in order to be certain that I have not confused instead of enlightened my hearer. Some of the misapprehensions I have encountered have been as at variance with my meaning as the case of the Irishman who, having been told that kismet meant fate, announced with all the pridefulness of a new and large addition to his vocabulary, "It's tired I am. I walked me kismet clean off"; or like the girl to whom I once said, "You are too tenacious of trifling things," who answered me hotly, "His name isn't Ignatius, and he'll not trifle with me."

Have you ever watched hands—how they behave, I mean? They seem to have an active and separate existence, to do things of their own accord. They respond long before the mind has registered the impulse on the consciousness. Our instinctive movements, we call them, and that old axiom "The hand is quicker than the eye" has an interesting bearing on the whole matter. Our hands are our most efficient and instantaneous servants. Is it any wonder, then, that their constant response both to inner orders and outward contacts marks them distinctively?

These agile servants of ours have been wearing the livery of our thoughts and needs and desires for years, and like many another excellent servant, they can do a deal of back-stairs tattling. We try to control our facial expression, all the way from common politeness to poker. We manage to make our features conform, unless taken suddenly off our guard by fear or surprise. But we don't, and very largely can't, make our hands behave. Our hands have had to outrun our conscious thought—catch us lest we fall, defend us, care for us, snatch, grab and hit for us; caress and control; and, in spite of all their contacts and myriad adjustments, they keep the freshness of their reactions. Don't they whisper a lot about their fellows when they meet? Don't we receive extremely vivid impressions from a handshake? Don't we cringe from the touch of some people and purr at the contact of others?

I have been surprised to find that the sense of touch is, as a general rule, the least vivid of the senses; or shall I say the least cultivated? Sight, of course, comes first in the order of use and appreciation; hearing next; taste; smell; and then a long way behind them, touch. Of course, this order is often shifted; but I think, as set down, it is the general rule. The fingers that show developed touch are infrequently seen. I do not include the finger tips of musicians, for these are concerned not so much with the nature of the surfaces with which they come in contact as with the results of pressure. Neither is the skillful hand of the mechanic the hand of touch.

Touch gives delight in lovely surfaces as keen as the joy of color or harmony. The pleasure of caressing textures of quality, the patina of a bronze, the enameled smoothness of long-used furniture, the delicate curve and crystalline perfection of porcelain, the exquisite fineness of a perfect skin, the luxurious delicacy of soft fur. We ought to cultivate all our senses, and surely touch, the stepchild of them all, will reward attention a hundred times over.

The Touch of Jade

The finger tips that reveal the true lover of surfaces are cushioned, but they differ from other cushioned fingers in that they terminate in tiny points, as if the tips were reaching out to meet a beloved contact. The high-class Chinese have more than any other people or any other nation developed this sense. Particularly does the feel of jade appeal to them. It is customary to keep some jade objects within reach that they may be fondled—a seal, a ring, an object of art. They sometimes become addicts. The touch of jade has an almost hypnotic effect, exercising a strange soporific influence—"*Le vice du jade*," as it has been called in Indo-China. It is to the sense of touch what gluttony is to the sense of taste.

There is no danger that we of the Occident will fall into this excess. Alas, our sense of touch has become almost atrophied; not that sense which tells us the nature of a thing, but the reaction that pleasures our inmost being, as do harmonies of sound and color. It is a pity, for after all there are very few things that are distinctly disagreeable to finger, and so many that are capable of invoking pleasure. We forget that our utilitarian hands are capable of serving us with a beauty all their own.

The shadow of the ancient prejudice against fortune tellers—even when they aren't fortune tellers at all—undeniably still hangs above us; a prejudice that, a hundred years ago, included all artists, singers, painters, musicians—particularly fiddlers, gypsies, Bohemians, tinkers and surgeon-dentist-barbers. The prejudice in the last case is easily understood, but the other professions would seem innocuous and quite painless. However, the way one is occasionally and casually assumed to be a fraud is startling.

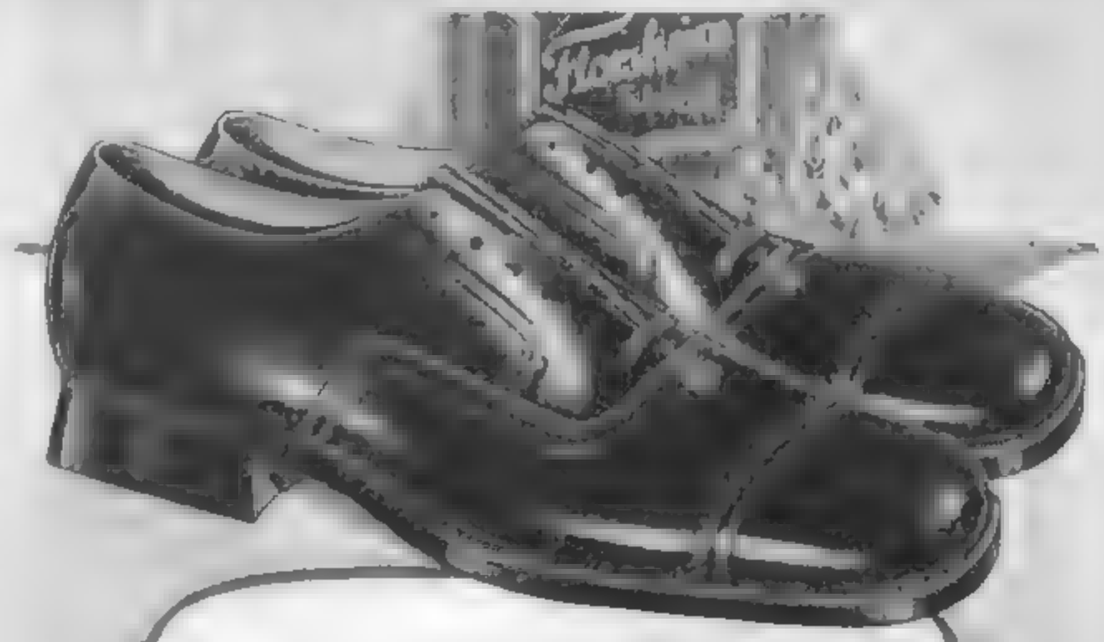
I happened to be assisting at a bazaar in a distant city. I merely mention this because it may account somewhat for the temerity of my would-be tempter. In thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that he must have learned that my services had been obtained in a roundabout way; that no one knew me personally; and therefore he jumped to the conclusion that I was some sort of an entertainer obtained through a vaudeville agency or an attraction bureau. Be that as it may, an imposing gentleman of middle age and perfect grooming entered my tent with a let's-get-down-to-cases expression and proceeded to state his wants with a frankness that left me reeling.

"I don't suppose," said he, "that you are any more averse than anyone else to making a little money on the side."

I looked my question, not knowing whether he wanted to engage me for some charity fête or to be interviewed by the local press. I was just about to explain that I was not a professional, that my services were always donated, and that I sought no publicity for my palmistry, however much I might crave it as an author, when he silenced me with a benign wave of his high-cushioned hand.

"There is a lady coming to see you," he informed me. "She is a little over middle age, hair streaked with white, brown hat, blue plume, sable neck piece, brown satin

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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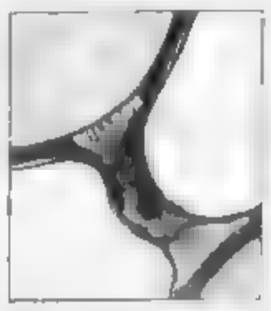

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I was stunned. He smiled, still with that benign aspect, and reached for his wallet. Just then I reached for all the language at my command and got the drop on him. I said a very great deal as rapidly and as unpleasantly as possible. It was his turn to be amazed.

Then he became angry. He was furious with himself for having blundered, he had been so confident. Then his poise returned. He looked at me stonily.

"I'm sure," he said calmly, "I don't know what you are talking about. I am at a loss to understand unless you are under the influence. I shall most certainly take up this matter with the committee. They should be more careful as to the character of the entertainments they provide. Good evening, madam."

In my righteous wrath I had no intention of letting the matter drop there. My feet were set upon the warpath. I emerged from my seclusion and went wildly searching for some member of the committee wherewith he was threatening me. Presently I sighted one I knew and rushed to do battle, only to learn that the gentleman I pointed out was a pillar and a shining light, a model of all the virtues both private and civic. A glimmer of common sense came to me and I held my peace. I could not have dented that armor of his with my best war club. Nobody would have believed me. I was perfectly helpless. I would only have been discredited, and I hadn't the slightest doubt that he would have made good his threat and brought accusations against me. That sort stop at nothing. No wonder he had worked up such a flawless reputation; he needed it in his business.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Thwarted and fuming, I joined the milling crowd. I was looking for a lady in a brown satin dress, a brown hat with a blue plume, sables and sapphires. That lady I intended to appropriate and advise against land deals of any kind whatsoever. But I didn't find her. My visitor had doubtless divined what my reactions would be. He had mistaken me once; the next time he guessed right.

That is one instance, and perhaps the most glaring, but by no means the only one of that nature. Some of these days when I feel strong and keen for adventure, I am going to set up my tent at a street fair and see what happens. I've always wanted to.

Well, we poor character analysts will have just to live this sort of thing down as best we may.

Among my letters are several from people who have, even as I, all their life long, been deciphering hands; in every instance they have assured me that their experiences, broadly speaking, have been identical with mine. It may interest my readers to know that that deservedly popular poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, was deeply versed in palmistry and never wearied of reading hands, always claiming that when she judged a person by this method she was never mistaken about him, and trusted her interpretation of the palm as against any amount of other evidence.

In conclusion I will tell of a sad blow that fell upon me all in the line of duty. There came to my tent a little lady—I say "came," but truth to tell, she was propelled, coerced, projected and cajoled into my presence by the combined forces of her family. She was small and stately, with the statuesque stateliness of the very tiny woman. Her hair was snow white, her face had the transparent pallor of a skin upon which the sun was never suffered to shine. Her eyes were blue and misty, her mouth very straight. She sat erect in her chair and reluctantly extended two minute palms. All around the tent were glued brotherly and sisterly, niecely and nephewly ears, not to mention obvious shadows that betrayed the attentive presences. She was quite aware of the audience, and became more and more frigid as the séance progressed.

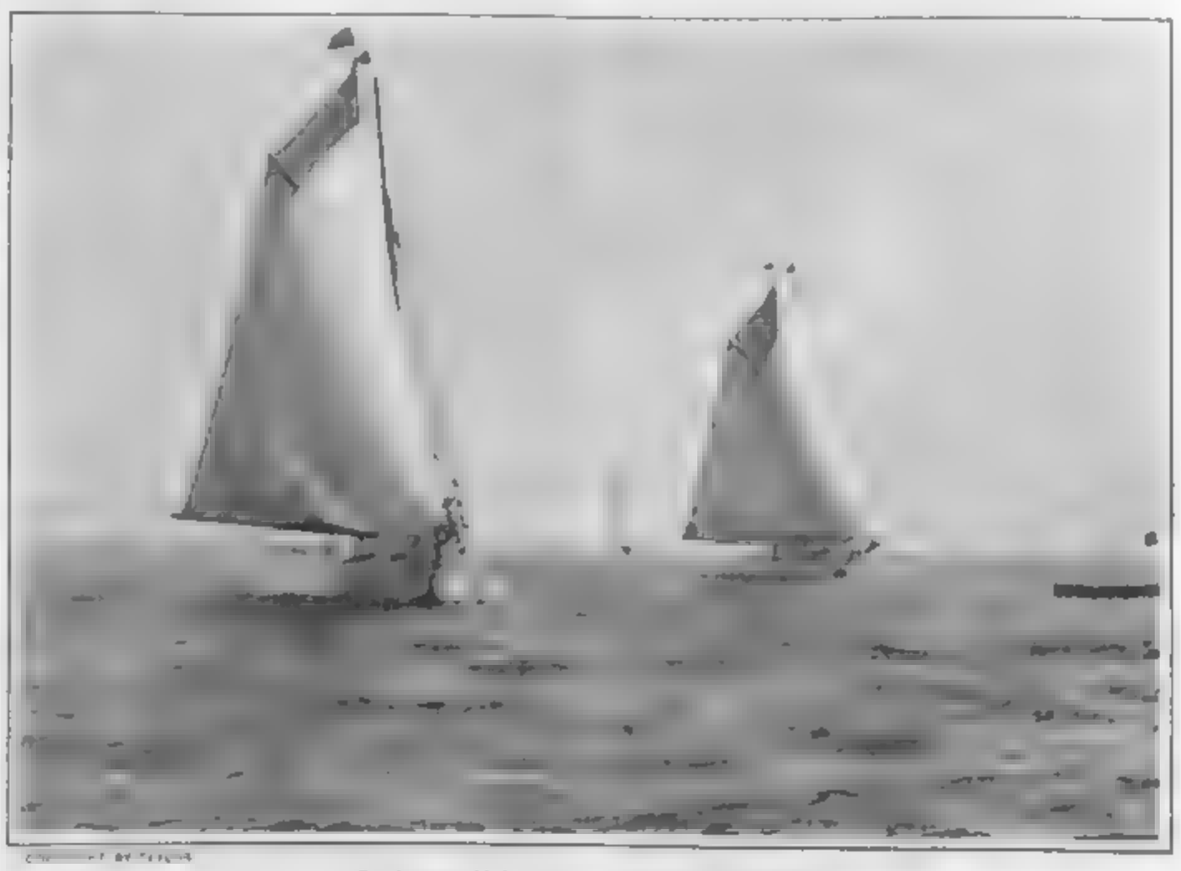
A Crushing Client

I gave her a very full delineation. Here we had a lady who, but for her Puritanism, could have doubled for the Dowager Empress of China, one of those impeccable tyrants who are so hard rooted in virtue that even murder, if by them committed, becomes not only forgivable, but worthy stubborn by divine right and cruel by heavenly inspiration. As I talked on I was conscious of subdued chuckles and cacklings. The family was enjoying itself hugely. In spirit the members were shaking my hand and slapping me on the back. But not so my sitter. She had come expecting to be insulted and was realizing her expectations. She knew that "mountebanks" such as I were low, and that in conferring the honor of her presence she gained nothing and only demeaned herself. But, as she was always right about everything, it was only proper that her worst fears should be realized. I could hear her "only hoping that the family was satisfied." When I had quite finished, she inclined her silver-crowned head.

"May I be privileged to see your hands?" she inquired.

I confess I was surprised. I would have wagered not a hat, but a whole millinery shop that the Dowager Empress was no palmist. Obediently, however, I extended my large and serviceable hands. She looked at them in fastidious disgust.

"In my day," she said, as she rose to her microscopic feet—"in my day those never would have been considered the hands of a lady!" Crushed to earth, she left me.



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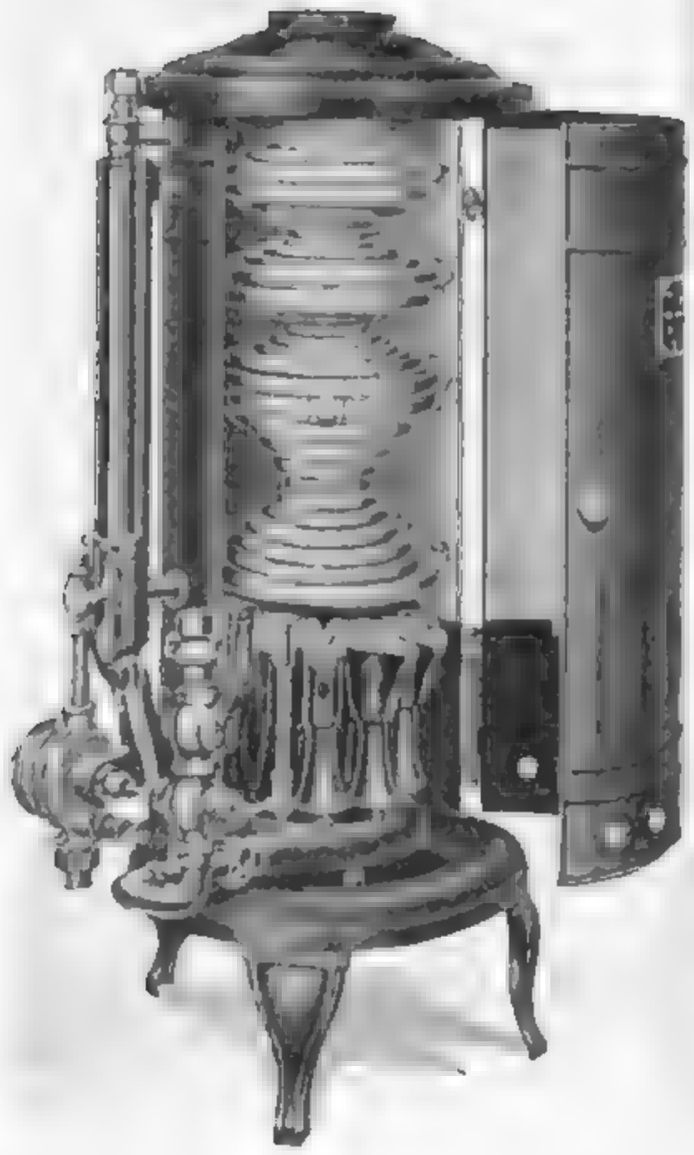

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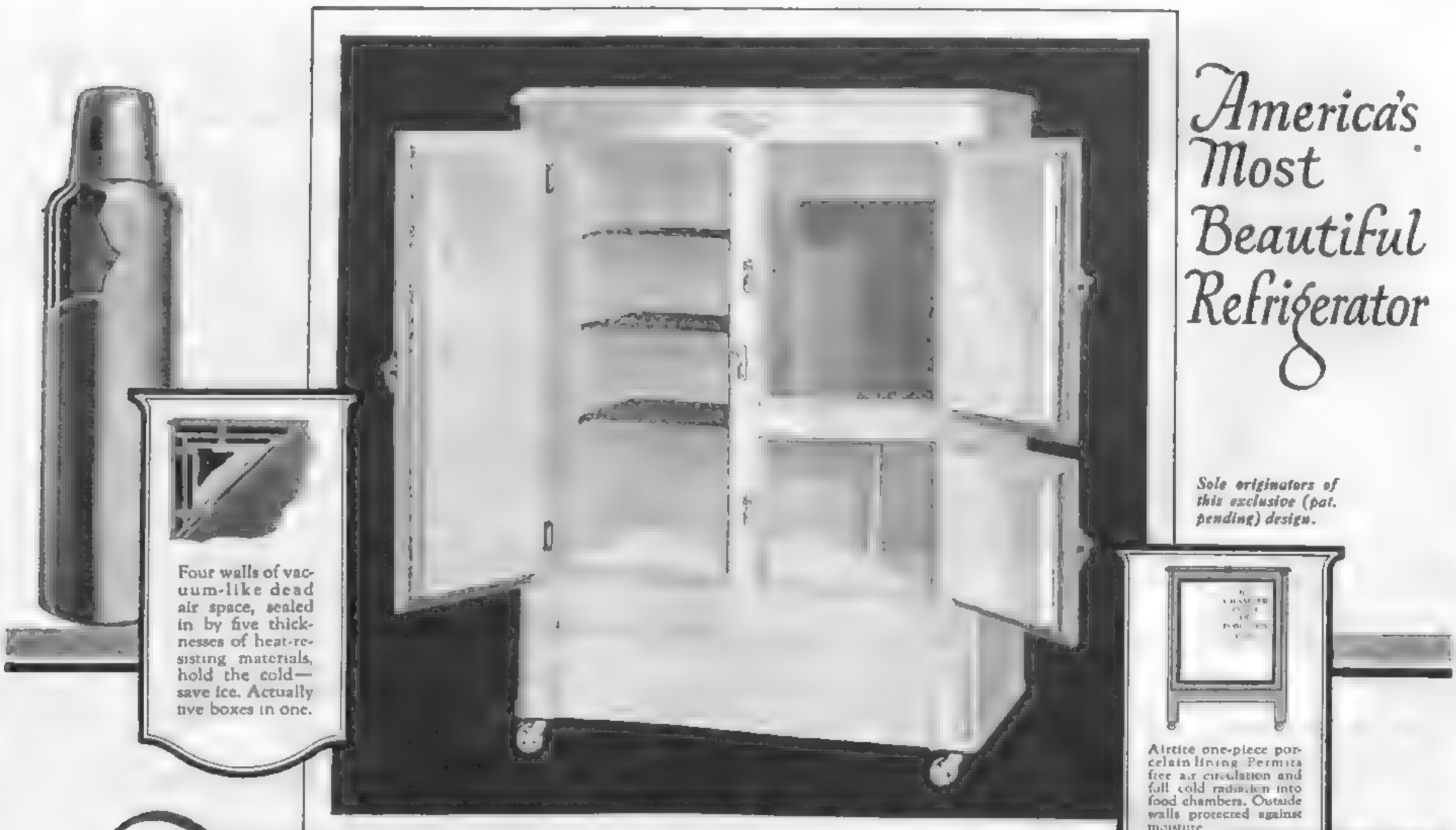

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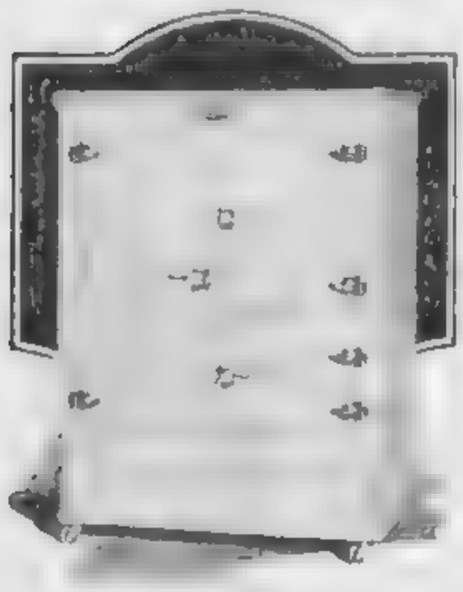

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THE HIGHER SALESMANSHIP

(Continued from Page 15)

"I do," replied Edgar Gorton. "Emphatically. Confidence! Goodwill! That's what I sell. Not locomotives." He addressed Mr. Prince in a confidential tone. "I don't mind telling you, Fred," Edgar Gorton said, "that that is how I'm going to sell Adam Featherstone. I know he's hard-boiled. Any man who has fought his way up from engineer to the presidency of the biggest railroad in the world is apt to be. But he's human too. I know. I've been getting dope on him for months. He's a wise old bird, but, like all self-made men, and most others, Adam Featherstone is not as smart as he thinks he is. He can be impressed. I don't want to seem to boast, Fred, but I expect, inside of a week's time, that Adam Featherstone will think I'm the greatest man on earth, and he'll be asking me as a personal favor to use my influence with the Metzger-Lane Corporation and try to persuade it to sell him ten million dollars' worth of locomotives."

J. Fred Prince grinned.

"Yes," he said, "unless I beat you to it. As for me, I fully expect that inside of five days Adam Featherstone will be calling me Fred and playing golf with me."

"Yes," said Mr. Gorton, a shade dryly, "I noticed you brought your sticks."

"Well, so did you."

"We can have a threesome—perhaps," said Mr. Gorton. "By the way, Fred, how has your game been lately?"

"Oh, pretty terrible," said Mr. Prince sadly. "Last week I had an 88 and an 86 over the easy Green Rock course."

"Huh! Call that terrible, do you? I consider that I'm going great when I break 90. About 92 is my normal gait."

"Oh, well, I've been at it longer than you," said Mr. Prince. "I wonder how Adam Featherstone's game is."

Mr. Gorton smiled.

"I've got a full report about his game in my brief case," he said. "But I don't mind telling you that Adam Featherstone and I play just about the same kind of game around 92. I'll have to go some to beat him, but he'll be soft for you."

"Yes, I expect he will," said Mr. Prince. "Dan Hawley doesn't play golf, does he?"

"Didn't I just say he was a back number?"

Mr. Gorton laughed as he decapitated a fresh cigar, and J. Fred Prince laughed. "They say," remarked Edgar Gorton, "that Adam Featherstone is as proud as the devil."

"He has every right to be," said Mr. Prince. "He must have forty or fifty million tucked away in the family sock. Made it all himself too. He's no tightwad, though, I hear. He just built a half-million-dollar library for some little local college."

"I suppose we'll have to pay it a visit," said Mr. Gorton with a sigh. "I'll never forget the time I was selling a flock of locomotives to that venerable bore, Josiah Snell, president of the P. & K. He was a dog fancier. Kept about a hundred hounds—all different. He actually expected me to fondle the brutes and rave about their perfect muzzles!"

"Which, of course, you did," put in Mr. Prince.

"I did not. That's not my method. I told him that I had a friend in Maryland who had a kennel of three hundred dogs, including some Irish wolf hounds as big as ponies. Josiah hadn't any Irish wolf hounds. He had tried to impress me and had failed. Well, he began to make up to me; he wanted to give me a thoroughbred collie pup."

"Which you took with cries of gratitude," said Mr. Prince.

"I did not. I said I didn't want it. He was surprised. Here was a man who wouldn't take a gift worth a couple of hundred dollars. Well, that night I wired to the home office: 'Buy and ship me at once two Irish wolf hounds—no matter what they cost.' They know in the office that I want what I want when I want it, and in two days I was able to present old Josiah with the dogs. They cost the firm a thousand each, but I got Josiah's signature on a five-hundred-thousand-dollar contract."

J. Fred Prince wagged his head to and fro in a gesture that indicated that he was full of admiration, and, at the same time, puzzled.

"I'd have taken the collie," he observed.

"Bad psychology, Fred. Bad psychology."

"I don't see why."

"Look here. Do you know what an inferiority complex is?"

"It's a—well — ."

"I'll tell you," said Edgar Gorton. "All except a very few men have an inferiority complex. That means that in their hearts they feel inferior to other men. They try to cover it up, of course. They bluster and they bluff. It drives them to do big things to fight their way to the top of a big railroad system, for example. They get to thinking they are pretty large frogs in the pond, but, all the same, the old inferiority complex is still inside them, so when a man who understands the new psychology comes along and lets them know that he is onto them, and that he won't bow down to them, they respect him and the locomotive he represents. Get the idea, Fred?"

"In a way, but ——"

"Take the case of Josiah Snell and me," went on Edgar Gorton. "Suppose I had taken the pup he offered me? I'd have been under an obligation to him, wouldn't I? It would have been just another case of a millionaire patronizing a poor—that is, comparatively poor—salesman. But I fooled him. I refused the pup. You see, I knew the history of Josiah. I knew he had been a poor farm boy in Vermont, then a station agent. Naturally he must have had a strong inferiority complex or he wouldn't have worked his way to the top of the P. & K. He did it, of course, just to prove to the world that he wasn't a dub. For years salesmen had kowtowed to him. Then I came along and instead of accepting a pup and placing myself under obligations to him, I gave him the Irish wolf hounds and placed him under obligations to me. He was grateful—and what is more important still—he was impressed—and I got the contract."

J. Fred Prince nodded a number of times, indicating that he, too, was impressed.

"There's nothing like psychology," he said. "Nothing like understanding the personal equation. Of course, it is possible to approach a selling problem from a number of different angles. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, no doubt," conceded Edgar Gorton. "I have my angle; you have yours. But we both employ the same immutable, underlying principles of the most advanced psychology."

Mr. Prince bowed his acquiescence.

"After all," Edgar Gorton went on to declare, "men of our caliber do not sell a tangible commodity—like locomotives, for example. We sell service. We sell our personality. In effect, we sell ourselves. That is what I understand by the higher salesmanship. In a word, the higher salesmanship may be defined as the projection of the personality of the seller into the consciousness and confidence of the buyer, by subtle psychological methods. I think you'll agree with me, Fred."

"Yes, indeed. That was very well put, Mr. Gorton. You should write a book on it."

"I am writing one," announced Mr. Gorton—"The New Psychology and the Higher Salesmanship."

"Put me down for ten copies," said J. Fred Prince.

"Thanks: I will."

The De Luxe Special Express continued to plunge on through the night.

Mr. Gorton yawned. "I think I'll turn in now," he said.

"I must too. Want to be fresh for our little battle tomorrow," said J. Fred Prince.

"Quite right."

"By the way, I've taken a room at the New Palace Hotel. You're staying there, too, I suppose."

"Yes," answered Edgar Gorton; "I've taken a suite."

"A suite?"

"I always take a suite," said Edgar Gorton. "Or a floor."

"A whole floor—for yourself?"

"For psychological reasons," explained Mr. Gorton.

"Oh, I see. Say, Mr. Gorton?"

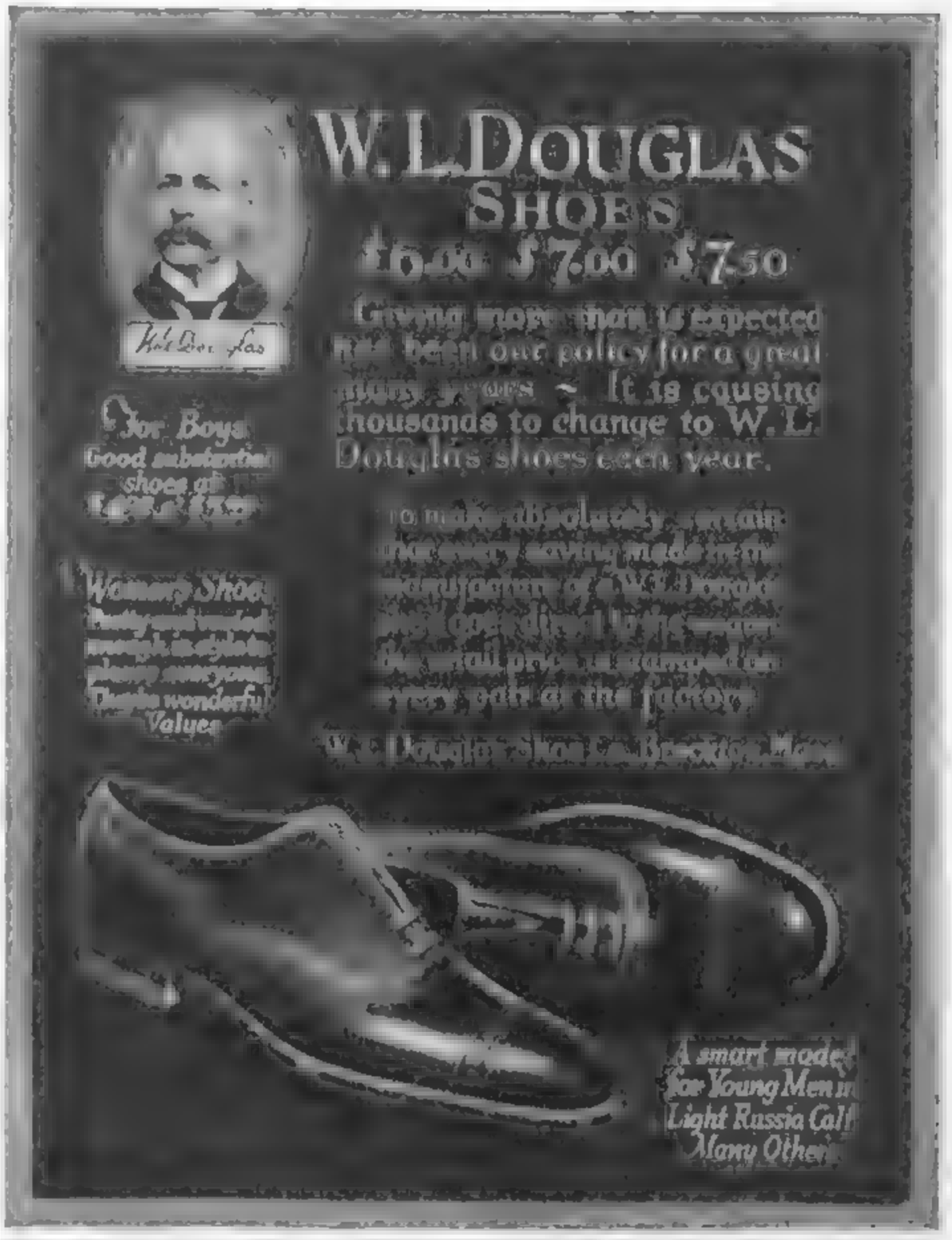
"Well?"

"What do you say if we—sort of get together in the evening and—well—sort of compare notes on how the battle is going?"

"Well—yes—good idea. After all, it's in keeping with the new spirit in business."

"Good. Well, good night. Hope you get a good rest."

"Good night, Fred."



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Both Mr. Gorton and Mr. Prince retired to their drawing-rooms, but neither went directly to sleep. Indeed, it was an hour or more before either closed his eyes. Both unstrapped tumid brief cases, and took out many papers, which they studied with furrowed brows. Each sought to steep his brain in information regarding the character, habits, personality, prejudices and weaknesses of Adam Featherstone, the railroad king.

As he switched out his light Edgar Gorton remarked to the landscape that rushed darkly by, "Humph! That Prince, with his glad-hand methods, thinks he's pretty smooth. Well, so he is. But I'm going to teach him a few things about salesmanship or my name isn't Edgar Gorton."

At almost the same precise second, in his own drawing-room, J. Fred Prince was switching out his light.

"What a pompous egg that Gorton is. Lord! Think of being married to a man like that! Well, before the week is out I'll take him down a peg. Him and his blather about the psychology of the inferiority complex! I'll inferiority-complex the big stiff or you can safely call me a Hindu."

Adam Featherstone looked the part of railroad king. He was a locomotive of a man, and his eyes, behind steel-rimmed spectacles, had the steady stare of engine headlights. He had a boiler of a chest, and a chin like a cowcatcher, and he seemed to progress through life with the majestic determination of a powerful engine. And invariably, in business hours, he wore a top hat like a smokestack.

Edgar Gorton, who walked by his side, was a hardly less imposing figure. He, too, was top-hatted and cutaway-coated, and his white-spatted shoes gleamed like a jeweler's window. It was four days after Messrs. Gorton and Prince had arrived in town. Mr. Gorton and the railroad magnate were deep in conversation; but it was not of tracks and trains and steam engines that they spoke; it was of architecture. Filed away under "Featherstone, Adam," in the brief case of Edgar Gorton, which reposed, in a room all to itself, in his suite at the hotel, was a note: "Hobbies—(a) Architecture. Mr. F. rather fancies himself as an authority on architecture. Prefers Gothic."

"Yes," Edgar Gorton was saying, "Gothic architecture is all right—up to a certain point. But after that ——" Mr. Gorton waved his hand with the gesture of a giant brushing aside a cathedral.

"Give me Gothic every time," declared Adam Featherstone.

Mr. Gorton smiled indulgently.

"Oh, it has its points," he admitted, "but, after all—it is a bit florid, I always think. Now, the Greek school ——"

"Too plain," said Mr. Featherstone. "Give me Gothic. All the new stations on the S. S. & S. are going to be Gothic."

"Tastes differ," stated Mr. Gorton. "Give me the simplicity of the Greek temples."

Mr. Featherstone shrugged weighty shoulders.

"Can't see 'em," he declared. "But those Gothic cathedrals! They hit me hard. I paid my first visit to France last summer. Were you ever in France, Mr. Gorton?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"Well, sir, I saw Notre Dame, and the cathedral at Chartres, and got the thrill of my life. Did you ever see anything to beat them?"

"Good jobs," conceded Mr. Gorton; "but—did you ever see the Acropolis by moonlight?"

"No, nor by daylight either."

"Ah!" said Mr. Gorton ecstatically. "What an edifice that is! Pure Greek—there's nothing like pure Greek."

"Well, here we are at the library," said Mr. Featherstone. "Architects say that the Featherstone Memorial Library is a pretty good example of modern Gothic."

"Yes, pretty good," said Mr. Gorton. "How many volumes has it?"

Mr. Featherstone inflated his chest.

"One hundred and seventeen thousand, five hundred and twenty-one," he said.

"A nice little library," commented Mr. Gorton. "By the way, speaking of libraries, I went through the Harvard Library last week."

"Quite a place, I hear," said Mr. Featherstone.

"Over a million volumes," Mr. Gorton informed him.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Featherstone. "Isn't that Fred Prince over there—the fellow with the camera who is taking pictures of the library?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Gorton without enthusiasm.

They strolled toward Mr. Prince, who, very serious of mien, was photographing a flying buttress with a brand-new camera.

"Hello, Fred," Adam Featherstone greeted him.

"Hello, Adam," answered Fred. "Just a second and I'll be with you. I hope you don't mind my making some snapshots of your library. I want to send them to my brother-in-law. He's an architect. He'll go crazy about them. It's O. K. to photograph the library, isn't it?"

"Sure. Help yourself."

Mr. Prince squinted along the sight of the camera. Now and again he gave little murmurs of rapture

"Wonderful! Such lines! So Gothic!"

"There, you see," said Adam Featherstone, turning to Mr. Gorton. "Fred—Mr. Gorton and I were just having a little debate on the merits of the Gothic and the Greek schools of architecture. What do you think?"

There was a fine scorn in Mr. Prince's voice as he pronounced his dictum.

"The Greeks! Huh—all the Greeks were ever good for was to sell fruit. But those old Goths now—they certainly were the boys who knew how to build."

Mr. Prince, with great care, returned the camera to his pocket.

"We're playing golf this afternoon, Adam," he said; "that is, if you still want to see what a dub I am!"

"I'm not such a world-beater myself," said Adam Featherstone.

Mr. Prince grinned as one politely incredulous.

"Oh—no!" he said. "Why, you look strong enough to knock a ball from Seattle to China."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Featherstone, "Mr. Gorton would like to join us and make it a threesome."

"Why—yes," said Mr. Gorton; "I happen to be free this afternoon."

"All right. See you at the country club at four." Mr. Featherstone turned to Mr. Prince. "Say, Fred," he said, chuckling, "I wish you'd tell me again that story you told me in the billiard room last night. You know—the one about the Irishman and the widow."

Fred laughed. "Sure," he said. "Have you heard it, Mr. Gorton?"

"I think so," said Edgar Gorton. "Well, I must be going now."

He strode away, but, stealing a glance over his shoulder, he saw Adam Featherstone and J. Fred Prince walking slowly together, and, by the intent expression on Mr. Featherstone's face, he divined that Mr. Prince was saying, "It seems there was an Irishman named Pat, and one night Pat says, 'Be jabers,' he says ——"

Edgar Gorton laughed a soft, disdainful laugh.

On the links that day Edgar Gorton played the game of his life. He played with grim concentration, and it was a nip-and-tuck battle between him and Adam Featherstone. They were even on the last green. Then the railroad monarch missed a fairly easy putt, and Edgar Gorton holed an equally easy putt.

"The trouble with your putting," explained Mr. Gorton to Mr. Featherstone as they trudged to the clubhouse, "is that you don't grip the club right. Look—I'll show you."

And he showed Mr. Featherstone.

"Oh, so that's the way, is it?" the railroad king said. "By the way, Fred, how did you come out?"

"Like the rattlesnake's rattle," said Mr. Prince; "at the tail end. I was five strokes behind you, Adam. Lordy! I wish I could put my weight behind a ball the way you can. It's weak driving that beats me, every time. I wish you'd tell me how you get the distance you do."

"Glad to, Fred," said Adam Featherstone; and he essayed to do so.

It was after midnight that night when J. Fred Prince, coming into the hotel from the theater, stopped at the suite of Edgar Gorton. He discovered Mr. Gorton in the act of untying his black evening tie and divesting himself of a superbly tailored dinner coat.

"Did you see Featherstone?" asked Mr. Gorton.

"Featherstone? Where? When?"

"Just now. He just left my suite."

(Continued on Page 193)

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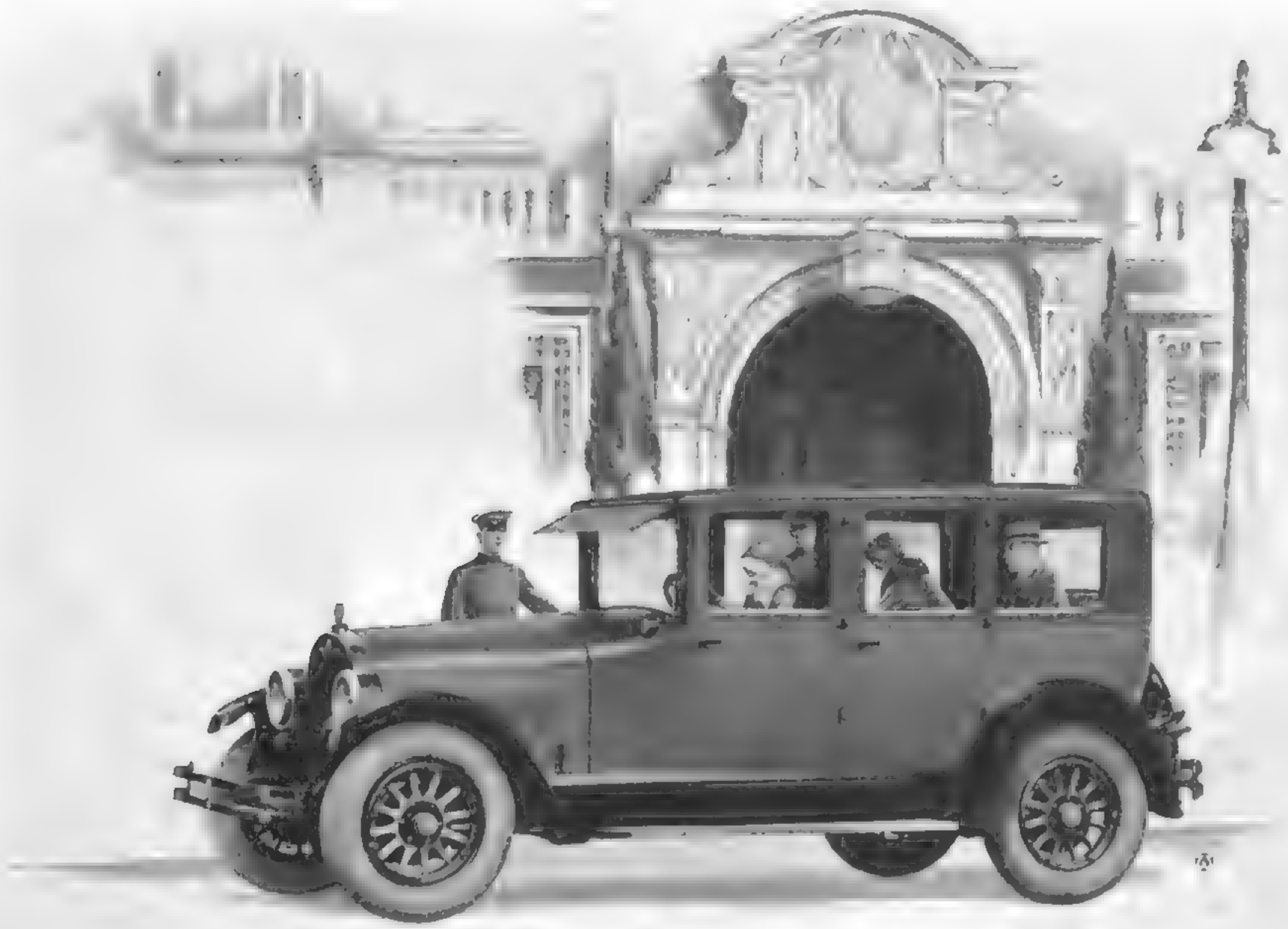

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THE TEN YEAR CAR

(Continued from Page 190)

"No, I didn't see him," said Mr. Prince. Then, a little nervously he asked, "So he was calling on you tonight? I didn't know that."

The smile of Mr. Gorton was urbane.

"Adam Featherstone doesn't tell everything—even to his closest friends," remarked Mr. Gorton. "Yes, Fred, I had Featherstone here for dinner, and I don't mind saying I did him proud—Château Yquem, 1906; Romanée, 1911; and Mumm, 1904."

Mr. Prince whistled.

"That should have washed away the pain of the beating you gave him on the links today," remarked Mr. Prince.

"I didn't notice any particular soreness on his part," said Mr. Gorton. "Quite the contrary."

A streak of concern ran across the face of Mr. Prince.

"Did he sign a contract with you?" he asked.

Mr. Gorton let a tantalizing minute pass before answering.

"No. As a matter of fact, Fred, we didn't mention locomotives all evening. But—I'm going to tell you something: I've got Adam Featherstone right where I want him. After tonight I know I have sold myself to Adam Featherstone; selling him locomotives is only a detail now."

For a man with a wide reputation for geniality J. Fred Prince spoke with a certain asperity.

"Just a minute, Mr. Gorton. I wouldn't advise you to wire your firm to start making locomotives for the S. S. & S. until you actually see Adam Featherstone's name on the bottom of a contract."

In his turn Edgar Gorton evidenced concern.

"You don't mean to say that you ——" he began.

"Oh, no," answered Fred Prince. "Not yet, but soon. For I don't mind telling you that I've got Adam Featherstone just where I want him. I've put my personality over with him. He thinks I'm the best pal he ever had. Tomorrow at four we play a round of golf together, and just about the tenth hole he's going to sign my contract."

Mr. Prince tapped his fountain pen.

"Prince"—Mr. Gorton spoke in the level voice of one who is trying to keep his voice level—"I'm going to tell you a thing or two. I thought you were a salesman of the highest type, a real ambassador of business, but now I know what you really are."

"What?" asked Mr. Prince.

"A trickster—that's all."

"What's that?"

"Listen to me," went on Mr. Gorton. "It may do you some good in the future. I've watched your methods. I must say I don't care for them."

"Thanks. The same to you."

"What did you do on the links today?" demanded Mr. Gorton.

"I made a 96," answered Mr. Prince.

"So I noticed. And you usually shoot around 85. Just a little off your game, I suppose?" Mr. Gorton was patently ironic. "Also," went on Mr. Gorton, "you know as well as I do that Featherstone's driving form is terrible. Yet you ask him to show you how to do it."

"Well—what of it?"

Ignoring the question, Mr. Gorton went swiftly on.

"And all that hocus-pocus about photographing that sick-looking library! Do you think you fooled as shrewd a man as Adam Featherstone?"

"Since you put it that way—yes, I do."

"Then you're fooling yourself. He's too big a man to fall for flattery."

"My dear Mr. Gorton," said J. Fred Prince, "that's where you're all wrong. The bigger they are the harder they fall—for flattery, if you know how to use it. And now, since we are having this frank little talk, let me rise to say a few words about your ideas on the higher salesmanship."

"Not interested," said Mr. Gorton.

"Oh, yes, you are," returned J. Fred Prince. "You've got an inferiority complex, like all the rest of us. You care what people think of you. Well, here's what I think: You've played this game all wrong."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. You talk a lot about psychology—and you forget the personal equation. You forgot that Adam Featherstone is a self-made man, and a proud man—proud of his trick library, proud of his golf. Every time he opened his mouth, you sat on him."

"Yes—and made him like it."

"We'll see. You seem to think you've sold him your personality, made him respect you. Well, I've played billiards with him, told him purple stories and had dinner in his house, and he likes me. And that's what counts when the time comes to put the old signature on the dotted line."

"Humph!" was all Mr. Gorton said; just one disdainful "Humph!"

"Humph away all you like," said Mr. Prince. "But hang this motto on your office wall: 'The way to win a proud man's favor is not to make him think how big you are, but to make him think how big he is!' Also: 'A proud man prefers not those who do favors for him, but those he does favors for.' That's real psychology for you."

"All I will say to that is this," said Mr. Gorton: "Adam Featherstone accepted my invitation to have dinner here with me tonight; he came and stayed till nearly midnight, and he has asked me to play golf with him tomorrow at four."

"Ah, another jolly threesome." J. Fred Prince rubbed his chin reflectively some moments, then he said, "Mr. Gorton—what do you say if we sort of forget this late unpleasantness? You had your say about my methods, and I had mine about yours—and that's over with. At least we know where we stand."

"Yes—we do that, all right."

"Well," pursued Mr. Prince. "It isn't in keeping with the new spirit in business for two men like us to try to cut each other's throats. After all, you've played your game your way; I've played my game my way. There's no switching now, even if we wanted to. Tomorrow will tell which system is better—in the case of Adam Featherstone anyhow. Come now—what do you say?"

Mr. Gorton considered a moment.

"Yes," he said at length. "You're right. After all, we are both trying to follow the same basic principle. Our angles of approach differ, that's all."

"Good." Mr. Prince was his normal affable self again. "I suggest we flip a coin to see who gets first shot at him tomorrow."

"O. K. with me."

Mr. Prince flipped a quarter into the air. It was a tense moment. "Heads," called Mr. Gorton. It was heads.

They had had a close game, and Mr. Gorton had won with a 91; Mr. Featherstone had a 92; but ill luck seemed to pursue Mr. Prince, for the best he could do was 94.

At the sixth hole Mr. Prince whispered to Mr. Gorton, "Wonder what happened to Dan Hawley."

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about him. Guess he didn't even try to see Featherstone. Knew we had the market cornered, I guess."

"That's the size of it!"

At the eighteenth hole Mr. Prince whispered to Mr. Gorton, "Now's your chance. I'm going to lose a ball. I'll give you fifteen minutes. Then it's my turn." Mr. Prince moved away.

Mr. Gorton cleared his throat.

"Mr. Featherstone," he began with a casual air, "I know I needn't tell you about my locomotive. I know all you want to know is: Do I want the contract?"

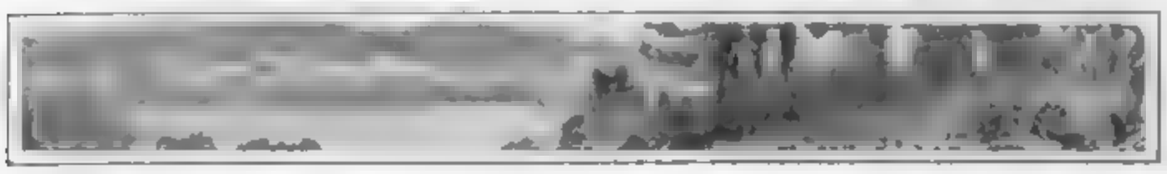
Mr. Featherstone regarded Mr. Gorton in a somewhat embarrassed manner.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gorton," he said, "but I'm afraid you're a little late. I'm really sorry; I've the greatest respect for your firm, and for you personally—but—well—the fact is—the contract has been given elsewhere."

Mr. Gorton's eyes were as cold as the tip of the North Pole; but they were not fixed on the railroad king, but on the knickerbockered figure of J. Fred Prince, who was giving an excellent imitation of a man hunting for a golf ball

"In that case," said Mr. Gorton in chill accents, "I will bid you good day, sir."

He marched away toward the clubhouse; looking back as he entered the



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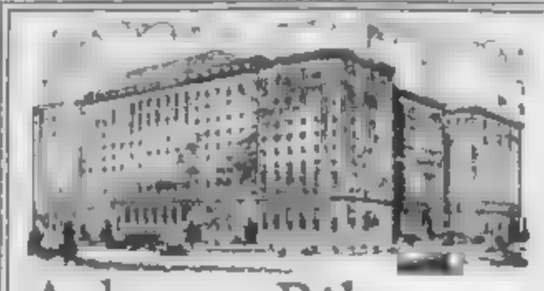

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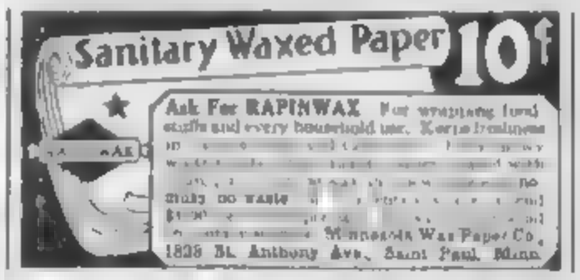

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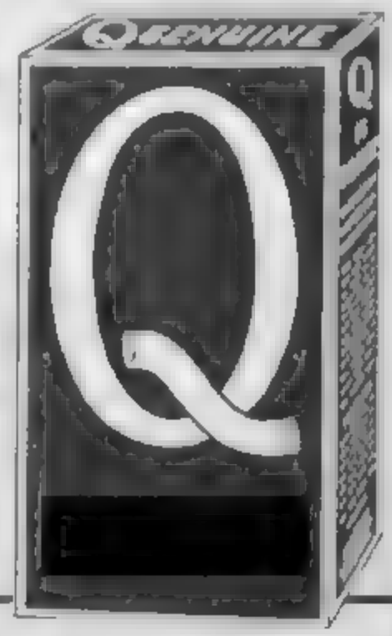

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He greeted them with a friendly, good-humored smile

"Good evening, gentlemen," Dan Hawley said. "How are you, Mr. Gorton? How are you, Mr. Prince? Fine evening, isn't it?"

"Yes—for you," said Mr. Prince.

Daniel Hawley shook his head regretfully.

"I'm sorry," he said, "we couldn't all get in on it."

"Mr. Hawley," said Mr. Gorton, "will you answer a question?"

"Certainly—if I can."

"Will you please tell Prince and me just how on earth you did it?"

"Did what?"

"Land the S. S. & S. contract," said Mr. Gorton. "What we want to know is: What was the angle of your approach; what psychology did you use?"

"Why," answered Daniel Hawley, "I don't believe I know exactly what you mean. I wanted the order, you see, but I didn't think I had much chance against two such fine salesmen as you gentlemen. Well, I said I'd try for the contract anyhow. So I had one of my new engines run up on a siding down in the S. S. & S. yards, and today I walked into Mr. Featherstone's office and I said, 'I'm Daniel Hawley. I build the Hawley engine. Give me twenty minutes of your time. There's an engine down on the siding I want you to see!' He went down with me and I said, 'Mr. Featherstone, you know as much about locomotives as I do. You know that the Ultima people, and the Metzger-Lane people, and Dan Hawley all build good honest engines. But just step up there in that cab. Take hold of that throttle. Open her up. Feel the way she takes hold and gets up speed.' Well, he did it. I fired for him. He got out of the cab after a short run. 'She's all right,' he said. 'So is my price and so is my date of delivery,' I said. So he and I went back to his office and signed the contract.

locker room he had a glimpse of J. Fred Prince and the railroad magnate talking, their heads very close together. Automatically and furiously Mr. Gorton dressed, and an hour later boarded the evening express, bound east.

He was in the observation car, chewing the life out of a cigar, when J. Fred Prince came in. The two men regarded each other silently for a moment. Then Mr. Gorton spoke, and his voice was as warm as Christmas in Alaska.

"Well, I suppose congratulations are in order," said Mr. Gorton.

The response of Mr. Prince was no less frigid.

"I suppose," he said, "they are."

"Of course, if a man is willing to stoop low enough, I suppose he can land a contract ——" Mr. Gorton started to say.

A curious look came to the face of Mr. Prince.

"Say—what are you talking about?"

Mr. Gorton seemed to be struggling hard not to raise his voice.

"About the way you landed the S. S. & S. contract, Prince," he said.

"But I didn't land it!"

"You—didn't?" Mr. Gorton gasped.

"No. I thought you did!" gasped Mr. Prince.

"You thought I did?"

"Yes—Adam Featherstone said to me, 'Fred, old boy, I like you, but you're too late, I'm afraid. The contract has just been signed.' So I thought ——"

"By the heavens above," suddenly cried Edgar Gorton—"if it wasn't me, and it wasn't you—who could it be?"

"It looks to me," said J. Fred Prince grimly, "as if it was Dan Hawley."

"But how did he do it?"

"We might ask him," said Mr. Prince. "He's on this train."

They discovered Mr. Daniel Hawley in the dining car, enjoying ham and eggs, and a copy of Emerson's essays, which was propped up against his water glass.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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It lived 49 years in 67½ hours

By actual test the L. B. Aristocrat withstood half a century of office abuse

EVERYTHING was ready for the test. The five different makes of filing cabinets were lined up in a row. A drawer of each was filled with a typical load of correspondence. At the click of a stop-watch the drawers were pulled out and slammed shut 16 times a minute. The problem was—how long would they survive this abuse?

Within 58 minutes, cabinet No. 1 broke down. At intervals, two others followed. During the 37th hour—the fourth cabinet collapsed.

On went the winner—pulled out—slammed shut—for another 27 hours. Finally, after a total of 67½ hours, the L. B. Aristocrat quit on the 64,800th slam. This represents over 49 years of actual use and abuse in the average office.

The L. B. Aristocrat is the crowning achievement of L. B.'s 50 years of study and manufacture of filing equipment. Its performance in your office is certified by its 6 superiorities—the 6 superiorities to be found in this one steel vertical file.

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1—Frictionless ball bearing slides—on which even a heavily loaded drawer glides easily open or shut.

2—Automatic drawer catch—an exclusive type that prevents any rebound of drawers.

3—Rigid steel frame—6 vertical and 8 horizontal steel channels welded solidly together insure positive and lasting rigidity of cabinet.

4—Strength of drawer—exclusive bulkhead construction—tested to 4 times the maximum weight it would be subjected to.

5—Welded construction—all vital parts are welded together, making this cabinet as rigid as if forged from a single piece of steel.

6—Finest steel—all steel used in the L. B. Aristocrat must pass extensive Scleroscope tests for exact hardness and toughness.

The L. B. Aristocrat stands alone in quality. Its moderate price makes it the greatest steel filing cabinet value on the market.

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Home Office: 230 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass. *Salesrooms:* Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco, London, Paris. 52 salesrooms in the United States, England and France.

Factories: Cambridge, Mass., New York, Chicago, Ilion, N. Y., New Orleans, La., and London, England.

Stand an L. B. Aristocrat on edge. Pull open a drawer. The rigid frame prevents the slightest weave that would cause the drawers to stick.

Pile 4 times a normal load in an Aristocrat drawer and still it will not bend, warp or buckle. This unusual strength insures longer life.

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Vertical and visible systems for every card record requirement.

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Files and systems for every business need

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Stout stockings! Man, with all his fine ingenuity, has not yet been able to make a strand, of similar size, as strong as a strand of silk. Nor has he been able to match it in lustrous beauty. That is why we make Phoenix hosiery of that rarest product of the painstaking Orient. Sturdiness first, and then refinement in elegance and workmanship, have made Phoenix the standard hosiery of the world—carrying men, women and children over long miles—and at low cost.

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Don't stop when Bon Ami's made the bathtub and basin glisten with cleanliness. For it will also quickly bring back the brilliant lustre to faucets, pipes and lighting fixtures.

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You'll never know how easy it is to clean and polish with Bon Ami until you've tried it. No scrubbing, no scouring—for Bon Ami quickly blots up every trace of dirt. It's soft and gentle, never scratches. And it won't redden or roughen the hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

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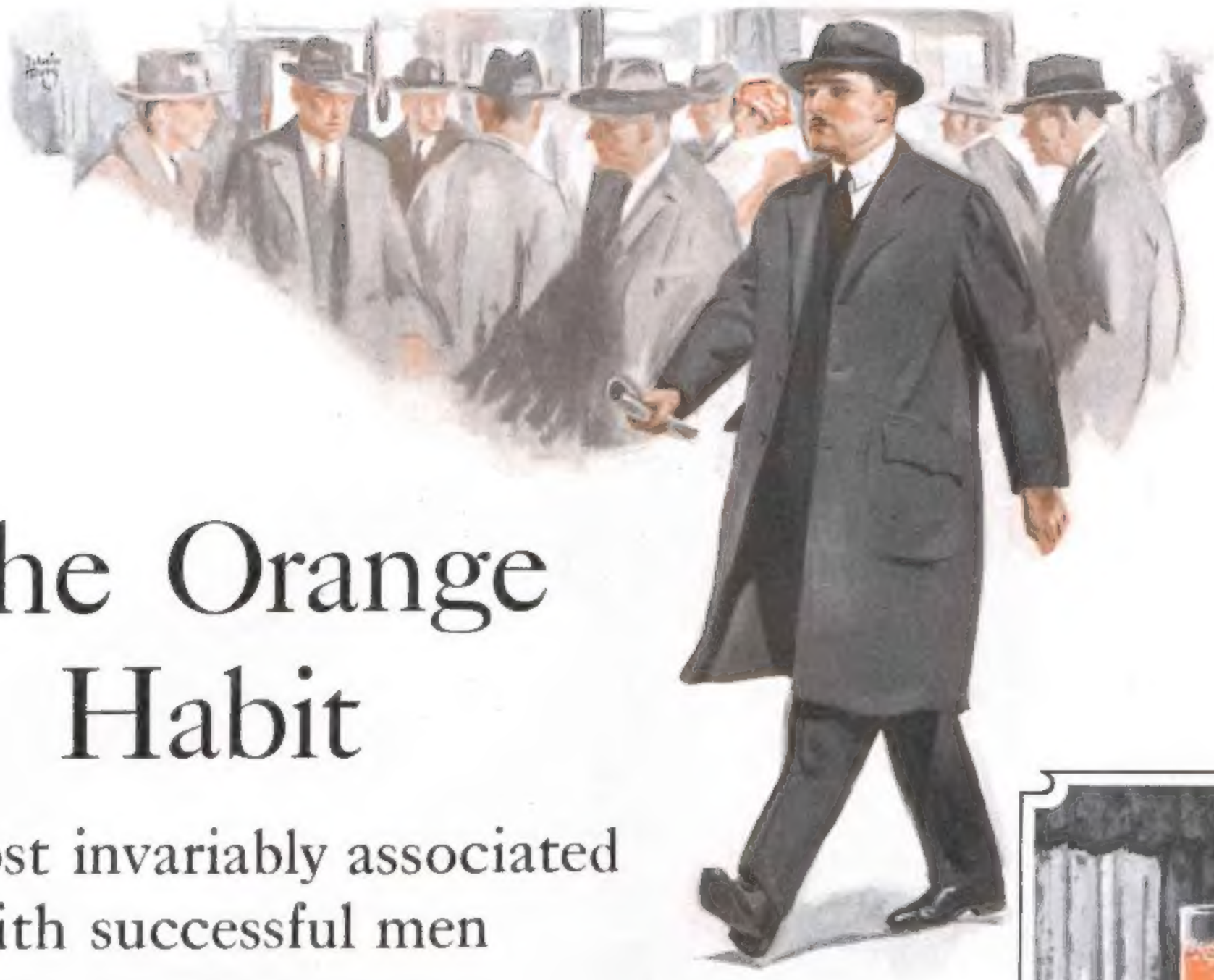
Aluminum Ware	Mirrors
Glass Baking Dishes	Tiling
White Woodwork	White Shoes
Bathtubs	The Hands
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	Linoleum and Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer



The Orange Habit

is almost invariably associated with successful men

ASK men who have made successes—you will almost always find that they start their days with fruit—usually oranges or orange juice.

For they are "habit men"—those who follow daily the *habits of success*. There is something in it—you have but to observe the men.

Their Reasons

Their reasons for the orange are its salts and acids, which are natural appetizers and digestive aids.

The orange thus makes all their other foods deliver more assimilable nutriment; and both body and mind power are built on foods that *nourish* well.

Also Vitamines

They employ also the vitamines that oranges provide abundantly; and oranges supply these elements in the most attractive way.

Then, too, there is the mild laxative effect of orange pulp and juice. They are bright-eyed, clear-complexioned, well-regulated men.

A Ten-Day Trial

A ten-day trial will prove to thousands that this fruit-habit pays. One dish of fruit, one glass of juice won't do it. But in nine cases out of ten repeated use will bring results that you can feel and see.

What more attractive way to improve your diet, which means *improve yourself?*

Get a dozen Sunkist Oranges today and start with tomorrow's breakfast.

Sunkist are the selected California oranges which are uniformly good. Always dependable; and fresh the year 'round everywhere. Learn what the orange habit means. Sunkist makes it easy and attractive.

California Sunkist *Oranges*

Uniformly Good

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 11,000 Growers

Dept. 103, Los Angeles, California

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It is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the Sunkist Electric Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.